

# Current Literature

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## A Review of the World

**A**GAIN the time draws near when the country must be saved. Within the next few weeks, in hundreds of congressional districts, will be decided just what the country must be saved from this year. Then we will know; now we can only guess at the deadly perils that confront us. The political situation is still singularly devoid of anything like a great national issue on which party lines are likely to be clearly drawn. In every section and in nearly every state the situation has to be studied by itself. Five states furnish features of special interest—New York, Massachusetts, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin—and it is difficult to tell in any one of these whether issues or personalities are to dominate in the campaign. In four of these states the chief interest is pretty certain to center around the fight for political existence to be made by four men: Beveridge in Indiana, La Follette in Wisconsin, Harmon in Ohio, Lodge in Massachusetts. And underlying the contests in these states and in all the other states will be the congressional elections, with the verdict which they will register regarding the Taft administration and the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Looming large and portentous in the shadow is the figure of Mr. Roosevelt, whose activities still remain an uncertain factor. He has promised to make a speech for Lodge and one for Beveridge, and he has already taken a hand in the direction of his party in New York state. The degree to which his activity will extend in the fall and the direction it will take form one of the engrossing topics wherever politics is talked.

**M**R. TAFT has been President during one regular session and one extraordinary session of Congress. The question, Has he "made good"? sums up in one vernacular phrase what is perhaps the nearest to a general issue that will be up for consideration in all parts of the country at the same time this year. The answer to that question depends chiefly upon the view one takes of the legisla-

tion enacted in the recent session of Congress. For it has come to pass, rightly or wrongly, that we no longer judge a President's record by executive, but by legislative tests. What is, in the federal Constitution, almost an incidental duty—the recommendation to Congress of desirable laws—has come to be, in the public mind, the chief reason for the President's existence; and his popular success or failure is not a question of the execution of the laws, but of his efficiency in securing the enactment of laws such as the public favors. In other words, without a seat in either house of Congress either for himself or any member of his administration; with no voice in debate; without a man in Senate or House to represent the administration rather than a particular state or segment of a state, our President is yet held to much the same responsibility for congressional action as that to which the Premier of Great Britain is held for the action of Parliament. Has Taft made good? is therefore another way of asking whether he has made Congress do its duty?

**T**HERE is a distinct note of jubilation running through all the administration organs in regard to the record made in Congress in the last few days of its existence. Not only Republican papers, but those indifferent or even hostile to Republican success have expressed surprise at the amount of legislation finally enacted in pursuance of the President's program. The *Boston Herald* (Ind.), for instance, thinks that the transformation in Congress enacted during the last few weeks of the session "has taken the people off their feet." It goes on to say:

"Somebody appears to have worked a miracle. There have been no heroics from the executive office. The big stick has not been swung over the heads of senate or house. No dramatic appeal has been made to the people in the constituencies to belittle the dignity of representative government and to drive senators and congressmen into line under the lash of public



THE BRONCHO BUSTER

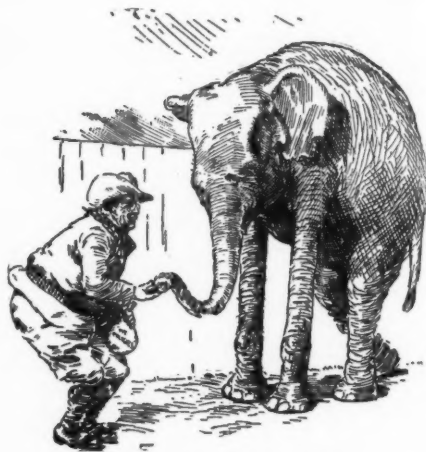
—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

opinion. Congress has not been 'bossed' from the White House, and yet results have been accomplished which establish for this session of Congress a record of achievement."

The *New York World* is a Democratic paper and is predicting that the next House will be Democratic; but it thinks that since the adjournment of Congress Mr. Taft stands better before the country than at any other time since he undertook to defend the Payne-Aldrich tariff. "In the final hours of the session," it remarks further, "he showed a capacity for leadership of which some of his warmest admirers had begun to despair. From a reluctant Congress he wrung many of the most important measures to which his Administration was pledged, and he has good reason to feel gratified." It notes also that he is in complete control of his party organization, as shown by the action of the Republican conventions in the "insurgent" states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa. Nevertheless it still believes that, with all this success, he can not reestablish the confidence he lost in making himself sponsor for the tariff bill, in treating the insurgents as personal enemies, in glorifying Cannon and Aldrich, and in his treatment of the Ballinger case.

AS A measure of achievement, says the very independent *Springfield Republican*, speaking of the record of Congress, "the like is not to be found in the whole seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. . . . Even the hysterical, screaming, back-from-Elba army

must now admit that as one who 'does things,' the former President is being outclassed." Mr. Hearst's paper, the *New York American*, speaks of "the really magnificent record of achievement" which crowns Mr. Taft's first year; of "that masterful fight with the Western railroads"; of "the chief triumph of his administration" in the passage of the new railroad bill; and of "the Senate's surrender to his aggressive will." The *New York Press*, which wanted La Follette instead of Taft nominated for President two years ago, asserts that "more progress has been made in the



EATING OUT OF HIS HAND

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*

session just closed than in the whole seven years of the Roosevelt administration." In spite of President Taft's chief fault—"too much loyalty to his aids"—and in spite of several unfortunate cabinet appointments, it says, the President has grown very much with the country, and if Republican success this fall were to depend upon his record or that of Congress there would be little reason to be uneasy. But it fears the effects of the Allds and Lorimer scandals in two great Republican states, the lavish purchase of nominations in another great Republican state, Pennsylvania, and the revolt in Massachusetts against the domination of Lodge. The *New York Evening Post*, also very independent, notes that, in spite of all the talk about insurgents and a Republican split, there was almost a solid Republican vote in both houses of Congress on practically all the administration legislation; and "the list of accomplishments speaks for itself. . . . Republicans will have something to

boast of on the stump and can offer some legitimate excuse for their reelection."

THE list of achievements that has so changed the tone of comment on the administration in the last month consists of seven items. They are: (1) the railway bill, revising the railway laws, establishing a special interstate commerce court, and providing a commission to inquire into the subject of physical valuation of railroads, stock-watering, etc.; (2) the establishment of postal savings banks; (3) the passage of the principal conservation bills, giving the President unlimited power to withdraw public lands for conservation purposes; (4) passage of the bill authorizing the issue of \$20,000,000 in certificates of indebtedness to complete reclamation projects; (5) action extending the range of activity of the tariff board and appropriating \$250,000 for its investigations; (6) action admitting Arizona and New Mexico as separate states; (7) action providing for publicity of

but to the Democrats and "insurgents." It does not believe that this record can silence "the clamor of protest" against the failure to revise the tariff downward, to carry out the Roosevelt conservation policies in their completeness, to grant relief from the extortion of the trusts, or to take some steps to relieve the pressure from high cost of living.

FOR the most elaborate and cogent answer in the negative to the question, Has President Taft "made good"? we must go, not to a Democratic newspaper, but to a magazine article written by an insurgent Republican. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's article, "The Measure of Taft," in *The American Magazine* for July, was written some time before the close of Congress and before the enactment of the Taft bills already referred to. It is, however, more a study of Mr. Taft's "temperamental characteristics" than of his record in legislative achievement, and it is doubtful if it would have been changed much if written a month or two later. Mr. Baker writes with personal sympathy for his subject. He likes Taft's personality. His candor, we are told, even surpasses Roosevelt's "extraordinary frankness." His "essential sincerity" can not be doubted. His ideals are high, his life clean, his manners simple. His most distinctive trait is the high, rare, fine and sometimes dangerous quality—dangerous especially to the possessor—of personal charm. Personal friendship has to a singular degree been the force that has



WHEN THE TARIFF BOOSTING CONGRESSMAN GOES HOME TO HIS DISTRICT

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

campaign contributions of more than \$100 and campaign expenditures of more than \$10 in congressional elections. The *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), while admitting that this record is much greater than Mr. Taft had any reason to expect a month before the close of Congress, tries to break the force of the record by noting that "not a single measure was passed as the President drafted it," and that the best features of these bills are to be credited, not to the President and the "regular" Republicans,



THE POLITICAL HOBBLE SKIRT

—Fox in *Chicago Post*

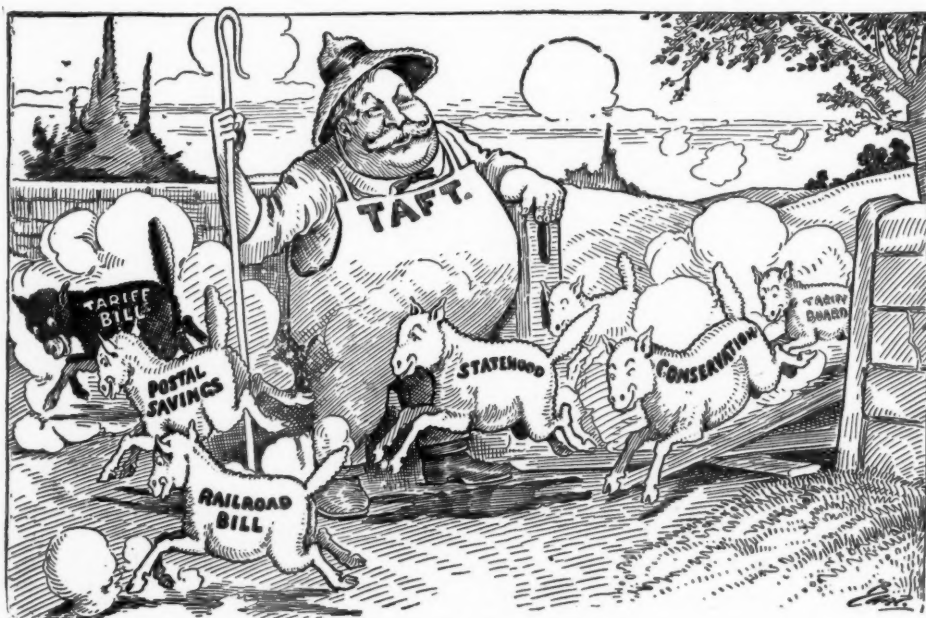
pushed him forward all through life. His posts have been appointive ones, not elective. But these preferments have been thoroly honorable and often, indeed, forced upon him against his personal inclination. But Mr. Baker's point is that Mr. Taft has not had to make his way by "the rough impact of powerful convictions," and that a certain toughening of the fiber that comes from such impact has been denied him.

SO MUCH for Mr. Taft personally. Politically, Mr. Baker seems to have lost faith in him entirely as a real leader. Mr. Baker voted for him; but he is evidently in entire accord with the "insurgent" Republicans, whom he speaks of as "the most virile, free-thinking and courageous group of men in our political life." His conclusion is that Mr. Taft has political views, but no political convictions. "As one studies Mr. Taft's career, step by step," says Mr. Baker, "it becomes more and more evident that the force which drives him is not generated from within, but from without; his policies are not his, but Roosevelt's; his politics are not his, but Hitchcock's; his views on conservation (which are Pinchot's), are correct enough, but he allows Ballinger to overrule him, at least tempora-

rily; and however much he may want Crane in China, Knox has other ideas, and Crane is recalled. Thus he is not fundamentally trying to work out powerful convictions of his own, but he seems rather to be trying to live up to the expectations of his friends." He did not want to be President, but the upward pressure from his friends—and as Mr. Baker surmizes his wife—was strong, and "big, loyal, charming, good-humored, faithful, unassuming, unselfish Taft" yielded.

THE result, we are told, is like that which would follow from persuading a second violinist to take the place of the first. Says Mr. Baker:

"Have you ever chanced to watch the faithful player in the orchestra who plays the second fiddle? He has an unperturbed, unassuming, conscientious way with him. He may even be a better fiddler than the first fiddler, but he could not fill the first fiddler's place. He has not the audience-sense; he does not know how to handle men; he has not the ability to beat disharmonies into harmonies with an inoffensive wooden bow. It is a great thing to be a good second fiddler in a second fiddler's place; it is as great as to be a first fiddler; and those who out of friendship or ambition tempt the excellent second fiddler to aspire to the difficult



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

—Bartholemew in *The Minneapolis Journal*



first fiddlership are doing the second fiddler no kindness—as the audience back in the darkness will soon let him know.”

Mr. Taft intends to do right, but he is “misplaced” as President in a time like this, “of tumultuous political discontent, with the old parties crumbling away, with new and revolutionary problems crowding for solution, with the old leaders and the old authorities under suspicion.” We quote again:

“Mr. Taft’s temperament, his nature, is of the sort that requires settled authority. It does not stand straight of itself, for it has no stiff backbone of inner convictions. All his life long he has been leaning on friends and promoted by friends; he has taken color from such positive friends as Roosevelt. To this natural inclination has been added his long training as a lawyer and a judge, a training which demands of its adherents as a first duty that they shall seek authority and look for the precedents of the books. When in doubt such a nature does not hew to the line of independent moral precepts, but slumps inertly back upon institutions. Thus Mr. Taft dreads lest the sure support of his political party fall away from under him, and platforms and written policies become for him the stone tables of the law.”

THIS is all, so far, rather general in its tone. By way of concrete instances, Mr. Baker goes back, first, to Taft’s Cooper Union speech, when, asked what a man is going to do who is out of work and starving, he replied, “God knows.” Mr. Baker’s rather futile comment is: “And this is Mr. Taft—a leader without an answer for his times.” Just what answer should have been made Mr. Baker does not undertake to tell us. Another illustration is drawn from Taft’s visit to San Francisco when the battle was raging there for civic righteousness. “He not only did not see a single one of the men who have fought the fight of civic morality in that city, but he did see and was entertained by the very men who have been chiefly responsible for the graft and civic treason which has blasted the name of San Francisco for so long.” Another instance: Taft invited Senator Cummins to come to Washington, November 10, 1909, to discuss the railroad question with him. Cummins came and called at the White House; was asked to wait a few days; waited for three weeks, with nothing to do; then a conference was held between Cummins, Elkins, Wickersham and the President, in which “there was some general talk which in no wise



ON THE ROAD TO OYSTER BAY

Senator Beveridge is about to enter the hardest fight of his life for reelection as senator from Indiana. He is an “insurgent” Republican, but has been endorsed by the state convention, and he is thought to have made a masterly stroke in securing a promise from Mr. Roosevelt to take the stump for him and the Republican ticket in Indiana this fall.

went to the root of the matter.” From that day to this, Cummins has not seen the President. Another instance: “No one who visits Washington from time to time can have failed to see the change in the *esprit de corps*.” Zeal is punished, not rewarded. Glavis “fighting to save the people’s lands,” is discharged “without being fairly heard.” Pinchot is “forced out.” Dr. Wiley is “reversed.” Shaw and Price “pay the wages of enthusiasm.” Taft’s usually engaging personality has at times less attractive aspects. “He makes it a personal matter with every man who opposes his measures.” He seeks for personal reasons and “the same temperamental personalism which makes him a choice friend and a loyal subordinate tends to make him a truculent and autocratic superior.” He refuses to allow Shaw, the deposed attorney of the Forestry, to practice before the Interior department. He withholds from the “insurgent” congressmen their usual patronage.

MR. BAKER, finally, goes back to our history just before the Civil War to find a parallel to Mr. Taft’s administration. He

finds it in Buchanan's administration. There were then the same break-up in parties, the same insistent moral issues, and much the same sort of President, in Mr. Baker's opinion. He runs the parallel further as follows:

"Buchanan, really owing his election to the doubtful states of the anti-slavery North, in an effort to compromise an irrepressible conflict, chose a pro-slavery cabinet; so Taft, elected by a Progressive vote, has chosen a cabinet of corporation lawyers. Buchanan congratulating the country on the wrongful settlement of the slavery question in Kansas, reminds us strongly of Taft congratulating the country on the success of a wrongful tariff bill. And there were Insurgents in plenty in the dominant party of Buchanan's day. Stephen A. Douglas was the most virile and forceful of them all—and the nearest right; and Buchanan quarreled with him and tried to read him out of the party—as Taft has opposed La Follette and Cummins. And how Buchanan, waiting for the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case, suggests Taft waiting for the equally momentous and crisis-making decisions of the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases!"

Another "great crisis" faces the country, and Mr Taft has "not one word of illumination nor of understanding nor of courage" for us. "He is floundering in the maze of futile distinctions between legal and illegal trusts." He is trying, at one and the same time, to do three different things—"maintain competition, regulate private monopolies and establish public monopolies." Never, we are assured, was

there such a contradictory mess of legislation, and it is not surprizing to Mr. Baker that the Republican party should be "on the rocks." As the sort of leader that is needed, "Mr. Taft has shown his utter unfitness."

WE HAVE given considerable space to Mr. Baker's arraignment because it seems to be the most elucidating bit of exposition we have seen of the feeling as well as the reasoning underlying the insurgent movement. Since it was written, Mr. Taft, acting under the authority secured by the new conservation law, has withdrawn from the public domain more than seventy-three million acres, including coal lands, phosphate lands, water-power sites and oil lands. Of this amount, fifty-one million acres represent withdrawals made by President Roosevelt on authority that was then and is now disputed. Twenty-two million acres represent new withdrawals. Whether this action will tend to reassure the insurgent element of the party, without the dismissal of Secretary Ballinger, remains to be seen. The charge made by some of the "regular" Republican papers is that the policy of the "insurgents" is to discredit Taft as a leader, with a view to forcing the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt again in 1912.

MR. TAFT'S view of his own administration is given in an interview with George Kibbè Turner, in *McClure's*. Mr. Taft reasserts his confidence in Mr. Ballinger. In his opinion there is still "a total lack of evidence" to confirm the charges made against the Secretary. Mr. Taft admits that Mr. Ballinger, when appointed, "had the belief, quite generally held in the Northwest, that the government should not hold back the public domain from development more than was necessary." "In this," adds the President, "I sympathized with him." That that is still the President's feeling is indicated by his further statement: "I have a great sympathy for the feeling of the West and Northwest that the government should settle this question as soon as possible in order to permit the development of the resources in the public domain." This emphasis upon the word "development" instead of upon the word "conservation" may afford the best clue yet given as to the cause of the differences that have arisen between Mr. Pinchot and ex-Secretary Garfield, on the one hand, and President Taft and Secretary Ballinger on the other.



THE CONTAGIOUS SMILE  
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal

ond, under Chase, it was busy with the work of welding the nation into an indestructible union of states. In the third, under Fuller, it has entered upon the epoch, not yet at its climax, of settling the problems called for by the vast development of financial and industrial corporations. In this third epoch Chief Justice Fuller represented, to use the words of the *New York Tribune*, "a survival of the repressive strict construction notions of Taney, which had been swept aside by the rising sentiment of nationalism. . . . He exercised a negative rather than a positive force in constitutional interpretation." His leaning to the side of strict construction of the Constitution is generally admitted. Two years after he took his seat on the bench, the Sherman anti-trust law was enacted. He wrote the opinion of the court in the first important case under that law—the Knight or Sugar Trust case—in which manufacturing combinations, the very kind which the law was meant to curb, were removed from its operation as not being in restraint of interstate trade inasmuch as manufacturing is usually done within the boundaries of a single state and is not in itself "commerce." Upon that decision has been erected most of the vast corporate structures which we call trusts. While Chief Justice Fuller held that the anti-trust act rightly applied to railway corporations, he dissented from the majority opinion in the Northern Securities case. He was one of the scant majority that declared the income tax unconstitutional and he wrote the opinion in that case—an opinion which, according to the *Springfield Republican*, is gen-



"Well, Bill, if smiles can do all that, keep a-smiling."  
—Brinkerhoff in *The Cleveland Leader*

THREE epochs are discerned by the *Columbus News* in the history of the Supreme Court, corresponding to the epochs of the nation. In the first, under Marshall, the Court was solving the problems pertaining to the formation of the nation. In the sec-

erally regarded in the legal profession as an unwise one because of its disregard of precedent. "It leaves the fame of Mr. Fuller clouded," we are told, "as did the Dred Scott case that of Taney, tho of course to a less degree."

WHEN Melville Weston Fuller was appointed by President Cleveland in 1888, he was not a national figure either legally or in any other way. His confirmation was fought by Senators Edmunds and Sherman and other strong Republican senators, and when the committee reported on his name, after a delay of three months, it was reported "without recommendation." It was the first nomination made to the Supreme Court by a Democratic President since the Civil War, and the slumbering passions of that war were fanned anew into life. Fuller was denounced as a "Copperhead" because he had been a delegate to the national Democratic convention that nominated McClellan for President on a platform declaring the war a failure. Nine Republican senators finally voted with the Democrats for his confirmation, giving the necessary two-thirds majority. If his politics thus aroused the ire of many, the man's personal characteristics seem to have aroused nothing but esteem and affection. Rather diminutive in stature—five feet seven inches—he had a natural dignity and an impressive face and head, and has been called "the most beloved of all the country's chief justices." In Washington he led a very simple life, rarely appearing in public except at his court and at the theater on first nights. He had a passion for literature and was himself a writer of poetry.

IN a very thoughtful editorial on Justice Fuller's death, the *Springfield Republican* notes what seems to it a remarkable situation "suggestive of revolution in the structure of our government." This situation it finds in the mighty power which the Supreme Court has come to wield and which, at the present time, is reflected in the uncertainty in industry and finance created by the rapid reconstruction the court is undergoing. In the *Republican's* opinion, we are fast drifting into "a government by judges," instead of by law-makers. The uncertainty in business today is due to doubt as to the action of our courts rather than doubt as to the action of congress or the legislatures. *The Republican* says:

"What means this mighty and unusual business and public concern over the composition of the Supreme Court? It means simply that we are drifting toward a government where the courts make the laws as well as interpret the laws made by the legislative power—a government of two departments instead of three. 'What is the economic mind of the supreme court?' asked William M. Ivins of New York the other day in an address to lawyers, having in mind doubtful or impossible statutes affecting the industry of the country. Why such a question as that? Why not only the question what is the legal mind of the court? And there is but one answer—the court is being forced to assume legislative functions. This should not be. It represents a tendency which, if not arrested, will throw the whole legislative power of the nation into the hands of the judiciary and make of Congress a body of revision and codification under the orders of the courts."

For this situation, the editor continues, Congress is partly to blame, but the courts themselves are still more to blame because of their "over-willingness to use the power of constitutional and statutory interpretation to nullify, amend or extend legislative enactments." Under any government known to man, except a government by the judiciary, such a situation would never be allowed to develop.

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"WOMEN sprang on the pews and cheered and shrieked and jumped up and down. The men, beaten to a frazzle, were pictures of dejection." That is from a report of an event that, in the words of the *Baltimore American*, "marks an epoch in the progress of justice" toward the gentler sex—the election of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Ph.D., as president of the National Educational Association. The Association is forty-eight years old, but this is the first time it has elected a woman president. There are in the United States almost a round half million of teachers, and the proportion of women to men is about four to one. The annual convention of the Association is generally attended by 20,000 or more of these teachers, far the larger number being women. But there are only about 1,000 regular voting delegates and they are much more evenly divided between the sexes, the women still outnumbering the men. When, therefore, for the first time in its history, there was an "insurrection," so to speak, and a woman candidate was placed in opposition



to the man candidate selected by the committee on nominations, the country sat up and took notice.

MRS. YOUNG already had at least two claims to distinction. She was elected a year ago superintendent of the public schools in Chicago—the first incumbent of that office in any large American city. And she is one of the few women in "Who's Who" to tell just when she was born—sixty-five years ago. She obtained her university degree of Ph.D. after she was fifty. According to all the accounts that we have seen, she has been signally successful in her high post in Chicago. She has even been, in the judgment of the *Chicago Tribune*, "the most successful and progressive executive the system has ever had," and even the prejudices that existed at the time of her election have now disappeared. The *Chicago Evening Post* regards her election as president of the Association as "the best thing that ever happened" to it. But the *Washington Herald* finds that Mrs. Young's very excellence of character and indisputable fitness for the post of president of the Association render all the more distressing the fact that it is openly charged that the election was compassed by sharp political tactics, involving the use of \$5,000 by certain school-book publishers in payment of expenses of delegates and in increasing the active membership by a rush in the last few hours. These charges are publicly made by one of the vice-presidents of the Association, who predicts that Mrs. Young's election will set back the Association at least ten years. "If the women want to run this organization," says the gentleman petulantly, "let them go ahead and do it." They did it, by a vote of 617 to 376. And the *Baltimore American* thinks that the influence of this action will extend widely, for "with a woman at the head of the National Association of educators there can no longer be tenable ground for denying to the finely equipped representatives of the sex equal right of representation upon the school boards of this or any other community."

OF MORE importance still, in many ways, was the spirit evinced at the Association of hostility to the management of our colleges and universities. The state superintendent of schools in Wisconsin referred to the "intolerable impertinence" of the colleges in attempting to dominate the high schools



MADAME PRESIDENT

Ella Flagg Young, Ph.D., is the first woman elected president of the National Education Association in forty-eight years of its existence. She hails from Chicago and is general superintendent of the public school system in that city, in which position in one year's time she has proved her ample ability to cope with a difficult situation.

of the country. Another speaker declared that "there is no spectacle in American life today more pitiful than the contrast between what the college advertizes to do and what it performs." Here is another striking statement made on the floor of the convention: "The average third-year boy in the high school is more able to think, discuss, and express an idea than the average college student two years' older." A resolution was almost unanimously adopted that is in the nature of a direct challenge to the colleges in general. It was a declaration in favor of the recognition, as electives in college-entrance examinations, "of all subjects well taught in high schools," special mention being made of commercial branches and agriculture. The requirement of two languages other than English was specifically objected to. This attitude of hostility to the colleges is by the *New York Evening*

*Post* attributed in large part to the effect of criticism that has come from college presidents themselves during the last few years. They have overdone it, *The Post* thinks, and the result is this "culmination of a wave of criticism and restlessness." But such talk as this, *The Post* warns us, "means not the improvement of the college, but its abolition; not greater efficiency in attaining the aims to which it has historically been devoted, but the abandonment of those aims."

TO ANYONE who has not kept up with recent educational discussions, the recent sessions of the National Educational Association must, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, be "somewhat stupefying," and indicative that "chaos is come again." It would really come, the same paper thinks, if all the novelties proposed were put into operation at once; and if all the things objected to were dropped there would be no education left. But luckily one fad offsets another and "we shall get on." All the pressure, professional as well as popular, is for "padding and loosening," whereas "the crying need of education just now is simplifying and tightening." Unless it is curbed, "counting" will be the death of us yet intellectually, the *Republican* thinks:

"The present habit of mind is too arithmetical; it looks on education as a column of 'credits' to be totaled. Whatever is worth five points or two or one, over the educational counter, has value; it leads to 'college entrance,' to a diploma, to a degree. 'Culture' is doled out in the smallest packages; the bitterer the pill the more one gets for gulping it. All this is absurd and pitiful; shall we yet see credits given for getting up to enjoy a sunrise? . . . An education is not to be had by adding scraps of this subject and of that. What is needed is a few master keys that will enable the graduate to accumulate his own education through life. The education which gives effective use of two languages, a firm hold of the more essential mathematics, and a conception of scientific method has thrown open all doors to the ambitious student. With these tools he can cut his way wherever it takes him; without them he is crippled—weak at one point or another."

Let the colleges demand preparation in the "indispensable rudiments," and let the things that ought to be recreation and stimulus remain as such, to be paid for in the pleasure they furnish, not in the "marks" they entitle one to. "Music, literature, art and such subjects should be separated as far as possible

from the regular grind and should be spoiled by no selfish greed for marks."

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AND Bob Fitzsimmons cried like a baby! Never again, in all probability, will the soft and refining influences of the prize ring be manifest to such an extent as was the case last month in Reno, Nevada. As it is our duty to chronicle the civilizing influences that develop in the world from month to month, this spectacle of Bob Fitzsimmons melted to tears must not be allowed to escape us. It does not stand alone. It is but one of a series of events going to show how the prize fight—especially a fight between a black man and a white man—develops not only tenderness of heart, but religious devotion and literary excellence. It was only by an heroic effort that Joe Choynski was able to keep back the tears as Jim Jeffries toppled to his final fall. And James J. Corbett, another veteran of the ring, depicted his feelings in heartrending words whose eloquence may be compared with that of King David's lament over the death of Absalom. "Put up your hands, Jim, my old pal! Don't let him land on you! There he goes! I don't want to look at it! Jim! Jim!" As for religious devotion, how can one read unmoved the words in which John L. Sullivan recorded his final visit to Mr. Jeffries on the day before the fight: "I shook hands with Jeff and there was a lump in my throat as I asked God to bless him and, if he was the better man, let him win." The Holiness Church of Hutchinson, Kansas, held special services on the afternoon of July 4th to pray for Johnson's victory. Other negro churches did likewise. And the father of the defeated fighter sought consolation in religion. "I suppose," he is said to have remarked sadly, "it is the Lord's will."

BUT the great event was manysided. One might almost be excused for remarking that it produced a veritable renaissance in American literature. Men wrote who never wrote before, incited by the intensity of their feelings, as the fateful day approached, to burst forth in beautiful periods of simple and lucent prose. We expected something worth while from Jack London, Alfred Henry Lewis and Rex Beach. They have come into the mastery of the art of writing by long and laborious practice, and their daily reports from the

seat of combat while thrilling were not surprising. The miracle was in the literary genius suddenly evoked from John L. Sullivan, Tommy Burns, William Muldoon, James J. Corbett, and Bob Fitzsimmons. "What a gathering it is!" wrote Rex Beach:

"Not even at the famous banquet tendered to the late Mark Twain on his seventieth birthday, when the literary army of the world moved down to Delmonico's in solid phalanx, has there been gathered such a glittering array of talent as in Reno to-day. At that time it was my privilege to be present in an obscure way, and from a hidden corner peer forth with awe-distended eyes upon the scintillating galaxy of brains assembled. But in Reno to-day my obscurity is ten times greater; I am overwhelmed and blotted out by the brilliant literary glare that surrounds me. Reputations of such high-stepping, blue-ribbon authors as Alfred Henry Lewis and Jack London, who are here to do their modest best at ten cents a word and traveling expenses, are lost utterly in the shadow of such celebrities as John L. Sullivan, the dean of American letters—Mr. Sullivan represents a mammoth syndicate of newspapers, and outweighs any author in the land—and Robert Fitzsimmons, who will write for a great New York daily. Mr. Fitzsimmons gained his first wreath of bay and laurel in this very state some thirteen years ago, when upon the resined rostrum at Carson City he demonstrated the value of an Australian education and the 'left shift.' Since then he has been one of our very best sellers, and his 'Life and Struggles of a Retired Blacksmith' has proved an inspiration to the youth of many lands. Then there is James J. Corbett, whose keen analytical essays, written within the shadow of his former conqueror and distributed daily to the homes of rich and poor alike, have secured for him the title of 'the Boswell of the prize ring.'"

Nearly 800 tickets were issued to press correspondents. Applications were received for nearly four times that number. The Western Union Telegraph Company reported the largest day's business in its history. A literary renaissance indeed!

**T**HE combat was all over in less than one hour. In that time 101 "effective" blows were delivered and received according to the careful tabulation made by the New York World. Jack Johnson delivered 77 of these and Jim Jeffries delivered but 24. The black man struck the white man's face 66 times. The white man hit the negro's face but three times. From the beginning, the negro played with his big opponent, and but for an excess of caution—or, perhaps, because of an excess of regard for the moving picture



"BRINGING HOME THE BACON"

When asked what he was going to do with the large sum he has won, Johnson said: "Put it in gov'ment bonds. They don't pay as much as some, but they are gilt-edged." This is a picture of his first meeting with his mother after the fight.

company's interests—might have terminated the fight long before the fifteenth round. He kept up a ceaseless run of good-natured banter with Corbett, one of Jeffries' seconds, at times warned Jeff what kind of a blow he was about to deliver, chatted between rounds with Sullivan and others outside the ring, and upon his face a smile of the most cheerful kind came and went with the abandon of a care-free child. At the end, the only mark he had to show that he had been in a fight with a hitherto undefeated champion of the world was a slight cut on the lip, which had been received in one of his practice bouts a few days before and was reopened by one of Jeffries' blows. From a physical point of view, it was a very poor fight. Said Johnson afterward of his opponent, "I could see in the early rounds that he was out. I felt sorry for him. He had no chance after that blow

in the eye in the second round. When I saw him bleeding and gradually sinking it made my heart ache. I could see no unusual honor over a wreck." But there were compensating circumstances to help Johnson sustain this ache in his tender heart and to help Jeffries sustain defeat. Counting in the money received from the moving picture company as well as the prize money, Johnson got \$2,680 for each minute of actual fighting, and Jeffries got \$2,600. Adding to this the amount they received for sparring exhibitions prior to the fight, Johnson reaped the modest competence of \$145,600 and Jeffries the still larger sum of \$192,066. The expenses of each ranged probably from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

**N**OW there is at all times an interesting psychic problem in a prize fight and never was the psychic factor more clear than in this much heralded contest in Reno. It is even more a question of nerves than of muscles. Fear or stage fright will take all the steam out of a blow no matter how much brawn is behind it, and even the best fighters are subject to these unexpected spells. "Veteran managers," says Richard Barry, in his very interesting article in July *Pearson's*, "will tell you, under seal of the confessional, that they have sat all night by the bedside of fighters whose names are the symbols of courage, for fear they would sneak out to escape a battle." Jem Mace was afraid of Mike Madden. John L. Sullivan avoided Charley Mitchell and would not—for superstitious

reasons—fight Peter Jackson. Mitchell was afraid of little Jack Dempsey. Stanley Ketchel, with one of the most wonderful records ever made in the ring, wept before his fight with Johnson. It is a question of personality fully as much as of brawn, when two men face each other in the ring. Over and over again that has been illustrated. "The true champion of the prize ring," says Mr. Barry, "invariably has a superior psychological equipment in addition to whatever nature may have given him in the way of body and brains. This superior equipment has many a time made a victor out of an inferior physique." "Get the brain-drop on him first," Kid McCoy used to say, "and he is half licked." Freddie Welsh, the lightweight champion of England, puts it in another way. "Get his goat," is his advice, which is racing slang that means upset his equanimity.

**T**HE history of prize fighting is full of incidents that show the importance of this psychological factor. Jim Corbett made Sullivan boiling mad just before their great combat. Sullivan walked over amiably to the side of the ring where Corbett was chatting with friends, and, extending his hand, said cheerily, "Hello, boy!" Corbett paid no attention to him. "Hello, boy!" thundered Sullivan again, and Corbett, without looking up, extended a limp hand and said in an indifferent way, "Hello, John!" That got Sullivan's "goat" and he lost the championship. When Corbett fought Jeffries, Delaney, who was then the latter's trainer, walked up to Corbett just before the fight, put his hand on Corbett's solar plexus, where he had received a terrible knockout blow from Bob Fitzsimmons six years before, and said, with a show of affectionate interest, "You've patched it up well, Jim." That got Corbett's "goat." He felt as tho the first tap on that spot would put him out, and it did—a blow with only five or six inches swing to it. When Jeffries and Fitzsimmons fought, Jeff, who was getting the worst of it up to the tenth round, muttered in a clinch: "Even your wife knows I can lick you." That got Bob's "goat," for he had gone into that fight against his wife's wishes. He was knocked out in the next round. Battling Nelson's tongue is said to be more dangerous than his fists. Stanley Ketchell has never had a boxing lesson in his life, but, as the bouncer for a hotel bar in Butte, he put scores of men from the room, according to Barry, *without ever placing his*



KEEP STILL, MAH HEART, KEEP STILL

—W. R. Patrick in Ft. Worth Record



hands on one of them. He is not a boaster, but he simply has supreme confidence in his own invincibility—or did have until he met Johnson. Here is the way he explains his victories:

"I say to my body, 'Come on now, we've got to lick this fellow.' I treat my body just as if it were another person, a friend of mine, a pretty good friend, too. So my body gets up and comes into the ring with me, and I say to my body, 'Now, don't get anxious; he's worse scared than you are! and don't get in a hurry; just take your time.' Then maybe my body gets hit, so I say, 'That's all right. Let him hit you. It don't hurt as, and it will give him confidence. He needs confidence, because then he'll come close to us, and we'll get him. Come on now! There! Soak him!'"

The pugilist does not know, remarks Barry, that his soul is talking to his body. He knows nothing about the "new thought"; but he "possesses the one quality that has been vitally essential to every great conqueror in every walk of life—soul courage."

ALL the testimony before the fight at Reno went to show that Jeffries had "come back" in good style physically. He was strong and quick and in perfect condition. But he had been out of the ring for six years, had been dragged unwillingly back by the appeals of his friends and, finally, of his wife. He didn't want to fight anybody, least of all a negro. In fact, according to Delaney, he never did love the game of fighting, and when he said good-by to it it was gladly and for all time. Dragged back in that frame of mind, he found himself on the day before the fight facing the greatest event in his life, the whole world looking on, the "honor" of the white race resting upon him, and he went into a blue funk. All the facts show that it was a case of nerves—of mental or psychical collapse—that beat Jeffries. Jim Corbett, his trainer, called it stage fright, and that is probably as good a term as any. On the day before, he began to get irritable and sulky. He tried playing cards, but couldn't keep his mind on the game. He wouldn't converse. He didn't wish any supper. He retired early, but Mrs. Jeffries heard him jumping up and walking about far into the night. Dr. Porter, his friend, examined him carefully on the morning of the fourth and told Muldoon he was physically perfect, but suffering from an attack of nervous prostration.



KNOCKED OUT BEFORE HE WAS HIT

The collapse of Jeffries in the big prize fight was a psychic collapse, and it came before he reached the ring. Note the unnatural position of his legs as he was being introduced. It was a case of "stage fright," according to Corbett.

AT THE ring Jeffries was no better. Muldoon, one of his trainers, writes as follows:

"Corbett, Choynski and Burns could not understand the case. They say they never saw a man so completely prostrated before entering the ring. As they were dressing him at the arena his hands and feet were cold and he seemed in a stupor. His arms were perfectly limp and he shuffled his feet along, and there was great alarm in the camp. Everybody was up a tree. Dr. Porter did not dare to resort to the usual treatment for such nervous exhaustion, because his patient was going into the ring—a condition which has never before confronted the physician. The trainers did not know what to do, for in all their years of experience they had never seen anything of the kind. They could not get Jeffries to talk. Corbett said: 'For God's sake, Jim, open up and tell us what you are thinking about and what is the matter with you.' He only answered: 'I'll be all right when I get started.'"

At the end of the first round, Jeffries told Choynski, "I can't see, I have no judgment of distance, and my arms wont work." During the rest of the fight his seconds could not get him to say another word. After it was all over, Muldoon asked him how it happened that he didn't go for his man early in the fight. Here was Jeff's answer: "I don't believe I was ever as good before. But I simply could not fight. I wanted to, but my arms would not move. My head seemed queer and I can't find any explanation for it at all, and when I say my head felt queer, it was not after I had been struck, but at the very beginning, before a blow had passed between us. It seemed as tho I could not tell for sure whether Johnson was a block away or a foot away. My mistake was made when I made the match. I trained faithfully, as you all know; my condition was perfect, but I was not equal to the undertaking."

**M**ULDOON, probably as good a judge as there is living, says that physically Jeffries was "great enough for any undertaking." But he could not stand the mental strain. "Stage fright? Very likely," says the *Cleveland Leader*.

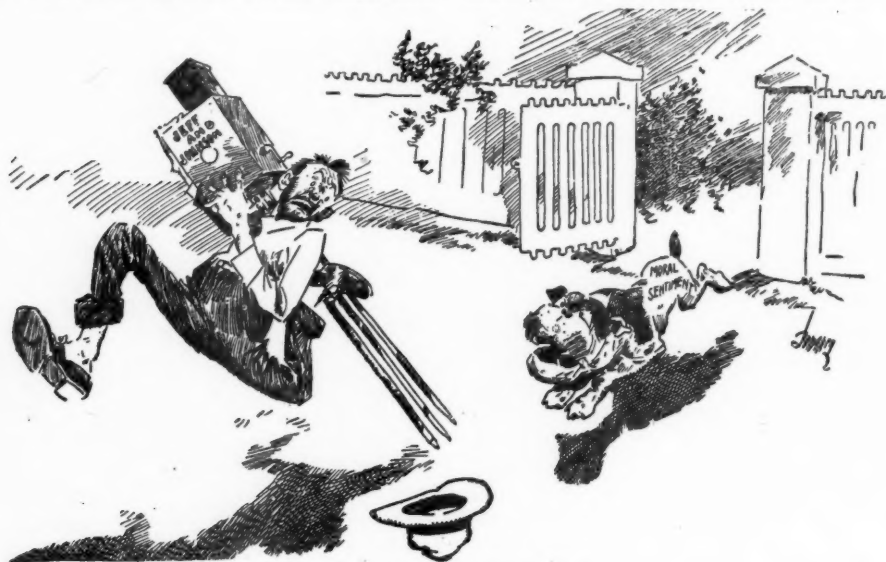
"A tremendous case of stage fright. The orator whose mind ever became a blank when he faced an audience knows the helplessness of it. Jeffries felt himself the center of all human attention. The mental pressure became unbearable.

He could not eat or sleep. His Caucasian mind, sensing this vast concentration of thought, was overwhelmed. So he blundered through the fight and lost. . . .

"We may laugh at the suggestion of the pressure of the world's thought. But it is a real thing to him whose mind registers it. A small mind misses it and a big mind can stand the strain. The mediocre mind cannot, except under the stress of a countervailing passion. Intense personal anger might have saved Jeffries. But it did not come."

Courtney, the great coach of the Cornell crews, used to be as fine an oarsman as ever sat in a shell. He used to lose race after race because of this "stage fright."

**W**ITHIN half an hour after the result of the fight was announced to the country, race trouble broke out in New York and elsewhere. Scores of negroes were injured seriously and eight negroes were killed outright within a few hours. In most cases the trouble began with the whites, who resented the victory of Johnson and started out to reestablish the "superiority" of the Caucasian race. A negro was strung up to a lamppost in New York and saved only by the timely arrival of two policemen. In Uvaldia, Georgia, a band of white men was formed to clean out a negro construction camp because the blacks became "nsolent in their remarks about Jeffries." Three of the blacks were



THE MOVING PICTURE MAN!

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

killed in an interchange of shots and five were wounded. In Wilmington, a mob of 5,000 whites assailed a negro apartment house with stones, fought the police and tried in vain to lynch a negro arrested by the police. In Norfolk, half a dozen assaults were made by whites upon negroes, and in Portsmouth, nearby, the United States marines were called on to help quell the riots. In Pittsburg, blacks stopped the street cars, forcing the whites to get out of the seats, and climbed in and took their places. At least a dozen assaults were chronicled on the police blotters of New York City by midnight, in some of which the blacks seem to have been the aggressors. The Philadelphia *Ledger* seems to think race-rioting a natural corollary of the prize fight. "If two men," it says, "are to fight to determine which is the 'better man,' why should not their partisans apply the same test on a larger scale? This is a reversion to barbarism, and there is no getting away from the fact that the prize fight itself is a barbaric survival which modern civilization, for its own security, cannot continue to tolerate."

A GENERAL discussion of the merits and demerits of prize fighting has followed in the press, and there are many papers that express the hope that the Reno fight will prove to be the last exhibition of the kind ever

to be seen in this country. The fact that the negro won will, it is thought, help us to end the institution forever. "It is apparent," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "that for a few years at least the white portions of this free republic are about to lose all interest in pugilism. . . . It is apparent now that prize fighting is an ignoble pursuit." The *New York Press* calls attention to the fact that the best man now in training, next to Johnson himself, is another black man, Sam Langford. Genuine sportsmen, it says, will admit that the negro champion has "stood a crucial test of courage and skill and stamina," and, on a low plane, has "vindicated his race" as so many others of his hue have done in nobler efforts on the fields of battle. The *New York Times* detests prize fighting (in its editorial columns), but out of the carcass it extracts honey, in the reflection that Johnson's victory "will instinctively be recognized as giving to the race a somewhat different and higher title to respect" among the very classes where race animosity has been most bitter and unreasoning. It sees a certain growth in race-pride among the blacks, which it thinks is likely to exert a good influence since it "is slowly but constantly tending toward a social organization within the race similar to that existing in the other races." It adds: "It is quite within the range of reasonable expectation



WHO SAYS AMERICANS DON'T APPRECIATE PICTURES?

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

that the indirect influence of the black man's victory in the prize ring, where the conditions of strife were rudely but practically framed on the basis of equality and fairness, may be to stimulate respect for equality and fairness in more respectable competitions. In that case an occurrence in itself ignoble enough may prove to have a redeeming effect."

THE "disgusting commercialism" of the whole exhibition offends the *Philadelphia Ledger* and the *Baltimore American*. Says the latter: "Pugilism must be downed. It meets no good purpose. It is a relic of a less developed society. In these times there is such a wide range of sporting contests that pugilism appeals only to instincts that it is the purpose of law to discourage." The *Duluth Herald* also thinks that the prize fight is "on its last legs," and that even Nevada will soon change its laws to bar it. "The chances are that the triumph of the black race in the ring will be permanent and that the last of the great fights has been held." This opposition to the actual fight has, since the Reno contest, promptly extended to the moving pictures of the fight. Ministerial unions, church federations, Christian Endeavor societies and various other church organizations immediately began petitioning governors, mayors and prosecuting attorneys all over the country to prevent the exhibition of the pictures, on the ground that they are immoral if prize fights are immoral, and on the further ground that they will breed race-disturbances. Steps have been taken by the Governors of several states, especially in the South, and the mayors of many cities to prevent their exhibition.

BUT the prize fight is not without its defenders. Rex Beach, the novelist, is one of these. All this clamor against the "sport," he thinks, arises from a basic misapprehension. Those who assail it on the grounds of brutality and bestial depravity assume a false premise. People do not attend boxing exhibitions to glory over physical suffering, but to rejoice over an exhibition of skill and cunning—"the superlative mastery of an intricate science requiring more daring, more courage, more brilliance than that of any other sport." Incidentally, he tells of seeing Jack Johnson by the side of a roulette table in Reno, with two books under his arm. When Jack finished the game, he took the books with him to his rooms to read. They were entitled "A History of the Warfare of Mod-

ern Science and Theology." Jack London is another defender of prize fighters and their "sport." He writes:

"This contest of men with padded gloves on their hands is a sport that belongs unequivocally to the English speaking race and that has taken centuries for the race to develop. It is no superficial thing, a fad of a moment or a generation. No genius or philosopher devised it and persuaded the race to adopt it as their racial sport of sports. It is as deep as our consciousness and is woven into the fibres of our being. It grew as our very language grew. It is an instinctive passion of race. . . .

"Our sport of prize fighting is hedged with ethical restrictions. It is synonymous with fair play. It is different from the fighting of the jungle, of which it is a development. There is absolutely no fair play in the jurgle fighting. So has man improved. By that much is he less red of fang and claw. By that much has he climbed up the ladder of life. Don't rush his development too hard. He will climb higher. . . . Some day, long and long from now, the ape and the tiger in us will completely die out and our sports will come to consist of forensic, artistic and ethical battles between our chosen champions. But in the meantime we are what we are, and there is no need to be ashamed of ourselves. Only by long and arduous evolution will the ape and tiger go their way."

EVEN more surprising, perhaps, is it to find in the New York *Evening Post* a still more effective defense of the ring. It is by a correspondent who signs his initials only, but who says he has been for years a church trustee and has aided in such movements as that to suppress race track gambling. He calls for something beside ipse dixits to show that prize fighting is either brutal or debasing. He writes:

"If there were more fisticuffs," says the wise Mayor of Hoboken, "there would be less gun play." I think every man who has rubbed shoulders with all sorts of men knows this to be true. If Italy had cherished the prize ring as sturdy England has, our police courts would not be congested with Italians carrying stilettos and with their victims. If you are not familiar with the history of the prize ring, ask any expert where the sense of manly fair play is keenest. He will answer: "In Great Britain and America." Ask him why this is so and he will tell you that the prize ring bred it. Is this a little thing? Men unevenly matched may not contend in the ring; no man may be struck when he is helpless; no man may be unfairly struck or bitten or kicked. Would it not be a good thing if these rules could be brought into our business world? Could anything do more to make business struggles ap-



proximate the Golden Rule than to have a referee who should cry: 'Stop! You may not strike a man when he is down?'"

Football, the same writer says, has killed and maimed more men in five years than the prize ring has in its entire history. In three months of football and in pulling a shell in one four-mile race he was more taxed and injured than in four years of boxing. The fact that Johnson was offered no insult and was treated with scrupulous fairness by 18,000 spectators who longed to see Jeffries win furnishes, this writer thinks, a fine illustration of "manly conduct" and "the splendid spirit inculcated by the prize ring." Thousands of boys and young men, we are told, "will be incited to abstemious living, to cleanliness and regular exercise by Monday's battle." He himself has built up a naturally slender body into a robust one that has never failed him, by means of pugilism, and he personally knows "dozens of men" who have done the same thing, "spurred on solely by a desire for physical supremacy engendered by the prize ring." He has, he says, known many fighters, but has never yet known one who was quick to anger or inconsiderate of weaker men. "It is the essence of the game—play fair."

**B**UT another lover of boxing and a foe of all mollicoddles—one Theodore Roosevelt—turns his thumbs down on the prize fight. In *The Outlook* he tells of his experiences. He has always believed in boxing as a sport, and even as a profession it has its good side. He values the friendship of a number of professional boxers, including several ring champions, and they are all square, decent men and good citizens in a test. When he was police commissioner he was informed by Jacob Riis that boxing clubs in the poorer districts of New York had reduced the number of affrays in which knives were used and had kept a number of young fellows out of the "gangs." Nevertheless, says Mr. Roosevelt, the abuses that seem to grow up around the most careful legal provisions for boxing contests render the prize fight a demoralizing influence. The money prizes have become so large as to be in themselves a potent source of evil. The attendant gambling is "thoroughly unhealthy" and the moving picture has introduced a new demoralization. He hopes that the Reno exhibition will be the last prize fight to take place in the United States, and he wishes some way could be devised to stop the exhibition of the moving-pictures of it.

**T**HAT pride of the immortal Zeppelin and pioneer of aerial passenger traffic, the dirigible *Deutschland*, was completely wrecked on the tree tops in the forest of Teutoburg, Westphalia, after a trip through the sky lasting ten hours, with a complement of passengers and crew numbering twenty-seven men. The gigantic balloon proved helpless in a gale. There was a swift fall in the depths of the forest. The craft was a complete ruin. The escapes were marvelous, one mechanic, however, sustaining severe injuries. "When day broke, the wrecked airship was hanging on the fir trees shattered," to quote the Reuter despatch from Berlin. "The final catastrophe was due to a breakdown of the forward motor. After the stern motor broke down, the airship was driven hither and thither almost at the mercy of the violent wind." It was while crossing the Teutoburg forest, says the account in the *Paris Temps*, that the *Deutschland* was suddenly forced upwards hundreds of feet by an irresistible current of air. "Owing to the loss of gas at this altitude and to the clinging mist weighting the envelope, the airship fell several hundred feet as suddenly as it arose. At that very instant a forest crowned ridge loomed directly ahead of the tossing airship." The laboring engines made their final spurt at the behest of the crew. The obstacle of the massed trees could not be surmounted. There ensued a terrific explosion. "The bow dipped. The ship began to fall at a dangerous angle." All possible ballast, including tools and instruments, had been thrown overboard in vain efforts to avert the inevitable. Had the airship struck elsewhere than in a pine forest where it was held in the grip of the trees, the loss of life, Count Zeppelin admits, might have been heavy.

**S**O GRAPHIC is the story of the disaster told by the special correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, himself one of the luckless passengers on the wrecked *Deutschland*, that it is impossible not to quote what he says of "a fantastic voyage, fraught with emotions, during which we felt, without daring to express or show it, the sensation of being lost in a stormy ocean of clouds." The passengers traveled "as if in a dream," interested and distracted in spite of themselves "by the magnificence of the strangely unreal spectacle offered to our eyes in the sky and on the earth, and subjugated by the imminence of a hazard which could not be averted." The *Deutschland*—seventh of the Zeppelin series—was,

says this authority, the most perfect as well as the most beautiful dirigible that had yet issued from the vast works of Friedrichshafen. "During the evening which preceded the fatal flight, she had, beneath the white light of electric lamps, absorbed hydrogen through eighteen mouths by means of a complicated system of tubes—a gigantic, multiplex feeding bottle." One after another the twenty passengers went up the rope ladder. Whistles shrieked. Bells signalled. The three motors roared. The ship rose.

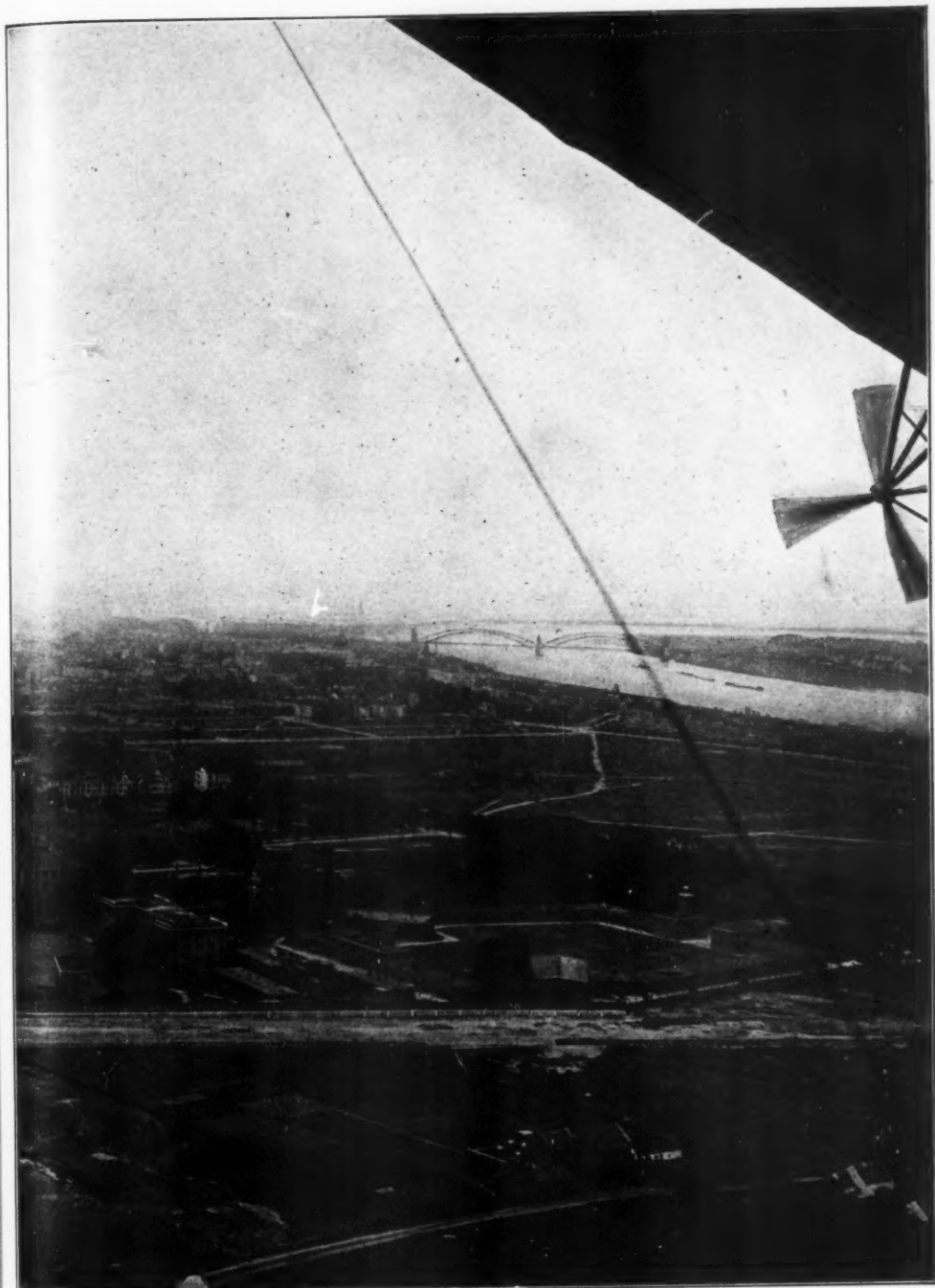
SOON the highest church steeples of the town of Düsseldorf were far below. "The great network of streets took on that curious resemblance to a map which cities assume in the eyes of aeronauts." Navigation southward was characterized by the gentlest of motions. "No vibration reached us from the motors whose throbbing we heard." The four propellers revolved in unison. A brisk breeze went through the car in which the passengers had assembled. "Seated in commodious wicker work armchairs, we admired the landscape, almost forgetting that we were in a balloon." Had they not put out their hands into the void of air all about, the passengers might have fancied themselves aboard a yacht, so perfect was the illusion of sailing a sea. A thick carpet beneath their feet deadened the sound of footsteps. "We leaned against mahogany walls, highly polished and ornamented with carving." In the streets below, the vast crowds looked aloft and were greeted from the airship with waving handkerchiefs. But the wind now freshened. The sky grew dark. Soon the horizon was obscured by a mist. Yet the airship seemed so safe that no one suspected danger. All chatted and laughed.

AT A height of about one thousand feet, the wind seemed suddenly to grow boisterous. The immense airship turned her prow, the idea in the heads of her navigators being to proceed in the opposite direction. But the *Deutschland* could not breast the gusts of rushing atmosphere. "She tries and tries again. The motors roar incessantly and at certain moments the *Deutschland* advances with painful slowness only to be driven back immediately afterward." The storm, now unmistakable, was interrupted by deceptive intervals of calm. For minutes the airship made efforts to reach her only port, from which an invisible force fatally repelled her. "Not to

return to port on a stormy day means destruction for an airship." Now a hurricane has begun. "The *Deutschland* rises. She searches in a higher sphere for a favorable current. The earth becomes remoter and imperceptible. We reach an altitude of perhaps two thousand feet." Few of the passengers were as yet aware of the risks they ran. Later all understood. Yet all remained calm. The commander of the airship, realizing the extremity of the peril, was dropping messages for help over every inhabited centre. Garisons were implored to aid the ship in landing.

PALE, but smiling, the captain reassured the passengers. "He tells us where we are and disappears when the ringing of a bell summons him to the forward car, which is, as it were, the commander's bridge. The maneuvering of the *Deutschland* consists in allowing her to be driven as little as possible by the storm." The colossus of the air maintained all this with an amazing dirigibility. Had she possessed an additional fifty horsepower she might have retained her supremacy of space. Descents were made to within three hundred feet of the earth only to be forced up and up. "Thus the airship acquires a pitching motion which throws us in a heap now to one end and now to another of our car." It was as if the airship reared and plunged. Next they shot across a river. It had become necessary now to stop the motors. The airship drifted. Rain was falling in torrents, the water pattering on the fabric of the balloon. It was pitch dark. The storm redoubled its fury. "Nothing could be more painful than this fatal flight in space towards the unknown in the livid crepuscular light and in an atmosphere of catastrophe." They were floating above a desolate and uninhabited region.

IN ORDER to bring down the stern of the airship, the commander at last, after nine hours of prolonged suspense, asked three of his passengers to leave the cabin and lend their weight to the aft part of the doomed vessel. They agreed. With two colleagues, the special correspondent of the *London Telegraph* entered the triangular tunnel which, attached to the body of the balloon, united the stem to the stern. They walked along the aluminum network, holding on to the slender stays of the same metal. Beneath their feet they saw the green of the forest, "which appeared to be terribly close." Over their heads half-in-



Photograph by Brown Bros.

**DUSSELDORF, ON THE RHINE, FROM THE OBSERVATION CAR OF THE WRECKED AERIAL LINER**

The passengers enjoyed hugely in the course of their journey the opportunities afforded them of identifying each town through which the gigantic dirigible flew. At times it was not easy to fix the precise spot, but, as a rule, when the altitude did not exceed five hundred feet, this was not difficult in the absence of mist.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

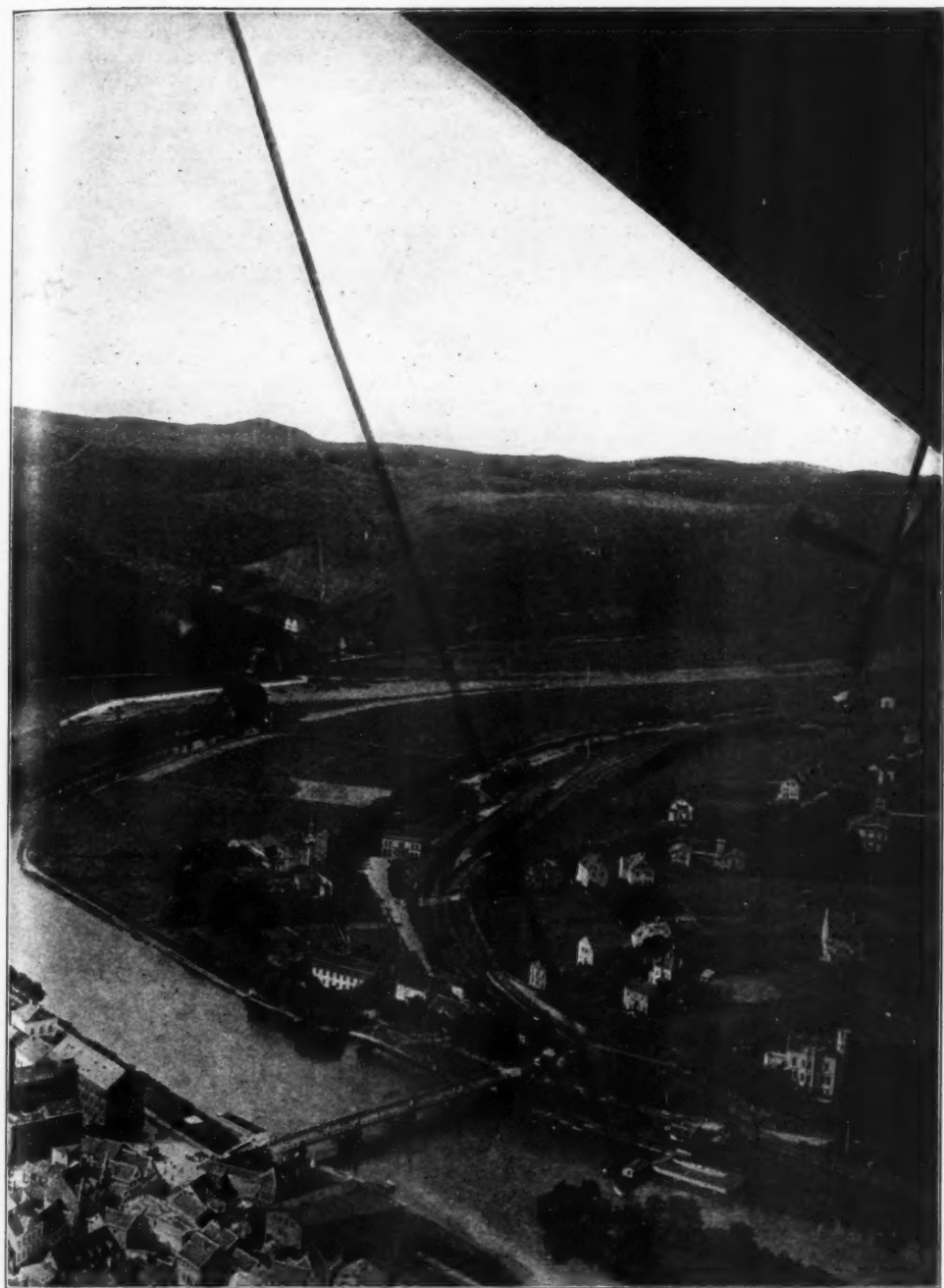
ASPECT OF A GERMAN MUNICIPALITY TO PASSENGERS IN THE DEUTSCHLAND

This photograph was made with a very fine camera. It does not convey an inaccurate impression of what the human eye beholds when on a clear day a trip is made through the atmosphere at a height of about two hundred and fifty feet.

Photograph

the  
Live





Photograph by Brown Bros.

#### THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP PASSING OVER THE GERMAN TOWN OF DORTMUND

Sailing was as easy as if the vessel were an ocean liner crossing the Atlantic, nor were the experiences of the passengers very different from those of the voyagers who annually stream the ocean between New York and Liverpool or Southampton.

flated ballonets fell in large folds, giving out a strong smell of rubber. "There was a tremendous lacerating, long, metallic creaking, and then a breaking of branches, a clatter of smashing glass, a ripping of fabric, a sonorous trembling all over the airship, which for a few moments seemed to pant like a dying leviathan." Then the passengers, clutching tightly to the stays, saw the whole of the metallic tunnel distorted before their eyes. The railing along which they had walked twisted until it formed a kind of steep ladder. Leaves of trees unexpectedly appeared. The airship was a wreck.

THE rear car of the gigantic Deutschland touched the ground. Its stays were broken. The propellers were bent and wrenched off. The smoking motors were buried beneath a green coverlet of leaves. "Gigantic branches, shorn of their leaves, lay all around us. The body of the dirigible, broken for about a third of its length at the stern, swayed from side to side. The cabin was suspended about ten feet from the ground, and the prow, still inflated, waved in the air at a height of about forty feet." Some of the passengers descended by the stern. Others slid down ropes. "The Deutschland was wrecked on a height over which she would not have been able to pass and she was re-

posing with the abandon of death on the tops of the trees, visible to all the country round." Thus did the third of the Zeppelins to meet with catastrophe thrill the world with news of the most spectacular wreck in the whole history of aviation. "The real victim is the beautiful airship, led to destruction out of a desire to confront storms which no yacht would dare face at sea." She had traveled a hundred and eighty miles in nearly ten hours before she settled down on the trees like "a gigantic dead worm."

HAD not the Deutschland fallen among the trees, a horrible catastrophe would have occurred, according to the despatches. It would have been better, says the *London Telegraph*, if those responsible for this new Zeppelin had listened to counsels of prudence and allowed her to remain another day in the shed to which the wind and rain had long confined her. "She would then have escaped the mishap which overtook her. But representatives of the German and foreign press had been invited to partake of the pleasures and excitements of the new method of travel. The owners of the vessel were naturally anxious that these guests, at any rate, should not be turned away with unfavorable impressions of the power of the Zeppelin airship to defy the caprices of the elements." The real

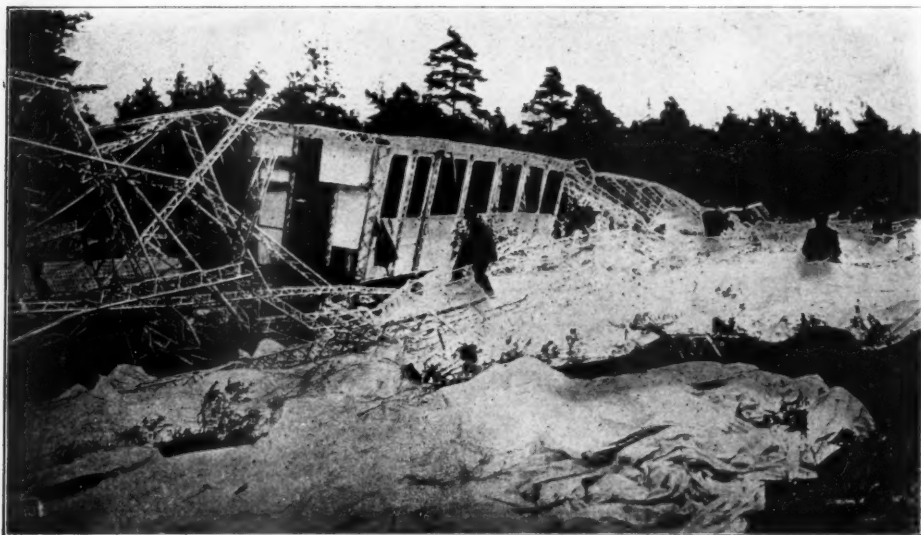
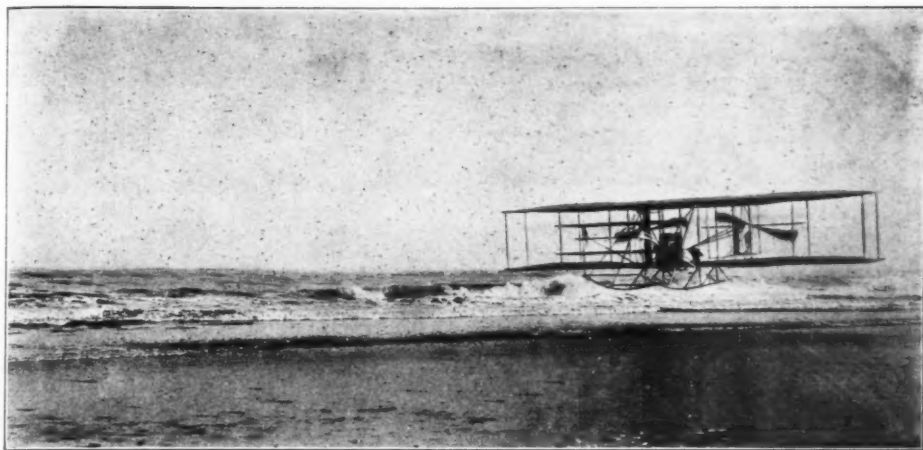


Photo by Paul Thompson

#### THE LAST OF THE LAST ZEPPELIN

The scene is near the little German town of Osnabrück, where the remains of the gigantic airship, which fell upon the tree tops, were collected after the latest aerial catastrophe. Had the disaster not occurred above the trees it seems certain that the twenty-seven passengers in the "Deutschland" would have lost their lives.



OVER THE BOUNDING BILLOWS

Brookins, the aviator who is here skimming the waves at Atlantic City in a Wright biplane, broke all records for altitude last month, in this aeroplane, going up 6,175 feet.

lesson of the disaster, say the experts of the Paris press, is that a rigid dirigible of the Zeppelin type can not land in a storm. In every other detail the craft is a brilliant success. Zeppelin remains undaunted by the misadventure and is quoted in the *Tägliche Rundschau* as affirming that the difficulty of landing in a strong current of air presents no theoretical difficulty and only "a slight practical one."

**I**F THE wrecked airship had belonged to the semi-rigid or to the non-rigid class, says the expert of the Paris *Temps*, the disaster need not have occurred. "As soon as the wind becomes dangerous, the pilot can land on the first convenient spot that presents itself. Then, if there be no help at hand, he has only to tear out the ripping panel. In a few seconds there will be no gas left in the gas-bag and the envelope will collapse, offering no resistance to the highest wind. It is true that the gas will be wasted, but the airship itself will be saved." As for airships of the Zeppelin type, even if they are emptied of their gas, the rigid framework of the envelope retains its shape and must inevitably be dashed to pieces in a high wind. This line of argument is said to make little or no impression upon Count Zeppelin. On the day following the disaster, his preliminary Arctic expedition, which will include Prince Henry of Prussia among its members, assembled to organize the details of the assault upon the North Pole. The wreck of the *Deutschland*

is, for all this, a blow to the new passenger service. Many Berlin dailies declare that the Zeppelin airship is completely discredited. That is not at all the view of Zeppelin himself. He made a careful examination of the wreckage and said the catastrophe left him an unshaken advocate of the rigid dirigible.

**B**EFORE the world had formed its estimate of the significance of the Zeppelin disaster, it was shocked by news of the killing of England's most brilliant aeronaut, Charles Stuart Rolls. This hero of the round trip by air across the channel from Dover to Calais perished last month in the course of the tournament at Bournemouth, where he was competing for the prize awarded the aviator who alighted nearest a given mark. Rolls, whose renown was international and who was the third son of Lord Llangattock, had attained a height of a hundred feet when the tail piece of his Wright biplane snapped off. "The machine gave a sudden lurch and the framework crumpled up in the air. When it struck the ground it was smashed to splinters." Rolls had been killed instantly. He is the twelfth martyr to the flying machine in less than two years. Yet, if we are to credit the Paris *Aurore*, no number of deaths in aerial flights will daunt the fliers. Honors are even, this French daily says, between the champions of the lighter-than-air machine and the advocates of the heavier-than-air craft. Both have had their victims. "Doubtless the death roll will grow, but so too will the glory."

**BY FAR** the most tragical of the month's disasters in the air occurred just twenty-four hours after Rols had been killed. The dirigible airship of the semi-rigid type built under the supervision of that distinguished aviator, Oscar Erbsloeh, fell five hundred feet near Opladen, a village in Rhenish Prussia. The five occupants were instantly killed, the victims being all noted technical operators of dirigibles. Erbsloeh himself, who perished with his crew, had won renown by flights in this country as well as in the fatherland. He and his men were martyrs to the ambition of Germany to build airships not only for military purposes, but also and primarily to develop a general passenger traffic. With this end in view, Erbsloeh had just remodeled his large war balloon, which was making a trial flight when, as the despatches say, a benzine tank exploded. The gondola-shaped car appears to have been reduced to splinters in the air. The motor plunged several feet into the soil when it had struck the ground. Thus terminated the most ambitious of recent efforts to interest German cities and capitalists in an aerial passenger project. Cologne had expressed its readiness to participate in the scheme to the extent of over a hundred thousand dollars. Düsseldorf had followed suit. The idea was not to establish traffic lines, properly speaking, but to arrange tourist trips at regular intervals. A crew of five or six was essential in the manipulation of an air craft of the Erbsloeh type. It was purposed to transport twenty passengers at a time and to remain for seven consecutive hours in the air. The principal line planned was from Düsseldorf to Lucerne, for which a war office subsidy was expected. Two airships would carry on this service. A third was to circle around Rigi Mountain.

**THE** weak spot in the scheme had to do with the patronage of the public. It had been hoped to convince even the most timid of the feasibility and safety of the service by a series of ambitious trial flights. The Zeppelin disaster came as a great shock. The killing of Erbsloeh and his crew seems to have capped a climax. In France and in England the navigation of the air in globular balloons, as the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* observes, has been for the most part a sport only. Germany, inspired by Zeppelin, sought to make it a business. The problem as Erbsloeh saw it could be solved only through a motive power so great that it could overcome the force of the wind on most

days of the year. This power, combined with light weight, Erbsloeh claimed to have gained from the automobile engine. Zeppelin used such a motor, too, but Erbsloeh made it his chief factor. The right motor ought to drive the hugest balloon airship against any air pressure, according to Erbsloeh. Zeppelin thought the main problem was to maintain the shape of the balloon—its rigidity. Erbsloeh believed in "semi-rigidity." He experimented with air ballonets, which he had brought to a high stage of efficiency.

**ERBSLOEH**, if we may accept one version of his theory, believed in keeping his balloon firm in shape by inserting air bags, which were continually fed with fresh air by the motor. These balloons—they are now called non-rigid—he clung to with only slight modifications. Erbsloeh insisted that a non-rigid balloon is easier to handle than the rigid type. It did not require so much repair. But where large airships are called for, the rigid type is supposed to be preferable because it retains its shape more exactly. The reliability of the Erbsloeh airship was supposed to depend mainly upon the factor of weight. His accidents in the past have always been ascribed to a tendency to cut down weight to a dangerous limit. Nevertheless the Erbsloeh had met with great success at some recent maneuvers before she was remodelled for the new experiments in passenger traffic. It seems, however, that on the way to the scene of last month's tragedy her engines had broken down. It became necessary, one account says, to deflate the balloon. It was only through the superhuman efforts of her engineers that the repairs could be made in time for the experimental flight.

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**A**LMOST immediately after the recent general election in Spain, which had greatly strengthened the position of the new Prime Minister, Señor José Canalejas, it was announced that "a policy of religious liberty" would be prosecuted with vigor. Precisely what this meant did not become apparent outside the Spanish peninsula until the controversy over so-called religious emblems had led to animated correspondence between the Ministry of Instruction in Madrid on the one hand and the papal nuncio on the other. The representative of His Holiness in Spain was apprized that "the communicants of non-Catholic cults have the right to place

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ALFONSO XIII. AND HIS PRIME MINISTER, THE ANTI-CLERICAL CANALEJAS

His Majesty the Most Catholic King is understood to be warm in the support of the measures which his Premier has just undertaken in the war between Spain and the Vatican.

the emblems of their faith on the edifices where they assemble for worship." This matter, while superficially trifling, is really important, the *Paris Temps* says, owing to what it implies with regard to interpretations of other provisions of the Spanish constitution. That instrument prohibits public manifestations of non-Catholic faiths. Prime Minister Canalejas professes now to be interpreting it rationally. By public manifestations he understands "demonstrations in the streets," which, at the moment, are permitted only to the Roman Catholic religion. "As in all countries," to quote an authorized statement by the Prime Minister, "there should be in Spain Protestant churches and even synagogues which ought to be able to bear upon their walls the insignia denoting the character of their creed. And against this, clericalism, in the full flush of the twentieth century, objects." But Prime Minister Canalejas, according to the *Paris Temps*, is inexact. What the Vatican objects to is not the display of the emblems, but the language of the edict authorizing them, which, by implication, denies that the national church of Spain is holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic.

WHATEVER are the merits of the local issue around which rages the contest between church and state in Spain, it has long been obvious from the tone of Madrid dailies that the crisis precipitated last month was inevitable. Prime Minister Canalejas had no sooner issued the edicts restricting the legal immunities of monks and nuns and reducing the number of their organizations than, at a mass meeting of clericals in Seville, he was denounced as another Diocletian. At the opening of the Cortes, an occasion improved by Canalejas with a speech foretelling conflict with the nuncio, there were public prayers imploring the Almighty to pity Spain. The bill permitting free thinkers to affirm in court instead of swearing on the crucifix inspired the projected procession with the remains of Saint Isidore, after the model of that of some years ago during the unprecedented drought. Denunciations of Canalejas in the clerical organs grew vehement, but he was warmly endorsed by the *Pais*, the *Heraldo*, and even, in a feeble strain, by the dynastic *Epoca*. The supreme test comes next month when the religious orders must obey or defy the decrees which subordinate them

to a great extent to the civil power of the state. Then will Canalejas face the real crisis.

THREE only of the factors in the present war between Spain and the Vatican are taken seriously by the newspapers of Europe generally. They include, first and foremost, Alfonso XIII., who is said to be on the side of "freedom and progress." Next is the national parliament, composed of a progressive chamber of deputies in which Señor Canalejas, the Prime Minister, leads a very radical group and in which he can command for the time being a safe majority. Finally there are the several political groups themselves, which give a new Prime Minister to the Kingdom with bewildering frequency and which represent all shades of opinion from extreme ultramontanism to reckless republicanism. The intervention of the King in the crisis, explains the Madrid correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, can be but limited. "He is confined by the constitution to the exercise of a power of veto and of a right to change the ministry." In the present crisis there seems little doubt abroad that his Majesty will support the action of the Canalejas ministry in its effort to effect a radical settlement with the Vatican in relation to the issue of religious toleration and the question of the innumerable orders of monks and nuns.

ALFONSO XIII. will play in the immediate future, the *London Telegraph* predicts, not the part of a Philip II., but the progressive rôle to be expected of one imbued with the spirit of the twentieth century. "It may be taken for granted that the throne will not prove an obstacle to liberal and advanced politics and that King Alfonso gave a true indication of his disposition when he sought his spouse in a land where liberty, democracy and the sovereignty of the people prevail." The position of the crown in Spain is now defined clearly beyond the possibility of a doubt or misunderstanding. It is on the side of freedom and progress. There was a long and earnest conference between his Majesty and Prime Minister Canalejas last month, adds the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, which is very well informed regarding events in Madrid. His Majesty assured the new Prime Minister that he was thoroughly imbued with the idea that the rule of the Vatican in Spain was not to be desired or prolonged. Provided Canalejas can command his present majority in the chamber, he need not dread any vacillation

on the part of his sovereign. No European newspaper seems to doubt either the good faith or the firmness of the King.

NOTHING could be more vacillating than the Spanish parliament in whatever relates to the disputes with the Vatican, observes the *Paris Temps* when it comes to prophecy of the outcome of this struggle. The Pope is faced by a firm chamber of deputies, but his cause is strong in the Senate at Madrid. The lower chamber is termed by the *London Telegraph* "an active and progressive body," but the Senate it deems in a state of decay. "The chamber of deputies is the assembly in which are concentrated all the power and active political life of the kingdom." It is divided roughly into two political groups, known nominally as liberal and conservative, of which the former happen to be in the ascendant. There are the usual medleys of republicans, Carlists, Catalonians, independents and radicals. However, in all the conflicts with the Vatican and in every project of a liberal and progressive tendency, the republicans and independents always vote with the liberals almost unanimously. The Carlists, Catalonians and ultra-Catholics vote with the Conservatives. Should all the various liberal sections, with their indiscriminate names, vote with Canalejas, he ought to carry his policy.

UNION of all the factions that can be called liberal is the achievement of Canalejas. His task since his assumption of office some months ago, as described in the *London Post*, has been to weld the discordant and ineffective elements of the liberal party into a strong and united army of opposition to the Vatican. Señor Canalejas has been illustrious in Spanish politics mainly as the leader of the democrats, a body of radicals who broke away from the main body of the liberals several years since. Nominally he is one of the most advanced of all the Spanish political leaders. Several years ago he toured Spain in an oratorical campaign against the pretensions of the Vatican, as he called them. He has never been able in the past to amalgamate the anticlerical forces into such a "block" as enabled the French chamber of deputies to separate church and state in the republic on the other side of the Pyrenees. It is this difficulty, which still exists in the Spanish parliament, that constitutes the unknown factor in the situation, and it is this alone, say Euro-

pean dailies, which gives the Vatican courage and hope in its fierce struggle with the Canalejas ministry.

NOTHING would be so distasteful to the other political leaders in Spain as a single-handed triumph of Canalejas over the sovereign pontiff. This is the matured conviction of the London *Telegraph*. Each leader of a group in the Spanish chamber is in reality much more an enemy of all the other leaders than he is of the Pope. Each cherishes the fond hope of ultimately becoming supreme head of the liberal party. "All of them dread beyond all else the achievement of a great parliamentary triumph by one of the rest." In this fear lies the cause of their hostile attitudes in difficult moments of the Canalejas campaign against the church. "In other words, the liberal majority in the chamber of deputies is an immolated victim of the egotism, envy and ambition of the group leaders of the party, who forget in a crisis their liberal principles and remember only their own personal ambitions." But for this the Vatican would have long since witnessed the limitation of the authority of the monks and nuns in the land. But for this the concordat would have been abrogated last year. But for this separation of church and state might even be in sight. Canalejas must walk warily indeed.

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P IUS X. sat dumbfounded in his private library while the cardinals of the curia, with a few exceptions, explained to him the significance of the spirited protest lodged by the Prussian envoy at the Vatican against the encyclical on the subject of Saint Charles Borromeo. This pontifical document had been given to the world only ten days before, but already the fiercest of religious feuds was raging throughout Germany. Mass meetings of protest were going on in Berlin and in Munich. Every German daily was quoting extracts from the Pope's Latin and these extracts lost nothing of their piquancy in German. How could his Holiness dare, the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* asked, to speak of the fatherland and of its rulers as "the most corrupt princes and peoples" and stigmatize them as "sinners who call evil good and good evil" or describe the beginning of Protestantism as "that tumult of rebellion and that perversion of faith and morals they call the reformation"? The Prussian Diet held its wildest sitting while the Pope in the Vati-

can, to whom telegraph boys and postmen were busily carrying despatches, tried to elicit in a familiar discussion with his sacred senate the true cause of the pandemonium precipitated in Germany by a pontifical review of the career of that ornament of his age, Saint Charles Borromeo. The demand that the Pope withdraw his encyclical was pronounced "preposterous" in that Roman Catholic organ, the *Paris Gaulois*. "Such retraction was improbable and impossible." However, the Pope did order the German bishops not to read the encyclical from their pulpits. He bade them not to publish the document in any way. His Holiness acted in compliance with the representations of the Prussian envoy at his court.

GREAT was the amazement in Europe, even among some clericals, when the Vatican issued instructions that the papal encyclical was not to be read from the pulpits or published in the clerical organs of German dioceses. "The conflict is over," to quote the words of M. Julien de Narfon, the extremely well informed writer who deals with religious questions in the *Paris Figaro*, "but it has ended in a way which no Catholic in France would have ventured to expect, for the order transmitted by the Holy See to the German bishops even quite apart from the official expression of regret contained in the note of the papal secretary of state, is tantamount to the withdrawal of the encyclical as far as Germany is concerned. . . . To withdraw an encyclical is not to act so as to undo the fact of its having been written or promulgated. That would exceed the power even of God. What is done is to declare that the encyclical is regarded—and that it is desired that it should be so regarded—as null and void." That, says this commentator, is what the Vatican has done. European dailies agree, and blank indeed is their amazement at so unprecedented a departure from Vatican tradition.

CLOTHED in its original Latin dress and making its appeal to the clergy alone, the latest of the papal encyclicals was as lengthy as it proved uncompromising. It has been deemed the most characteristic of all the utterances in which the mind of the present sovereign pontiff reflects itself so uncompromisingly. This famous encyclical is consecrated to the subject of that illustrious and brilliant as well as virtuous Saint Charles Borromeo, of whose canonization the third centenary occurs next November. The Pope

reviews in some detail the labors of Borromeo, the great champion of Roman Catholic reform as opposed to the Protestant and heretical reform of Martin Luther. Pius X. instituted a comparison between the Protestant movement of those times and the "modernist" movement within the ranks of a special body of the Roman Catholic clergy at this day. His Holiness exhorts the Roman Catholic clergy to follow the example of Saint Charles Borromeo by combating modern innovators—that is, the "modernists" within the fold—as the Saint opposed the followers of Martin Luther. Especially does the Pope recommend to the clergy the diligence of Borromeo in promoting religious education as the true defense of faith.

WITHIN ten days from the original appearance of the Borromeo encyclical, the Pope, who has noted with astonishment the progress of the political excitements in Berlin, caused an official explanation to be published in the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ. The encyclical, this daily said, was directed solely against the errors of the Modernists within the Roman Catholic fold and was not to be deemed a revival of the religious feuds of the reformation. Least of all was the encyclical inspired by a wish to offend the non-Catholic population of Germany or their princes. The encyclical merely contained certain historical appreciations of the time of Saint Charles Borromeo, in which neither the peoples nor the princes of any particular country were named. It should be remarked also that it dealt with Catholics at that time who were rebelling against the teaching and authority of the Apostolic See. The benevolence of the Holy Father towards Germany and her Princes, added the *Osservatore Romano*, had been demonstrated time and again. The excitement in Germany over the encyclical was thus due to an erroneous notion of the purpose of the Pope in giving it to the world.

ALTHO responsibility for the promulgation of the Pope's latest encyclical has been fixed upon Cardinal Merry del Val by various European dailies, the truth seems to be that the entire document originated with Cardinal Vives y Tuto, a pious and exemplary monk with little knowledge of the outside world. "His eminence is under the impression that a papal document, simply because it is written in Latin, remains circumscribed to the clergy and episcopacy, so that practically anything may be said with impunity." Car-

dinal Vives y Tuto, as this gossip runs, wrote the encyclical under the personal direction of Pius X. as a means of promoting the suppression of Modernism within the Roman Catholic church itself. In order to impress the faithful with the seriousness of the evil, the Modernists and the heretics who fought with Luther are made the subject of comparison. But the allusions to the Lutheran princes and peoples were purely incidental and by the way. This was not understood in Germany generally, where the Latin words of the original text, translated into German baldly and literally, seemed gratuitously offensive to the patriotic. Pius X. was deeply grieved by a development he had not foreseen.

MOST important of all the considerations raised by the encyclical is that which has reference, the *Paris Temps* says, neither to Borromeo nor to the reformation, but to the strength of the Modernists within the Roman Catholic fold. By attaching such importance to the Modernists, the encyclical makes them important. "It is not to be supposed, of course," says the *London Times*, "that the encyclical intended to compare the condition of the church at the time of the reformation with its condition to-day, but the mere fact that it likens the Modernists to the Lutheran reformers, the pioneers in a movement whose effect upon Christianity was incalculably great, gives the former a position which was before denied them. Hitherto they have generally been represented as a mere handful of malcontents, mischievous, but happily few in number, and hardly to be regarded seriously." The religious policy of Pius X. may be defined as a weeding out of Modernists from the fold. This achieved, Modernism would be forever extinguished. The appreciation of a learned clergy, which was so conspicuous in Leo XIII., has never, the *London Guardian* says, characterized Pius X. Ecclesiastical seminaries must cherish piety, not lore.

A MASS meeting to protest against the Pope's Borromeo encyclical was organized in Berlin, but before the indignation had culminated in any public explosion the German Imperial Chancellor, Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg, in his capacity as Prussian Premier, dealt with the burning theme at a sitting of the Diet. About two-thirds of the members had remained in the capital, notwithstanding the torrid heat, and all the galleries were crowded when the statesman arose

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to speak. The encyclical, he said, contains opinions upon the reformers and the reformation and the princes and the peoples favorable to that religious movement which grievously offend the moral feeling of the Protestants. "These opinions, which are offensive also in form, explain the widespread excitement caused in large sections of the people, and in their effect involve a serious peril to religious peace." Here it ought to be mentioned that the tone of the encyclical was distorted from the original Latin by the second hand, and third-hand versions of it circulated throughout Europe. Thus the London *Post* used a literal English translation of the German translation of what is understood to be the authentic Italian version of the Latin.

AS EVIDENCE of the misrepresentation of the encyclical, upon which German indignation is based, the clerical organs cite mistranslation if not of the words at any rate of the spirit of the Latin context. Epithets transferred from a dictionary to a translation twist the pontifical sentences into a superficial offensiveness never intended. "At that time," to cite one paragraph which fired the Protestant soul—the time referred to being when Saint Charles Borromeo did his good work—"passions raged. The knowledge of the truth was obstructed and obscured. There was a constant fight with error and human society was rushing to disaster and seemed doomed to destruction. And in these circumstances proud and refractory men came forward, enemies of the cross of Christ, men with earthly tendencies whose god was their belly. These men did not, of course, apply themselves to the betterment of morals, but to the denial of dogmas. They increased the prevailing confusion and gave free play to license for themselves and others; or at least disdaining the acknowledged leaders of the church and in the train of the passions of depraved and degenerate princes and peoples, they with a certain tyranny undermined the teaching, the organization and the discipline of the church." The vice of this version, according to clerical organs, is a choice of the worst construction in using equivalents for Latin words. For instance, it would have been more accurate to make the encyclical say that the haughty and rebellious men in question were bent not upon correcting morals, but in repudiating the precepts of the faith. Yet in the German version the Pope is made to accuse the reformation princes and preachers of denying dogma.

IMMEDIATELY upon receipt of the Latin text in its original form, the German Chancellor charged the Prussian minister accredited to the Vatican to lodge an official protest with the Roman Curia and to express the expectation that the pontifical court would find ways and means to redress the grievances occasioned by the encyclical in the Protestant mind. In another day or two, the Prussian envoy at the Vatican was informed through Cardinal Merry del Val that Pius X. had ordered the German bishops not to read the encyclical from their pulpits or to publish it in any way. "The Holy See," wrote the papal Secretary of State, "believes that the origin of the excitement is attributable to the fact that the object aimed at by the encyclical has not been rightly comprehended. Consequently some of its sentences have been construed in a manner absolutely foreign to the intentions of the Holy Father." Pius X. learned of the upheaval in Germany with real regret, explained Cardinal Merry del Val further. "He had absolutely no intention of offending non-Catholics in Germany or the German princes." The Prussian government at once professed its satisfaction with this utterance from the Vatican.

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A POINTED intimation was received by Prime Minister Asquith a few weeks ago that, having been detected in flagrant evasiveness on the whole theme of votes for women, his head will again become a target for missiles hurled by militant suffragets. That belligerent young lady, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who has rung door-bells, interrupted political meetings and gone to jail to get women the vote, anticipates, in view of the practical end of the truce between the ministry and the militants, a new series of martyrdoms. Before that extremity is rendered inevitable, Mr. Asquith, by promoting the passage of the bill recently introduced into the Commons—it confers a qualified suffrage upon a limited class of women—can save himself. Many fierce denunciations of the Prime Minister's duplicity have inspired the women speakers of the suffragist movement in the month that has past. He has staged an elaborate farce by permitting the introduction into the Commons of an enfranchisement measure which is to be blocked at every turn. He received a deputation of women to whom he promised an independence of attitude in parliament which his subsequent



"GENERAL" DRUMMOND AT THE HEAD OF THE  
LONDON WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARADE

The pageantry was organized with special reference to its efficiency from a military standpoint and in the promptness of its mobilization, the steadiness of its progress and the numbers of marchers it indicated, observers think, a genius for organization in "General" Drummond.

actions belie. For the time being the women profess themselves without hope of the Prime Minister. They are driven to desperation by what happened when the new bill received a second reading. The renewal of militant furies will be characterized by proceedings more drastic than the stoning of ministerial automobiles or the pursuit of policemen, than the refusal to eat in a prison cell or the invasion of the House of Commons.

TEN thousand women, representing every social rank in the United Kingdom, marched to the music of innumerable bands from the Victoria Embankment to the Albert Hall as evidence of their devotion to the cause of the emancipation of their sex through the suffrage. The demonstration had been in contemplation as far back as last May. The taking off of the late King Edward had necessitated a postponement of the affair at the

last moment. It was now planned as a fitting inauguration of the new reign. "The countless spectators," to quote the *London Telegraph*, "witnessed a spectacle probably unique in their lifetime and it was rendered all the more noteworthy by the fact that, whereas during recent years the police have generally been called upon to repel the attacks of the militant suffragists, on this occasion they willingly assisted in keeping a path for the procession." Its success was of so spectacular a nature that the most virulent foes of woman suffrage in the London press attested the splendor of the effect. "From first to last it was a triumph of organization." Every detail had been carefully thought out. No woman celebrated in the agitation to-day failed to be in line.

MOST spectacular of all the features in this suffragist pageant was the brigade of over six hundred women who, from time to time, have served jail sentences in their careers of agitation. "Robed in white and carrying wands tipped with silver arrows, which glittered in the sunshine, this detachment seemed like the leaders of a triumphal army of peace marching to take possession of their kingdom." They bore aloft a silken banner inscribed with the names of that devoted sisterhood which, by refusing nourishment in jail, had brought on the crisis of the forcible feeding. Well to the front in the pageantry of prisoners walked the heroine of the whole agitation in behalf of votes for women, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, while beside her, in the bachelor's robe of her academic degree, marched the heroine's daughter, that other heroine, Miss Christabel Pankhurst. Headed each by its double band of marching ladies, section after section of the monster procession was hailed with applause. Males connected with the Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement bore the heaviest banners, but as a rule the suffragists carried their own insignia, which bore defiant mottoes.

HUGE as is a procession of ten thousand women, its total, declares the *London Times* by way of comment upon the demonstration, forms but a small fraction of the women of Great Britain. "The procession was interesting and picturesque and represented, no doubt, much enthusiasm on the part of its promoters; but, considered as a demonstration in favor of a political experiment

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COLLEGE-BRED WOMEN IN THE LONDON SUFFRAGET MARCH

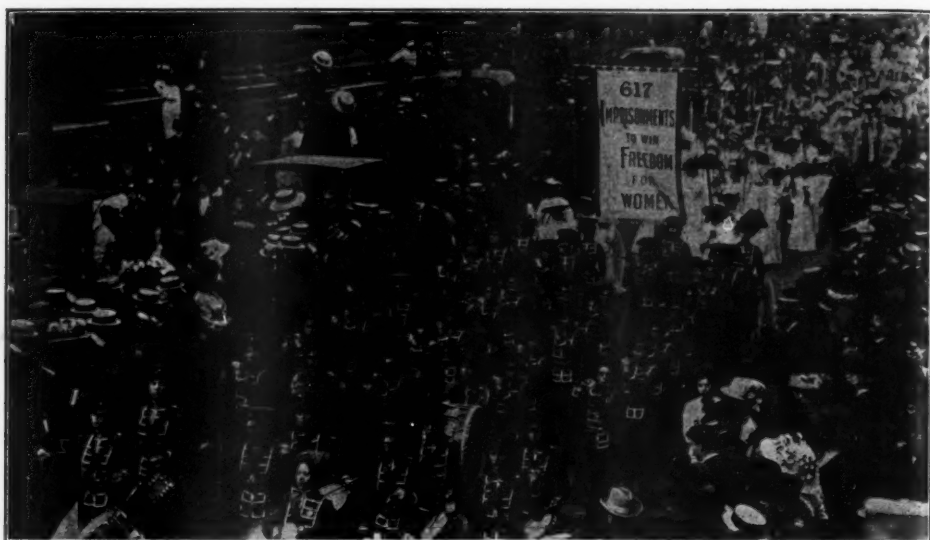
These educated ladies formed one of the most striking and conspicuous detachments in the entire long line. Many wore the hoods and the gowns of their universities or degrees and they carried wands emblematic both of their university records and of their cause for which they had in so many instances suffered imprisonment.

such as no sovereign state has ever tried in the history of the world, it was wholly unconvincing." Those who support the cause of votes for women, adds the London daily, have never shown any due appreciation of the revolutionary character of the change they advocate. "They fail to give due weight to the responsibility incurred by rushing into an experiment which the common sense of the world has hitherto carefully abstained from making. Men have tried every conceivable degree of electoral breadth in their governmental arrangements; but however they may have cast about for novelties they have never handed over the government of an empire to women." Weight ought to be attached, our contemporary thinks, to an abstention so marked and so universal.

**S**UFFRAGISTS all over Great Britain had expected a dramatic scene in the House of Commons when David J. Shackleton introduced there his much heralded measure bestowing upon women some instalments of the right to vote. It turned out that the Speaker could bestow little leisure upon the historic event. Mr. Shackleton, whose devotion to the cause of woman has long made him a favorite with the militants, made the briefest possible speech. "This new votes-

for-women plan," observes the London *Standard*, "does not fling the net of the franchise over all women, but extends the parliamentary vote to those females who already possess a municipal franchise." It did not go as far as Mr. Shackleton himself wanted, but it was welcome as an instalment of the complete justice the Pankhursts hope for in the future. For the time being it is deemed a basis for conciliation among the factions favoring the franchise for women and the factions opposing it. "The so-called conciliation bill now before the House of Commons," says the London *Times*, "represents nothing but a sort of truce among different types of woman suffragists." The more advanced are satisfied for a little time only.

**N**O SOONER were the women suffragists plunged into ecstasy by the appearance of an enfranchisement bill in the House of Commons than they were driven to the extremity of grief by the sudden announcement of Prime Minister Asquith that the measure could not possibly be considered for an indefinite period. This official announcement stunned Mr. Shackleton. That labor leader arose in the Commons, with an expression of face appropriate to the mental condition of a person taken completely by surprise.



THE WOMEN WHO SERVED JAIL SENTENCES FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE

Every agitator in favor of votes for women, who by obstructing the streets, ringing door bells, throwing stones at people and interfering with traffic in defiance of the law had incurred jail penalties, was in line during the great London demonstration.

"Will the Prime Minister fix a day for the consideration of the woman's enfranchisement bill?" No, the Prime Minister would do nothing of the sort. "But, is the Prime Minister—" (Honorable gentleman declared out of order. Indignant murmurs in the laborite camp.) In the world outside the Commons, where the voice of woman is at least audible, there were outbursts of anger. Miss Christabel Pankhurst was most vehement in her protests. She and the ladies in her league issued a "challenge" to Mr. Asquith, promising a smart revival of the most militant measures that ever sent Lady Lytton to Holloway Jail. The appearance of the woman suffrage bill in the Commons was "a sham" and "farce."

**BY** WAY of preparation for the revival of militant tactics, the President of the Women's Freedom League, the distinguished Mrs. Despard, refused to pay her taxes. She has long been in conflict with the Board of Inland Revenue on the subject, but the dilly-dallying of Prime Minister Asquith now caused her to risk arrest and to defy the authorities. She absolutely refused to pay her share of taxes until the right to citizenship which she claims as really and logically hers is "recognized by those who impose the taxes." This declaration evoked much en-

thusiasm among Mrs. Despard's followers, who assembled in large numbers when the Prime Minister's attitude had been revealed and passed an inspiring resolution of sympathy. Unless, therefore, the situation is changed at the last moment, the new reign promises to witness upon an ambitious scale a revival of feminine turbulence.

**A**NY revival of militant suffragism in England in the near future would, the Manchester *Guardian* fears, provoke a serious crisis. That daily sees in the demonstrations of the past few weeks and in the threats to which they have led a proof that public order and security are threatened unless the Pankhursts and their followers withdraw their ultimatums. Dailies which argue in this spirit are mistaken, says Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the most rabid militant of them all, if they think that protests from any number of individuals, however influential, will avail to obviate the difficulty looming ahead if the present bill be not pushed with vigor. "Nothing," to quote the words of Miss Pankhurst in the *London Times*, "absolutely and literally nothing will put an end to the militant suffragist campaign save the removal of its cause by the enactment of a measure giving votes to such women as fulfill the qualifications entitling men to vote."



# Persons in the Foreground

## THE ASSISTANT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

**Y**EARS ago some one wrote a book to show how the federal Constitution has been imperceptibly changed, without the formality of amending it, by accretions and modifications forced by the necessities of a growing nation. One of the accretions, so to speak, has been the addition to our scheme of government of the office of Assistant President of the United States. The title has, of course, no legal existence. The incumbent of the office used to be called the President's private secretary. He was often little more than a chief stenographer. A few years ago the title was changed by Congress to that of secretary to the President. But a succession of capable men in that position has given to it a dignity and importance that are described better by the term that stands as the title of this article. Once again is seen the way in which personality alone can modify institutions and the most carefully defined schemes. The Assistant President is a far more important personage to-day, in the usual operations of our government, than the Vice-President. Yet a vast and intricate machinery is set to work every four years to fill the latter office; the candidates are pictured on thousands of banners, their names are on millions of tongues and go echoing down the corridors of Time; while the office of secretary to the President is not even recognized in the Constitution and is usually lost sight of in history. The President can dismiss his secretary at any time, and a hostile Congress can for any reason or for no reason at all refuse to pay him a salary. His power is, like that wielded by the Speaker of the House, extra-constitutional, and its existence changes materially the operations of the federal government without changing a letter of the Constitution, which is supposed to set forth the plans and specifications of that government.

About fifty thousand documents of one sort and another must have the President's signature in the course of a year—say one hundred and seventy every working day of the year, or about one every three minutes of a working day. He has frequently as many as one thousand letters in a day addressed to him personally. He has often as many as one hundred visitors, not counting delegations. It is evi-

dent that the major part of this work of examining documents, reading and answering letters and receiving visitors must be done by somebody else than the President. It falls to the lot of the Assistant President and his staff of helpers. In addition, he is general publicity agent for the administration. In addition, further, he has general charge of social arrangements at the White House, having supervision over the lists of guests to be invited to receptions and even musicales, card parties, dances, luncheons and lawn parties. The President's wife and her social secretary have much of this work to do, but the assistant President has general supervision over it all and solves all the knotty little problems that arise. Also he has general charge of the garage and stable employes. Also he makes the arrangements for the President's tours.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Fred W. Carpenter, at the end of one year of penal servitude at this task, found every molecule in his system calling for a vacation, and secured an appointment as ambassador to the laziest land he could pick out on the map—Morocco.

Enters upon the scene at this time a young-looking man just a little under the age of forty—Charles Dyer Norton. Two brief years ago he was holding the very remunerative post of general manager for Illinois of one of the large life insurance companies—Northwestern Mutual. A writer in *The Independent* states that his income in that position amounted to \$50,000 a year. In his present position as Assistant President of the United States he receives \$6,000 a year, Congress having refused a few years ago to make it \$7,500 when the salaries of Congressmen were advanced to that figure. The requirements of his new position are moderately stated as follows: "the delicacy of the diplomat, the strategy of the statesman, the facility of the politician, the courage, keenness and common sense of all successful men of affairs, the patience of Job and herculean ability for work." These are the ordinary requirements of the office. In addition, Norton is expected, as his first and most important work, to recover for the Taft administration a considerable portion of its lost popularity, and to restore the good feeling of all disaffected Republicans. It is certainly a good-

sized job that is cut out for him. "I feel," he remarked, when accepting the appointment, "like a farmer who has dropped his plow in the middle of the furrow to enlist in a war."

If Mr. Norton succeeds fairly well in fulfilling the duties of his office—and he has started out brilliantly—it will be one of the most signal illustrations ever seen of the quick adaptability of the American mind. He has not "trained" for this work. He has had no political experience. He graduated from Amherst in 1893, being then twenty-two years of age. For about a year he was on the staff of *Scribner's Magazine*, but ill health forced him to take a year of travel, and at the end of that time he resumed relations with the insurance company for which he had worked as an office boy before going to Amherst. He showed unusual executive and administrative talent and he exhibited also an unusual degree of civic spirit. He became president of the Merchants' Club of Chicago, which inaugurated, chiefly through his direction and inspiration, a number of civic reforms. When that club was consolidated with the Commercial Club, he became chairman of the committee on the beautification of the city which produced important improvements in the physical appearance of the western metropolis. But he kept out of politics except to the limited extent that all good citizens feel called upon to enter into that field.

When Secretary MacVeagh was called from Chicago to become Taft's secretary of the treasury he in turn called on Norton to sacrifice his income of fifty thousand, move to Washington and accept a salary of \$4,500 as assistant secretary of the treasury. Norton yielded and immediately developed into a "human interrogation point," according to one of the Washington correspondents—Gus Karger of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. He was, politically speaking, "the greenest bit of Chicago grass that ever came to Washington in a Pullman drawing-room." He asked so many questions in the first few days that "some of the men who had been there a score or so of years are still hunting for the answers." When he sat still a minute at a time, it excited comment; when he sat still for a minute and a half at a stretch it aroused deep apprehension that his mind was giving way. This, you understand, is the correspondent's hyperbolic way of saying that Mr. Norton is something of a hustler. Norton found about two hundred clerks too many in the Treasury department and sent them to find other fields

where their services were more in demand. The saving to the Government amounted to many thousands of dollars—perhaps \$200,000 a year. "It got to be a daily occurrence," says Karger again, "to have Norton drop into MacVeagh's office casually and suggest a lop here and there of some fifty or a hundred thousand dollars more. Everybody on the inside merely got to guessing whether it would be fifty or a hundred thousand dollars that day. He has devised enough means of saving money to make MacVeagh wonder whether any appropriation at all will be necessary next year to keep the department going."

But Norton is credited with another and more interesting piece of work. He applied his hustling powers to Congressmen in behalf of the postal savings bank bill, and is receiving a good share of the credit for the final passage of that bill and the inauguration thus of a new and important experiment in American finance. He did his part chiefly by asking this congressman and that "what would you do?" and making each one feel that it was "up to" him to save the situation. By this time, according to the New York *Evening Post's* correspondent, leading New York bankers had their eyes on him ready to offer high salaries for his services. But to some men a situation is attractive more by reason of the difficulties it presents than by reason of the size of the salary. Norton seems to be such a man. He took the most difficult position opening before him, and did it on about twenty-four hours' notice. He plunged into the details of his new work at the White House with such vim that neither he nor anybody else noticed until the first day's work was nearly at an end that he had neglected to take the oath of office. Here is the way Edward G. Lowry, special correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, describes Norton's present position:

"A secretary to the President who is not big enough for the job or who is otherwise not competent can do much to obscure the merits of a national administration, and make it unpopular. On the other hand, a really capable secretary can go a long way toward making a popular success of an administration. George Cohan wrote a song once the burden of which was that you must always leave them happy when you say good-by. Secretaries to the President might take that to themselves.

"A really good Presidential secretary must have the instinct for publicity that marked 'Tody' Hamilton and Roosevelt, the ability to shed trouble that is Oscar Hammerstein's, a mind like a card-index for facts, names and faces, the man-



THE BENEVOLENT DESPOT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

The new secretary of the President is nearly forty, but looks about twenty-five years of age. The newspapers told the story last month of his firm refusal one morning, at Beverly, to let the President have his letters because the latter was on a vacation and could not be allowed to do any work until he had had ten days of recreation.

ners of a Beau Brummel, the degree of personal loyalty and devotion to his chief that Jacob A. Riis has so often expressed for Theodore Roosevelt, the *savoir faire* and diplomatic instincts of a Talleyrand, an unerring eye that can distinguish without a moment's hesitation the sheep from the goats, the ability to make himself liked by a thousand different sorts of men, the capacity to be a press agent and a father confessor to his chief; and when, from time to time, the need arises for a sacrificial goat, he must cheerfully offer himself for the slaughter.

"When he does something clever he must see that the President gets the full popular credit, and if the President does anything stupid he must instantly assume the full blame. For this a grateful country will pay him \$6,000 per annum and give him the free use of an open carriage, a closed carriage, two horses, and a coachman. If he fails in his task he is never heard of again. If he succeeds, any task that he may have afterward, however important and complicated, will seem easy to him."

There have been some incumbents of the office, especially of late years, who made it a stepping-stone to positions of high honor and great importance. John Hay was Lincoln's private secretary and Horace Porter was

Grant's. Each has made his mark high up on the records of his country since; but it is doubtful if their position in the White House was of much direct help to either in his later achievements. It has been otherwise with more recent secretaries. Dan Lamont (in Cleveland's time), George B. Cortelyou (in McKinley's) and William Loeb, Jr. (in Roosevelt's) made the office a stepping-stone to larger things. Through their abilities the office has assumed something of the importance of a cabinet position. There is even talk these days of making it a cabinet post.

Norton has a fine chance of performing a notable service to his country, to the Taft administration and to himself. By general consent, both of the politicians and the newspaper men, the prospects for his success are unusually good. He is a Wisconsin man by birth, the son of a Congregational minister. He married Miss Katherine McKim Garrison, of New York, and they have three children and hosts of friends. He is described as "extremely boyish" in appearance, has a frank, attractive manner, and is not wanting in self-poise and confidence.

## JANE ADDAMS: THE LADY OF THE MELTING POT

YOU remember Zangwill's glowing idea of America and its mission as eloquently expressed by the hero in his play "The Melting Pot"? America is a great crucible into which pour representatives of all the races on earth, to be fused into a new and exalted type whose glory shall yet remake the world and realize the dreams of universal brotherhood. It was this same vision of national destiny that animated the founders and builders of our government. They were creating a haven for the oppressed of all lands, a place where dwarfed humanity in all climes could come into its own and have the freedom to grow to its full stature. You will find this idea running through all the political speeches and pamphlets of the first century of our national existence. Even the pioneers were fired by the dream that they were pathfinders for the hosts that were to come and to mingle in harmony over the broad expanses providentially reserved for the last great experiment in human government.

Well, the broad expanses are not as broad as they once seemed. All the free arable land has been given away. The frontier has dis-

appeared. And still the millions come pouring into the vast melting pot and the seething mass bubbles and ferments with its many ingredients.

Now there is such a thing as a mechanical mixture and such a thing as a chemical mixture of ingredients. If the mission of America in the long scheme of creation is as our forefathers conceived it and as Zangwill has dramatically portrayed it, then the one great problem of the nation is to find some effective way of securing a chemical combination of the different races on American soil. Whoever contributes a new and potent institution for achieving this result is a benefactor of the race and a conservator of the national institutions.

Right here is where Miss Jane Addams, M. A., comes in. Yale University, one of our conservative institutions, has just broken its precedents to confer upon her the degree of Master of Arts. This not very robust little lady, who was fighting earnestly a few years ago to be made garbage inspector of her ward in Chicago, and who used to rise at six in the morning in order to follow the garbage carts around from alley to alley and then to the

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dumps in order to see that the work was not skimmed, took her seat last month on the platform in Woolsey Hall, with Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Hughes and J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill, clad in an academic robe, to receive an honorary degree, while the classic walls resounded to the applause of an approving multitude. Jane Addams, Master of Arts,—the very title shows how we are twisting the language in order to fit the old academic customs in which men alone figured to the new order of things in which women are recognized as having other capacities than those of the sweetheart and the housewife.

The idea of settlement work, which Jane Addams has done so much to expand and vivify and popularize, is a new and potent kind of melting pot. Its idea is to create a mutual understanding between different classes of the community and between different races. Hull House, which Miss Addams and Miss Starr started in Chicago more than twenty years ago, has been a pioneer to a new realm of activity for thousands of men and women and a place where, as one writer puts it, Mrs. Flaherty of the Lake Shore drive and Mrs. Flaherty of Ewing street meet and find the human being in each other, to their own great surprise. For while Hull House does its work in one of the poorest districts of Chicago, it "has never ceased to be the rage" among people of the "upper" class. "In the final estimate," writes Graham Taylor in *The Review of Reviews*, "what she has done to reattach to their rightful part and lot in the life of the community the classes isolated by the conditions of their labor or their poverty may not prove to be a greater service than what she has done to help the financially and socially resourceful classes out of their detached class-life into the struggle to make good their claim to a name and place among all their fellowmen."

Miss Addams was born in Cedarville, Ill., in the year (1860) in which Abraham Lincoln was elected President. Her father was a friend and coadjutor of Lincoln's. She had Quaker blood in her veins and Quaker ideals entered early into her mind. She has been a peace-maker by instinct; but not that anemic sort of peace-maker who thinks the world will become Paradise by the elimination of all strife. She believes in strife. Her life has been one of continuous and energetic strife. What she tries to do is to show people the uselessness of strife on the lower planes and the glory of strife on the higher planes. The

prizefight between Jeffries and Johnson lasted less than an hour. The combat between this woman and ignorance and destitution and vice and dirt has lasted twenty years. She finds it exciting enough to give life a zest and to develop all her powers.

She was reared in comfortable circumstances and well educated, having, in addition to a course in Rockford College, two years of European travel. Her first idea in starting Hull House was to establish "a place for invalid girls to go and help the poor." Toynbee Hall, England, and the ideas of Mr. Barnett, its warden, and his wife, soon expanded her plans and in the course of a few years the Hull House developed into an institution of four buildings, including a reading-room, an art gallery and studio, a coffee house, a men's club room, a gymnasium with shower-baths, a kindergarten, a day nursery, a music school, a boys' club room, a club room for working girls, and rooms for social gatherings.

Some of the experiences with the poor people of the neighborhood, as told by Miss Addams in *The Ladies' Home Journal* several years ago, illustrate what we have said as to the melting-pot character of the work. A social extension committee was organized among the people living in the neighborhood, consisting chiefly of Irish-Americans. The committee gave parties once a month.

"One evening they invited only Italian women, thereby crossing a distinct social 'gulf,' for there certainly exists as great a sense of social difference between the prosperous Irish-American women and the South Italian peasants as between any two sets of people in the city of Chicago. The Italian women, who are almost Eastern in their habits, all stayed at home and sent their husbands, and the Social Extension Committee entered the drawing-room to find it occupied by rows of Italian workingmen, who seemed to prefer to sit in chairs along the wall. They were quite ready to be 'socially extended,' but plainly puzzled as to what it was all about. The evening finally developed into a very successful social occasion, not so much because the committee were equal to it as because the Italian men rose to the occasion. Untiring pairs of them danced the tarantella, their fascinating national dance, they sang Neapolitan songs, one of them performed some of those wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks one sees so often on the streets of Naples, they explained the coral finger of St. Januarius which they wore, they politely ate the strange American refreshments, and when the evening was over one of the committee said to me, 'Do you know, I am quite ashamed of the way that I used to talk about "Dagos," they are

quite like other people, only you must take a little more pains with them. I have been nagging my husband to move off of F Street because they are moving in, but I am going to try staying a while and see if I can make a real acquaintance with some of them."

This is not a very important incident, standing by itself; but as one of a continuous series of similar incidents not only in Hull House but in the numerous settlement houses in many cities that have followed the Hull House lead, it assumes a true historical importance. Miss Addams tells of another Italian man who, coming into Hull House one day at dinner time, expressed great surprise at the variety of food, as he supposed that the American diet was confined to potatoes and beer. Inquiry elicited the fact that he lived next door to an Irish saloon and had never seen anything going in but potatoes nor anything but beer coming out. Another little incident:

"An Italian woman in expressing her pleasure in the red roses that she saw at one of our receptions showed surprise that they had been 'brought so fresh all the way from Italy.' She would not believe for an instant that they had grown in America. She said quite simply that she had lived in Chicago for six years and had never seen any roses, whereas in Italy she had seen them every summer in great profusion. During all that time, of course, the woman had lived within ten blocks of a florist's window; she had not been more than a five-cent car ride away from the public parks, but she had never dreamed of faring forth by herself and no one had taken her. Her conception of America had been the untidy street in which she had lived and had made her long struggle to adapt herself to American ways."

All these incidents illustrate one phase of the work of Hull House under Miss Addams's lead. Another line of work relates to legislation. As a result of the ceaseless but not spectacular activity of Miss Addams and other women who deserve in some cases equal credit, the Juvenile Court of Cook County—"the world's first and most typical juvenile court," according to Graham Taylor—was established, antedating Judge Lindsay's court in Denver. Laws for factory inspection, for protection of immigrants, for abolition of child-labor, for the building and management of tenement houses, for better management of charitable institutions were secured. The administration of the city's house-keeping, especially in the ward in which Hull House is situated, was improved by personal vigilance.

It was in connection with this that Miss Addams found herself made a garbage inspector, and, with the help of another sweet girl graduate from college, who became deputy inspector, so increased the cleanliness of the streets that the ward soon dropped from the third to the seventh place in the mortality list for the city. Free baths were first inaugurated in Chicago as a result of Hull House influence. The struggle in behalf of cleanliness gradually aroused the interest of the entire neighborhood. "Every creature the settlement could muster," says Anne Forsyth in *The Delineator*, "did his share of work. The children gave over marbles for paper-picking; the woman's club forgot its literary calendar and learned to sweep the street. The excitement it created, with the bonfires, the dust and laughter, stirred dirty old Chicago." Miss Addams has gradually impressed upon the city the practical character of her reforms and her staying qualities. At last it dawned upon the public that she was not merely an unattached young female taking up fads, but a safe and sane young woman with a wide outlook, excellent poise and intellect as well as impulses. She served for several years on the school board, exercising marked influences over her fellow members of the board. She was elected president of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, the first woman ever called upon to preside over that important body. She has been dubbed by one magazine writer "the first citizen of Chicago." She has been characterized by one New York editor as the most representative citizen of the United States. Says the *New York American*:

"On the whole the reach of this woman's sympathy and understanding is beyond all comparison wider in its span—comprehending more kinds of people—than that of any extant public man. And it is to be observed further that this comprehension is not, in Miss Addams's character, purchased at the price of vagueness and sentimentality. She is a thinker and a woman of action. She counsels in every emergency with definiteness and decision.

"She has identified herself with no religious sect, yet everybody thinks of her as actuated by the most spiritual motives. She stands aloof from all political parties, yet the great institution that she has created is recognized as a political force.

"In the company of theorists she leaves an impression of practicality. And to the dust-dry counsels of materialists and statisticians she brings the lift and passion of large ideas. She is sensitively attuned to the manners and traditions of the most privileged class, yet she meets the poor-



"IF THERE BE ANNY ONE 'LL HEV RESPECT IN THEIR BURVIN'S, IT'S HER"

Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House, carried away from New Haven last month the first degree of Master of Arts ever given to a woman by Yale University. A few years ago she was serving as a garbage inspector in Chicago, and, in spite of her academic honors, is as likely as not to do so again.

est or the coarsest without a touch of the condescension that separates people more than pride."

To which tribute may be added, in con-

clusion, another from one of Miss Addams's neighbors: "If there be anny one 'll hev respect in their buryin's, it's her. Sure it's her that's great—great for a woman!"

## THE VISIT OF THE BRILLIANT PRESIDENT ELECT OF BRAZIL

UNFAMILIAR as is the fame of that austere South American statesman, Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, to citizens of the United States generally, he had attained, long prior to his election to the chief magistracy of his native Brazil, an enviable European renown. His life has been devoted to the extinction of the revolutionary idea among his countrymen. So well has he succeeded that, altho Brazil has enjoyed six Presidents since the establishment of the republic—when Hermes da Fonseca assumes office this November he will be the seventh—not one has been a political or military adventurer and not one has been driven from office by revolution. In the course of that tour through the old world which President elect Hermes da Fonseca is about to crown with a visit to these shores, he has been eulogized by the entire press of Europe as the antithesis to Castro. Marshal Hermes, in the words of the London *Times*, has proven by his career as statesman and as soldier that the Latin republics of the new world can, when they please, produce official types as constructive as Cavour and as efficient as Clemenceau. The best specimen of this new species, our contemporary ventures to think, is the brilliant Brazilian who, unless present plans miscarry, is to be the guest of President Taft and perhaps a visitor to West Point, an institution in which he has long been keenly interested. The middle-aged President elect of Brazil once ruled a military academy himself.

In stature, Marshal Hermes commands our attention because of his height, which is unusual for a Brazilian. "With a countenance open, bold and penetrating," says a writer in the *Jornal do Comercio* of Rio Janeiro, "he has acquired the gravity of manner that harmonizes so well with that of the republic he is so soon to administer." His physical constitution, we read, "superior to all the changes of climate and equal to the utmost bodily exertions," disdains the indulgence of enervating pleasures. "Hunger and cold are natural evils to which

he submits without a murmur. Fatigue and want of rest he considers as the unavoidable attendants of a warrior's life." Temperance in eating as well as in drinking he practices from disposition as well as from choice and the force of this example has been great among the members of his military staff. "In the endowment of his mind, nature has particularly formed him for great and daring achievements; but the leading feature of his soul is patriotism, to which every other passion is subservient." Intrepid and enterprising, his movements are "swift as quicksilver."

Aristocratic as is the origin of Marshal Hermes da Fonseca and exclusive as are all the traditions of the very military circle of which he is so conspicuous an ornament, we are not to infer, insists the Buenos Ayres *Prensa*, that the ideals of the next President of the Brazilian republic are those of a soldier. An effort has been made in a certain South American press to have it appear as if the austerity of the manners of Marshal Hermes portended a military dictatorship of the Spanish type the moment he is securely possessed of the supreme executive authority. Much is made by these critics of the Marshal's admiration for Frederick the Great, of the care he took, when in charge of the military academy, to impress the system of the immortal Prussian upon the minds of his student corps. Marshal Hermes, in short, is discerned by his opponents as a narrow and pedantic disciplinarian, disposed to rule the great nation of his birth as the Hohenzollerns lorded it over Prussia in the eighteenth century. The Presidential palace at Rio de Janeiro would thus become transformed into a barracks. Government would be efficient, indeed, but it would be soldierly, severe and uncivil.

In their eagerness to depict the Marshal as a glorified drill sergeant, his political opponents have but revealed the administrative versatility which is certain to render his Presidency illustrious. In support of this contention, a writer in the *Prensa* reminds us that, altho the Mar-

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shal is by profession a soldier, he is by instinct a scholar. He belongs, it is true, to a family in which the profession of arms has been hereditary for generations. The house of Fonseca has a half legendary history connected with the Alagoas region, where it has been established since the first Portuguese occupation. Brazilian poets have found a favorite theme in that Dona Anna who so long ago sent her nine sons to the war in Paraguay, wherefrom but four ever returned. One was the uncle of Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, and this uncle overthrew the empire of Dom Pedro and was made first President of the republic. One other son was the father of Marshal Hermes and to this father is he indebted for his sympathy with the arts and with letters. Brazil has been styled the one South American republic in which the poet and the orator are held in equal esteem with the politician and the soldier. The house of Fonseca has throughout its glorious history been liberal in its support of the arts and of letters. The present Marshal has upheld the glory of his house and his country in this respect. He it was who gave encouragement to that most renowned of Brazilian sculptors, Bernardelli, whose four immense statues adorn public squares in the metropolis. Hermes has taken great interest in the works of those Brazilian painters whose pictures give such prestige to the Rio national school of the fine arts. He visits the opera regularly, and his favorite composer is that Carlos Gomes, whose *Il Guarany* has been sung with success in Italy and whose career sheds such lustre on the musical history of Brazil. In short, as the *Prensa* points out, Marshal Hermes is as deeply interested in the civilization of his native land as he has ever been in its military glory. "He patronizes the arts as well as the army." In addition to his fluency in that Portuguese tongue which is native to Brazilians, the Marshal knows Spanish, Italian and French and has read extensively the leading writers in those languages. He is a great admirer of Rostand, of Maeterlinck and of Fenelon.

Piety has always been traditional in the Marshal's family. Himself a convinced Roman Catholic, his attendance at mass has made him the object of much ridicule among the anticlericals. His interest in ecclesiastical affairs has always been keen. Every Sunday when he is in Rio he attends mass either at the cathedral or in a little chapel in the outskirts of the capital. His simplicity of manner never evinces itself more markedly than when he waits his turn outside the confessional with penitents of



THE BRILLIANT BRAZILIAN WHO WILL SOON  
RULE HIS NATIVE LAND

General Hermes da Fonseca will be President Taft's guest this summer, and the pair of chief magistrates are to exchange ideas of the Monroe Doctrine.

the humblest rank. He seldom or never follows the example of a former President of the republic who preferred to hear mass in a private chapel and who insisted upon emphasizing his views at the Vatican whenever bishoprics fell vacant. The Marshal is, notwithstanding his piety, a very tolerant man, and has striven to give effect to the laws prescribing absolute freedom of conscience. He is on very good terms with Pius X., with whom he happens to be personally acquainted. When last in the eternal city, the Marshal displayed the tact for which he is celebrated by contriving to visit both the King and the sovereign pontiff without ruffling the susceptibilities of either. Cardinal Merry del Val caused the Marshal to be informed that the head of a Catholic nation could not be received in Rome by the Pope unless the King in the Quirinal were rigorously boycotted. The Marshal sent word to his Eminence that the term of office of the next Brazilian President does not begin until November. In the meantime, the Marshal, not being yet the head of a Roman Catholic nation, could not come within the prescriptions of the

pontifical etiquette. The Cardinal conceded the point, and Rome witnessed the unusual spectacle of a President elect of one of the most Catholic nations in the world receiving an effusive welcome from the Holy Father after being the guest of the King of Italy.

It is because of his capacity for what the Italians call "combinations" that the Marshal has evaded the difficulties which beset South American statesmen who attain supreme distinction. He has cultivated the friendliest relations with the church without forfeiting the esteem of the army. He remains the prime favorite of the Bolivians without arousing the suspicions of the Peruvians—a feat hitherto impossible, the *Prensa* says, to the Brazilian politician. His supreme achievement was to borrow a large sum for his country in Germany and spend it for battleships in England and then to borrow another large sum for his country in England and expend it for ordnance in Germany. As a borrower, the performances of the Marshal, when, hat in hand, he makes the grand tour of Europe with a supply of Brazilian bonds, have been amazing. His whole countenance glows with enthusiasm, we read in the *Paris Figaro*, as he describes the limitless resources of his native land to bankers. Time was when Venezuela could borrow nothing in Europe. "That was logical." Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador saw their credit go next. Even Argentina and Chile have been kept waiting for funds while financiers scrutinized their revenues suspiciously. Not so Brazil. She has but to send Marshal Hermes da Fonseca abroad with an issue of bonds to reap immense pecuniary advantage from his well-known fluency in presenting fiscal propositions. His aptitude for borrowing money in Europe amounts to genius, and were he ever exiled through a revolution our Paris contemporary feels confident that the Marshal would thrive prodigiously as a promotor of governmental securities.

Not until he had been placed at the head of the military academy from which the officers of the army of the republic are graduated did the administrative genius of Hermes da Fonseca display itself with convincing effect. He had risen to the rank of Marshal—the highest in the whole military hierarchy—when this post fell to him. The school was sadly disorganized. Cadets came and went on leave much as they pleased, relying upon the influence of their families if trouble resulted. The Marshal nearly precipitated a revolt at the start by ordering all cadets to clean their own boots

and uniforms. Tradition has it that the Marshal forced one reluctant and outraged cadet to clean his own rifle at the point of the revolver. When the students did not appear for drill at sunrise they were routed out of bed by having buckets of water thrown upon them while they slept. Marshal Hermes was always so perfectly cool and even-tempered, his attitude to the cadets seemed so genuinely paternal and his example was ever one of such patience and devotion to duty that in less than a month he had completely won their hearts. In six months the standard of efficiency, we are assured by the *Prensa*, was worthy of West Point itself. The luxury which had characterized cadet life gave way to the severest simplicity. To-day the military academy supported by the Brazilian republic is the pride of South America.

Discipline was severely tested six years ago when the cadets plotted to join in a body the revolt against the government of President Rodrigues Alves. They had formed a cabal with the object of commanding some tattered battalions of the insurgents. There was no doubt that had this plot been executed, the insurgents would have enjoyed the advantage of the most competent military leadership the whole republic could boast. The Marshal had given his cadets the benefit of a thoro education in the art of war. On the morning of the crisis he summoned the whole corps with their instructors to the parade ground. The Marshal had a revolver in his right hand. Every instructor was similarly accoutred. They were all to undergo a special examination in strategy and tactics that morning. The problem was the suppression of a revolt among the troops. The cadet corps were to represent a mythical blue force in a state of mutiny. The Marshal himself with his staff of instructors represented a mythical red force prepared to suppress the rebellion at all hazards. The reds, the Marshal observed, had all the tactical advantages of superior weapons, a supply of provisions and a reserve in the shape of a containing force approaching from the rear. The problem was to determine what the mutineers could possibly do after their ringleaders had been placed in shackles. The hypothesis was made actual then and there and the plan to join the revolt against President Alves ended in loud laughter. As evidence of the great hold the Marshal had gained over the minds of the cadet corps, the *Prensa* mentions that they gave him a banquet when the rebellion in the capital had been suppressed. Neverthe-

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less, his reputation for severity is well deserved. For all his sense of humor and his paternal attitude to the officers who serve under him, he is a strict disciplinarian. He is first and foremost a soldier. So well has he

drilled and organized the army of the republic that his reputation has extended to Europe. The Emperor William is one of his admirers. The Marshal was a guest of honor at the German maneuvers of two years ago.

## THE MYSTERIOUS BRITISH PRINCE WHO IS TO RULE THE CANADIANS

IN DESIGNATING Field Marshal, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, to open the first parliament of United South Africa next November, King George V. promises to dispel for the first time much of the mystery in which the personality of the late King Edward's brother has so long been involved. The Duke will disclose himself still more when he emerges next spring in the character of Governor-General of Canada. As his Royal Highness will probably be in South Africa for some time—he has been shooting big game for weeks—and as it is unlikely that he would go to the Dominion in the depth of winter, it is proposed, the *London Chronicle* says, that Earl Grey retain the Ottawa post until such time as the Duke of Connaught can take it up. The Canadian government is understood to have acquiesced in this arrangement, which will postpone, for the present, the gratification of a natural curiosity regarding the traits, the temper and the idiosyncrasies of the least known altho in many respects the most conspicuous of all the children of the late Queen Victoria. Altho at twenty years of age the Duke of Connaught was in Canada serving in the suppression of the Fenian raid, altho he saw severe fighting in the Egyptian campaign and altho he has served with the highest rank all over the British Empire, he remains, as the *Paris Gaulois* observes, a stranger to the world. He has shunned the crowd. He has brought up three children in complete seclusion. He avoids with an almost morbid dread anything calculated to render him the cynosure of the public eye.

The business in life of the Duke of Connaught is soldiering. He knows all about guns, uniforms, ammunition, ordnance and commissary stores. He has made a specialty of inspection. His task has for years past been to make sure that the standard of efficiency laid down by the army council is kept up. It is the knowledge of detail possessed by the Duke that has won him his peculiar distinction as the greatest martinet in the service. He will worry himself into fidgets over the

shoes worn by a regiment. Time and again he has invaded a garrison in India to see whether the bayonets are clean. He is known by sight to thousands of private soldiers in the British army from Egypt all the way to India. His tours of inspection are never perfunctory. He has tasted the food, tested the medicine and even carried the accoutrement of the private soldier in performance of his perpetual inspection. Altho not particularly popular with the officers, the Duke has won an enviable place in the affections of the privates in the ranks, to whose health he attaches great importance. The non-commissioned officers esteem him highly because of his unceasing efforts to improve their status.

A morbid dread of publicity, as the *Paris Matin* deems it, has always characterized the Duke of Connaught. His extreme sensitiveness to any form of criticism is also held responsible for the excessive reticence, not to say secrecy, of his nature. Some years have passed since the discussion in Parliament precipitated by the alleged use of one of the vessels of the navy in conveying a member of the Duke's family to the Scandinavian peninsula in defiance of the regulations. His Highness caused it to be announced officially that he had paid the expenses of this particular trip out of his private pocket. Trivial as the incident seemed even to the London dailies which noted it, the Duke is said still to feel very much hurt by the notice taken of it. He strives to avoid publicity not only for himself and his family, but also for all his dependents and servants. When he was hurled from his automobile a few years ago, sustaining severe injuries about the head, it was several hours before the London police realized the exalted rank of the gray-haired gentleman who refused all medical assistance and bound up his own bleeding forehead with a handkerchief at a neighboring shop.

That reserve for which the Duke of Connaught is indebted for the mystery involving his personality is ascribed by the *Paris Figaro* to an inveterate shyness. His Highness is ex-

treribly embarrassed by any kind of notoriety and it is easy to upset his composure. In this respect he differentiates himself markedly from the royal family generally, all the other members of which seem to enjoy publicity. The Duke of Connaught, on the other hand, brought up his small family of two daughters and a son not only in great simplicity—necessitated by his comparative poverty—but in something very like seclusion. When his daughter, the Princess Margaret, married a Swedish Prince a few years ago, the curiosity of the British public was intense. The bride had never before emerged from the royal circle, her life, like that of her brother and sister, having been spent mostly in trips from Bagshot, the quiet home of the Duke, to Windsor, where the court was in residence, and from Windsor to Osborne. When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to India, their children were left in the care of Queen Victoria, who was then dwelling in the utmost seclusion. The Duke was well pleased with an arrangement that appealed so much to his own instinct for privacy. Few indeed are the Englishmen and Englishwomen outside the royal circle who can speak from personal knowledge of the traits of any member of the family of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke and his consort—who was a Prussian princess by birth, the third daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles—have been seen with their little family at the opera now and then. Since the marriage of the Princess Margaret with Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been extensive travelers in remote regions of the earth. They have remained comparative strangers to the British people.

The one sensation in which the Duke was ever involved personally has to do with that burning question in the annals of the royal family, the lost duchy. Ten years ago the Duke of Connaught had to make a momentous decision in the space of a few hours, as a result of the death of his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. The Duke of Connaught was next heir to the duchy. He refused it. So great was his authority over his only son that that young man likewise renounced the tempting prize. Yet so practical have always been the most decisive characteristics of the Duke of Connaught that he is generally referred to as the business man of the royal family. His household has always been managed upon a thrifty basis. Alone among the princes of the British royal connection, he is known to have

laid aside a snug sum from what in a private individual would be called savings. One story in the *Paris Figaro* is to the effect that he never spends more than half of his salary and allowances and the story seems plausible in view of the extreme simplicity of his household. An immense fortune was within his grasp, but he deliberately forfeited it by declining the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The incident recalls a melancholy page in the annals of the British royal house—one which, it is hinted, has caused some personal feeling between the Duke of Connaught and his nephew, William II. Upon the death of the father of the Duke of Connaught—the Prince Consort—it was arranged that Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, should succeed to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha on the demise of his paternal uncle, Duke Ernest. It was further settled that the Prince of Wales (as the late King Edward then was) should forego his prior right of succession to the Duchy in favor of his next brother—the Duke of Edinburgh renouncing, at the same time, on behalf of himself and his heirs, all collateral claims to the crowns of Great Britain and India. Duke Ernest died seventeen years ago, whereupon Prince Alfred took the oath of fidelity to the German constitution in the presence of his nephew, Emperor William. The next heir, called after his father, Alfred, died in six years. By the prescriptions of the Saxe-Coburg constitution Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, became heir-apparent to the throne of the Duchy. But his royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, as already related, had other views. He had no desire to forego his brilliant prospects of military distinction in the land of his birth nor had he any desire to divest himself of his British nationality. The immense personal fortune connected with the throne of the Duchy was accordingly sacrificed. However, in deference to the preferences of the Duke of Connaught—unreservedly adopted by his son, Prince Arthur of Connaught—the arrangement made after the death of Prince Alfred in 1889 was that the Duke of Connaught should formally resign his claims in favor of his youthful nephew, Leopold, Duke of Albany, the posthumous son of Prince Leopold and the youngest grandson of the late Queen Victoria. When, therefore, the Duke of Edinburgh died ten years ago, the young Prince, then only sixteen, became in due course Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The negotiations terminating in these arrangements are said to have strained the relations between the royal





THE NEXT GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, is the only surviving brother of the late King Edward, and so successful has he been in eluding publicity that few details are known of his moods, his temperament and his prejudices.

houses of Germany and Great Britain so severely that they fully account for the opposite poles of world politics at which William II. and the late Edward VII. stood.

Nothing has ever happened to ameliorate the relations between the present German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught, according to the gossips who deal with these themes in the Paris press. The Duke of Connaught was always deeply attached to his brother the late King, with whom he seemed to be a great favorite. The two were somewhat intimately associated in their financial affairs. The late King Edward was notoriously deficient in the business instinct. For this reason he deferred very much to his brother, who never liked the tendencies of the late King to associate himself with financial magnates. The Duke of Connaught has always been a great stickler for the proprieties. It is an open secret that he viewed with disfavor the somewhat mixed coterie of his late brother's associates. King Edward received more than one entreaty from the Duke to abandon the society of some favorite who, for one reason or another, was not deemed good company for a British sovereign. The late King always pleaded that the objectionable person was witty or interesting or good company. Disputes between the royal brothers were apt to grow heated, according to the *Paris Matin*, but King Edward invariably yielded the point. In this fashion the Duke of Connaught had established for himself the position of a censor over his late brother's life. "His late Majesty occasionally rebelled, but in the end he was always glad to come to terms. He could not afford to risk an open rupture with the most esteemed of all the late Queen Victoria's children." King Edward was wont to refer to the Duke, it seems, as "sober, honest and industrious."

Respectability of a rigid, conventional and severe type might be appropriately reckoned the peculiar atmosphere of the Duke of Connaught. All he does and all he approves conform to the ideals of strictness, sobriety and simplicity. One of his "fads," as the *Figaro* calls it, is early rising. Another is well polished boots. He has a peculiar dislike of slovenliness in personal attire. To a young officer who apologized for the state of his sword upon inspection, the Duke said: "Your excuse is so good that you must be an old offender, sir!" This is one of the royal jokes and upon it is based the inference that no excuses carry the slightest weight with his Highness. He has a well earned reputation for severity in

dealing with the escapades of officers generally. He has a peculiar horror of divorce in the British army. He never recommends for promotion or for distinction of any sort an officer who is known to gamble or to be addicted to excess in drinking. He has likewise a decided contempt for the society type of military man who struts conspicuously in London ball rooms and makes his uniform a passport to exclusive functions.

The dry wit for which the Duke is dreaded rather than famed inspires an occasional anecdote in the Paris papers, but he is, nevertheless, not brilliant in conversation, as was his brother, the late King. "Sold tea, eh," he repeated, in his hard voice, when a subaltern's grandfather was alleged against him at an officers' mess, "well, that's not so bad as a grandfather who sold promotions." The words were spoken in the presence of a general whose grandfather had been notoriously venal. One of the Duke's disciplinary hobbies has to do with swearing. Military men must not say "damn" in the presence of a superior officer altho they may employ the expletive in reproving a subordinate. A dispute as to the sobriety of a certain colonel was summarily settled by his Highness. "Just able to walk straight, was he," repeated the Duke. "That's sober enough for a civilian, but it's very drunk for a soldier." To a Japanese Prince who wanted to know the best teacher of the art of war, the Duke replied: "The enemy." Of the Duke of Wellington, upon whose birthday the Duke of Connaught was born sixty years ago, his Highness once remarked: "He was a great soldier not because he knew how to fight, but because he knew when to fight."

"Like his nephew King George, the Duke of Connaught is devoted to his home and his family, and loves to have his children about him. In the Duchess he has a real comrade, eager to share his pursuits and his travels. A daughter of the "Red Prince"—the hero of Königgrätz—Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia was married at the age of nineteen, and since the year 1879, when she came to this country, had established herself in the esteem of the people. Whether at Bagshot Park or at Clarence House, she takes keen interest in everything that concerns the welfare of tenant or neighbor. Prince Arthur of Connaught, their only son, follows the profession of arms like his father. Princess Margaret, their eldest daughter, is the wife of the Crown Prince of Sweden and is destined to occupy a throne, while Princess Victoria Patricia continues to be the constant companion of the Duke and Duchess, both at home and abroad."

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# Science and Discovery

## THE CONFLICT BETWEEN BENEVOLENCE AND BIOLOGY

**B**Y FAR the most brilliant of all recent attacks upon humanitarianism as a denial of the teachings of sound biology proceeds from that illustrious biometrician and writer of eugenics, Dr. Karl Pearson, of the Biometrica Laboratory in University College, London. He receives strong additional support from Dr. F. A. Gill, the distinguished English authority on alcoholism and the care of inebriates. The immediate cause of the controversy that has raged in some exponents of scientific thought abroad is the regret expressed by Doctor Gill at "the withdrawal of the wholesome check on the too rapid increase of the law-breaking classes provided by deportation." The abolition of deportation (in Europe) as a penalty has been based upon the assumption that Mendelian theories of heredity explode the notion that so-called degenerates breed degenerates. For example, the Indiana law providing for the mutilation of convicts, while enacted in the name of science, would seem to rest upon superstition masquerading as science. In proof of this, reference is had to the experience of convict settlements, where, as appears from a recent work by Dr. Marion Phillips, the offspring of criminals are of a high type of character. Notions to the contrary are disseminated in the monographs of specialists who generalize from the genealogies of a few families reared in low surroundings. The lesson to be drawn from studies carried on in Australian penal settlements would seem to be that environment, not heredity, produces the criminal type. For that reason every indictment of humanitarian activity made in the name of biology is unscientific.

It follows from all this, as a writer in London *Knowledge* observes, that nothing has done more harm in modern life than the application of the theory of evolution to social, ethical and even political problems. "It has no warrant from the scientific thinkers and expounders of evolution, which is a description of what has happened, but not a law of what will or ought to happen in the future." The message of science to the workers for humanity is not one of despair, but one of hope. This brings us to the utterance of Dr. Karl Pearson on the other side of the controversy,

which we transcribe from the Manchester *Guardian*:

"I venture to deny wholly that evolution has only meaning as far as it describes the past. The fundamental laws of evolution hold in the present and, as far as we can judge, will continue to hold in the future. It is not the function of science in any of its branches to be merely a description of the past. The highest function of every branch of science is to interpret for the purposes of man the play of physical and vital forces in the past; from this it must explain what is taking place in the present, and endeavor in doing so to guide man's conduct so that it may tend to social welfare in the future. Any less purpose than this is unworthy of science and its exponents.

"The message of evolutionary science to the workers for reform at the present day is, I believe, a perfectly definite one, a lesson which will be impressed upon them with clarion voice in the generations to come, unless they listen in time to its promptings. The despair which is falling upon the workers for reform is not due to the message of science; it is due to their growing recognition that their methods for reform have been largely futile because they have not studied the science of man before they practised the art of reforming him. It is the ignorance of great biological truths which has been the blot on the Liberalism of the past; it is this ignorance at the present which makes so much of Liberal social effort vain. You cannot reform man until you understand the factors which control his growth, and you cannot understand those factors by endlessly talking about them. You must study the historical evolution of the past to interpret the present and the future, socially, ethically, and even politically. The message of science is only one of despair to those who persist in following a road of social reform where there is no thoroughfare. It is only a message of despair to those who continue to suppose that environment makes the man and not the man his environment. Evolution tells us that in the past selection has raised man from the brute by hindering the physically and mentally unfit from propagating their kind."

The allegation, made in the course of the controversy, that "natural laws do not, in fact, produce the survival of the fittest," receives scant respect from Dr. Karl Pearson. He asserts that man, as we know him to-day, is from every human standpoint fitter than the original gorilla prototype of the human phy-

sique and fitter far than lower types still of life. He asserts further than man has been produced by natural laws through that selection which the spirit of humanitarian or so-called "liberal" reformers has over and over again neglected when it placed all weight upon the improvement of environment. Science knows to-day, he says, "and it will be a commonplace of social reform to-morrow, that environment does not produce a tenth of the effect of heredity in molding the characters—physical, mental and pathological—of human beings. That message brings despair, say some reformers, to the humanitarians. So it will, adds Dr. Pearson, if they think that the salvation of man is to be reached by bettering his environment.

"The growth of man has been brought about by selection, and not by environmental betterment. That great law must be faced, and it is the knowledge of it which brings not despair, but buoyant hope to the younger workers for social reform. The State must do in the future, consciously, what evolution, natural law, has done blindly in the past. Segregation—without opportunity to multiply their kind—not environmental betterment, is the only profitable course for the social reformer who would reduce the numbers of the physically and mentally defective. . . . I pick two pedigrees out of many from the plate before me. I trust you can find space for them:—

"1. A, the great-grandfather, died mad; B, his wife, had religious mania; they had two daughters, C normal and D afflicted with a nervous disease of which she ultimately died. C had eight children, of whom two sons were epileptic, two daughters hysterical, and two more tuberculous, another daughter had religious mania, and the eighth child, a son, F, was an idiot. D married an 'eccentric' man and had three children, of whom two were mentally defective and one normal, G. F married a normal woman, and had one son tuberculous, two daughters religious maniacs, and one normal son, who, marrying his cousin, had six children, of whom the first, a son, was mentally defective, the second, a son, was an alcoholic maniac, and three others were defective. Finally G provides us with a family of six, of whom one was tuberculous and three had congenital cataract and hydrocephalus.

"2. A was blind; he had two sons, B and C, both blind. B had a single blind son and C three children all blind. The blind children of C produced children with congenital cataract, who went blind for two generations, and so did the blind child of B. Total, 14 blind offspring from the original A.

"Now in these two pedigrees we have 23 mentally affected persons and 14 physically affected persons proceeding from three defective individuals, whom natural law would have cut off

from increasing their kind, and wise workers for reform would have segregated. Their protection, survival and power of marriage are largely due to a system of philanthropy. . . . Humanitarianism has run riot, and we allow the degenerates to live in our midst contaminating the race. We have in truth made it possible for the insane, the deaf mute, the criminal, the feeble in body, in purpose and in mind to survive and to propagate their kind. It is the realization of this broad fact—the product of fifty years of philanthropy—which is provocative of despair; that we must imitate natural law and select the parents of the future generation by segregating the unfit is the message, the ray of hope provided by science."

Now, the error of Dr. Karl Pearson in all this, according to the organ of scientific opinion already quoted, is to speak of the law of the survival of the fittest as tho it were a condition of human progress with which it is dangerous to interfere. If the hemisphere were to cool again, the "fittest" to survive in the vegetable kingdom would be the lichens and diatoms. They would be fitter to survive, but they would not on that account be better than daffodils and lilies. It is man's business to use natural laws to his own ends. That is his chief point of superiority over a cabbage. "Let us understand once for all," wrote Huxley, "that the ethical progress of society depends not upon imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." The human race must, then, interfere with the laws of evolution. This interference is known as humanitarianism, benevolence, Christianity applied.

The elaborate inquiry into the subject of human physical deterioration, recently made under the auspices of biometricians and physicians in Great Britain, failed, say some commentators, including the *London Medical Journal*, to produce much evidence of the progressive degeneration of which Dr. Pearson complains. The evidence of Dr. Eichholz, the well known specialist in heredity, is cited in refutation of Dr. Pearson. His conclusions were in the main accepted by the committee of investigation. Possibly the paragraph quoted below gives the substance of the results of the expert's ideas. At any rate, the statement is emphatic:

"There is little if anything to justify the conclusion that neglect, poverty, and parental ignorance, serious as their results are, possess any marked hereditary effect, or that heredity plays any significant part in establishing the physical degeneracy of the poorer population."

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## THE LESSON OF THE LATEST ZEPPELIN DISASTERS

INFERENCES could not be more erroneous, insists the Berlin *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, than those which, based upon the series of disasters to recent Zeppelin airships—and more especially upon the wreck of the air liner *Deutschland*—make it appear that the principle of the lighter-than-air dirigible is unsound. The exact opposite is the case. The disasters to the several Zeppelins were anticipated. They do not in any sense impeach either the practicability or the principle of the peculiar form of aerial craft which, as Count Zeppelin still insists, will yet demonstrate its superiority over the heavier-than-air device of which the monoplane and the biplane are the conspicuous examples. Owing to the general misconception of the purpose behind the Zeppelin campaign for conquest of the air, adds our German scientific contemporary, and owing also to the spectacular flights of French and English aviators, the world generally suspects that experience has proven the Zeppelin a disappointment. In reality, we read, the Zeppelin has disappointed only the ill informed. It has not failed at all, in the opinion of the German military experts, who are at this moment arranging a series of trips for newer Zeppelins.

It will be convenient, observes our foreign contemporary, to review what Zeppelin has achieved as distinguished from the respects in which he has failed. "One of the notorious disadvantages of an ordinary balloon when driven forward by a propeller is that the silk envelope changes its shape in the rush of air, becomes indented in one place and bulging in another, and this to some extent affects the navigability and stability of the balloon. Count Zeppelin's principle is to overcome this difficulty by enclosing the balloon in a sheath of very light aluminum." The successes of Zeppelin with his principle have been altogether extraordinary. He has proved that his balloon—it must be carefully distinguished from the aeroplane—has a wide range of action by keeping the air for twenty-four hours at least. He has started and finished a long journey on land. He has risen to a certain height to show that his balloon has sufficient lifting power where the air is less dense than lower down. The significance of these triumphs has been lost in the popular mind owing to the spectacular nature of Zeppelin's misfortunes. The lay mind has lost sight of the fact that a Zeppelin is an air liner, carrying passengers and crew, with provisions and ammunition, making



LUNCHING IN THE CLOUDS ABOARD A ZEPPELIN

Nothing is so characteristic of the German mode of aerial travel as the eating accommodations, which rival those of some of the sailing ships.



OBSERVATION FROM AN AIR LINER

The Zeppelin shown here is at an altitude of many hundred feet above the soil of the earth and the progress made by the craft is both rapid and easy. No unfavorable current has been reached.

stated trips between ascertained objectives. The marvel is, thinks our contemporary, that the disasters have been so few.

The fact remains, in the opinion of an expert writing in the Berlin *Militär-Wochenblatt*, that "Count Zeppelin is for the moment the most successful air captain of them all." He alone has attempted those long continental voyages and his vessel remains as yet the nearest actual approach to the elaborate airships which the romancers like Jules Verne have imagined. "For the moment the interest of the civilized world centers in the flying machine of the Wright types rather than in the airship of the Zeppelin balloon types. The aeroplanes make unquestionably the most powerful appeal to the imagination. It realizes the successful rivalry with the birds of which mankind has dreamed since the dawn of history." But while the aeroplane promises to be already a peculiarly fascinating toy for adventurous sportsmen, it is, our contemporary still assumes, with the airship of the balloon type like Zeppelin's that the future lies for practical purposes of movement through the empyrean.

Confidently as these views are urged in German scientific organs, the weight of expert opinion in England is on the other side. The disasters to the Zeppelins in recent months do not dispose the aviation expert of the London *Outlook* to minimize the triumphs of Count Zeppelin. He has done wonders, it is conceded; but there remains the awkward fact

that "a balloon cannot be steered in the air because of the absence of that denser medium for the rudder which the water provides in the case of a ship." It is like a raft drifting on some ocean current without "steerage way." Students of aeronautics outside Germany are now coming to the conclusion that it is impossible to equip an airship, as distinguished from an aeroplane, with any means of self propulsion which will make it independent of the wind. "Santos-Dumont has done little more than demonstrate this impossibility. The average speed of the wind, as shown by experiments, is about eighteen miles an hour. In order that a navigable balloon may be able to travel in any direction at twenty miles an hour in average weather, it must therefore have a mean speed of thirty-eight miles an hour in still air." Any one who has traveled at this rate in an automobile and realizes the intensity of the wind thus set up will easily recognize that a fragile fabric like a balloon could not possibly attain such a speed without speedy deformation and shipwreck. This seems the peculiar lesson of the Zeppelin disasters. In order to withstand the strains produced by the currents of air, the Zeppelins require to be made of a material as rigid as steel. The weight thus involved seems to deprive the Zeppelins of adequate lifting power. "Thus the experience derived from the manufacture of Zeppelins leads to the same conclusion as the work of Langley—that a practical flying

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machine must be heavier than air and depend for its ascensive qualities on the resistance of the atmosphere to its aeroplanes. It must fly not like a balloon but like a kite." Many Zeppelins have been constructed on these lines which are undoubtedly capable of flying with astonishing accuracy and success in definite directions on schedule time; but as yet not one has solved the much more intricate problem of being guided and balanced in a heavy wind and of descending from a heavy wind without disaster. The special aerostatic considerations are dealt with by Sir Hiram Maxim in London *Engineering*:

"It has always appeared to the writer that it would be absolutely impossible to make a dirigible balloon that would be of any use, even in a comparatively light wind. Experiments have shown that only a few hundred feet above the surface of the earth the air is nearly always moving at a velocity of at least 15 miles an hour, and more than two-thirds of the time at a velocity considerably greater than this. In order to give a balloon sufficient lifting power to carry two men and a powerful engine, it is necessary that it should be of enormous bulk. Considered as a whole, including men and engine, it must have a mean density less than the surrounding air, otherwise it will not rise. Therefore, not only is a very large surface exposed to the wind, but the whole thing is so extremely light and fragile as to be completely at the mercy of the wind and weather. Take that triumph of engineering skill, the 'Nulli Secundus,' for example. The gas-bag, which was sausage-shaped and thirty feet in diameter, was a beautiful piece of workmanship, the whole thing being built up of goldbeater's skin. The cost of this wonderful gas-bag must have been enormous. The whole construction, including the car, the system of suspension, the engine and propellers, had been well thought out and the work beautifully executed; still, under these most favorable conditions, only a slight shower of rain was sufficient to neutralize its lifting effect completely—that is, the gas-bag and the cordage about this so-called airship absorbed about four hundred pounds of water, and this was found to be more than sufficient to neutralize completely the lifting effect. A slight squall which followed entirely wrecked the whole thing, and it was ignominiously carted back to the point of departure."

There must be certain reasons why the Zeppelin aircraft, which have achieved very fine successes, are nevertheless at a disadvantage in comparison with aeroplanes, agrees that brilliant aviation expert, Mr. H. Massac Buist, writing in the *London Post*: Upon the calculation that the buoyancy of a cubic meter of pure hydrogen is 1.18 kilograms or 2.55

pounds, a recognized authority on aeronautics, whose name Mr. Buist is not at liberty to disclose, but who has studied the subject of aerial navigation in Germany especially, states that a Zeppeline airship of about four hundred thousand cubic feet capacity has a total lift of about eighteen tons. "It takes a deal of pondering to enable any one to realize what a weight that is to pick up and carry in the air without any visible means of support." But if one stands below a Zeppelin airship when it is close to the ground or when it is hovering near the earth, a spectator is so overawed by its vastness as to be prepared to concede that it weighs a great deal more:

"The fact that its gas capacity gives it a lift of nearly eighteen tons and that it can carry only about fifteen passengers with the quantity of fuel needed with that load for about two hours, causes one to inquire how the weight is distributed. The answer is that the rigid aluminium framework requires about two-thirds of the total lift of the balloon; that is to say, the frame weighs between eleven and twelve tons, so that there remains only about six tons of lifting power for the envelopes, machinery, propellers, and all manner of accessories, including the crew. That is one reason why the propellers are fashioned of aluminium and why the lift of the machine is relatively so small. What is styled the total free lift, otherwise the lift apart from the weight of the airship and accessories, is only about two and a half to three tons, otherwise approximately one-sixth of the maximum buoyancy of the machine. Thus, while the rigid type of Zeppelin has given very good results in many respects, the weight expended on giving it a fixed shape is almost out of what one might call practical proportion, and results in the great disadvantage of having no spare weight to make extra strong machinery, envelopes, and so forth, apart from which the extensive use of metal in the frame is found to render the employment of wireless telegraphy unsuitable. At present the envelopes of the Zeppelins are not sufficiently gas-tight. About one thousand cubic meters, or one-fifteenth of the whole capacity, has been lost during a journey of from twelve to fifteen hours. The envelopes require to be made much stronger by impregnating one square yard of cotton cloth with about eight to twelve ounces of india-rubber, whereas only about six ounces of rubber is used at present. I am informed that because of these reasons the German Government has decided not to buy any more Zeppelins until an alteration has been made in regard to the framework, so that it may be made lighter to enable the weight of the machinery and the envelop to be increased in proportion. In future the propellers are to be made of steel, which is possible only if the weight of the framework is reduced."

Controversy over the Zeppelin aircraft has of late been much influenced by details of the invention of a Liverpool engineer by means of which, from a keyboard on earth, airships in flight can be completely dominated and made to turn at will by a simple manipulation of the keys. The details as well as the principle of this invention have been kept secret so far, all accounts of it in the press being pronounced inaccurate by the discoverer of the principle. The following is a description of its mode of action as given in the *London Standard*:

"High in the auditorium a model airship hung motionless and unsecured. On the stage stood a quiet, unemotional man, surrounded by a strange collection of electrical apparatus; and on a table before him was a little switchboard with a single key.

"The man was Mr. Raymond Phillips, the inventor of a new system of wireless control for airships. With a word of explanation he depressed the key before him, a crackle sounded loudly across the stilled house, and the airship suddenly became a moving, obedient thing. Between the stage and the airship there was nothing but air—nothing, at any rate, that could be seen by human eyes. Yet the electric current went invisibly from under the controlling hand; one of the propellers spun round, and the airship forged steadily out into a voyage round the house.

"Suppose a full-sized airship, wirelessly controlled like this, was carrying dynamite in its bomb chamber," he said. He touched the controlling key again, and the model circled round, a little trapdoor in the framework below the gas-bag dropped open, and a flight of paper birds fluttered down. "If those were bombs!" he said—and the words gripped the imagination with the immense possibilities they held."

## THE THREE STAGES OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DASH TO THE SOUTH POLE

**I**N DECEMBER next, if all goes well, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, commanding the British expedition to the Antarctic, will start from his headquarters in McMurdo Bay across the great ice barrier. There will ensue nearly four hundred miles of flat going, with ponies, dogs and motor sledges. The second stage of the dash for the South Pole will be up the great Beardmore glacier—a run of over two hundred miles with ponies, or with dogs if they be found practicable. The third stage is to be across an elevated plateau, eleven thousand feet high, against a constant south wind and low temperatures, the distance to be covered being given at two hundred and sixty miles. The South Pole itself is about eight hundred and sixty miles from McMurdo Bay, where the first stage begins. The *Terra Nova*, the vessel commanded by the British explorer, is to be at Cape Town by this coming month of August and the departure from McMurdo Sound would consequently begin by the end of next December. The South Pole will be reached, if possible, a few days before Christmas of next year—that is to say, about the end of December, 1911.

The expedition can not leave New Zealand until next October, according to Captain Scott's own calculation, as given in the *Manchester Guardian*. London authorities think he ought to reach by December easily the

famous McMurdo Sound—the inlet in Victoria Land from which the Shackleton party started southward and from which Captain Scott hopes to make his dash for the pole. The decision to start from Victoria Land and not from King Edward VII land, which Scott himself discovered, is deemed a wise one by those experts whom our British contemporary consulted. "The latter base would be slightly nearer the Pole, and Shackleton intended to use it; but the fact that his journey was actually made from McMurdo Sound and that the conditions he actually met with up to within a hundred miles of the Pole are known and can be prepared against, is a good reason for making the new attempt over his tracks." At the outset the party will have to cross the great barrier, a mass of ice probably filling up a great expanse of water in the continent of the Antarctic—a sort of gigantic inlet. To the right and to the left of the route of 1908-09 lie the mountains of Victoria Land. "It will no doubt be by the way up the glacier which Lieutenant Shackleton and his three companions followed that Captain Scott will ascend to the plateau which lies in the innermost ring round the South Pole." At the point where, on January ninth of last year, the Shackleton party turned homewards, the plateau was over nine thousand feet above sea level and no mountain range could be



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THE GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM OF THE SOUTH POLE

This bird's-eye view of the scenery in the Antarctic affords a very accurate notion of the nature of the sledging and the climbing necessitated by the dash of Captain Scott for his ultimate goal.

seen ahead to break the level expanse of this high plain towards the Pole. Lieutenant Shackleton was forced to turn back owing to lack of provisions and in this respect Captain Scott expects to profit from the experiences of his predecessor.

In estimating Captain Scott's chances, so we are reminded by the London dailies, one has to remember that the difficulties of transit over the ice force the explorers to drag their own provisions and that consequently, tho the amount of food carried may be increased, the labor of taking an increased burden over a rough and arduous surface may make the progress slower. "The Nimrod party found that their motor car was useless, and were forced to rely on Manchurian ponies, which were killed for food on the return journey. Captain Scott may find his motor tractors of better service, but his precaution of having all his supplies packed in boxes of sixty pounds weight each, which it is possible to carry, shows that he contemplates the possibility that the explorers may have to do their own portage."

There remains the uncertainty of weather conditions, which last year's expedition found severe. In spite of all that can be said, however, according to the authority we follow on this point, of the heavy handicap which lies on every adventurer into the South Polar regions, Captain Scott has a good chance of success—"certainly a better one than any of his predecessors." With reasonable luck he ought in two years' time to be able to congratulate himself on having reached the goal

which marks the last available triumph of the geographical explorer in human history.

Captain Scott arranged for a scientific staff larger than that carried by any preceding expedition and for the transportation of a most elaborate outfit of instruments of precision of various sorts. The plans made for dealing with the photographic work are unprecedentedly complete. This department will be in charge of Dr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., a photographic expert, whose work has won wide notice.

"For use on the sledge journeys, cameras of metal and specially light and strong have been made. Two cinematographs are being taken. One of these is the most wonderful moving-picture machine ever devised, and places in the hands of the operator a power hitherto unknown in this work. A complete equipment is being taken for developing all cinematograph films on the spot, and a fine dark-room is built for the purpose in the winter hut. A large stock of plates is being taken for securing the effects of the Antarctic in colors, and the expedition is specially equipped for the most rapid work, for telephoto-photography, for making photo micrographs, and for flashlight work. The apparatus also includes a projecting lantern for making lantern slides in the long night and trying them in the winter hut."

No less novel and interesting than the camera outfit is to be the employment of an improved form of motor sledge. Sir E. Shackleton tried the motor sledge, but, as is noted by *The Geographical Journal*, while his experiences showed that the machines could work at

the lowest temperatures, the wheels would not support the sledges on the soft snows that are met with over so large an area of the journey towards the South Pole. Captain Scott has therefore designed a special form of tractor, with very broad wheels and other improvements. Instead of the ordinary car wheels, there are fitted two chain wheels on the power-driven rear axle, and these drive an endless chain, carrying pattens and studs that grip the snow or ice and by the motion of the chain urge the tractor forward. This tractor will partly take the place of the dogs and ponies in hauling the loads. Captain Scott has not been content merely to devise these tractors. He has had them tried experimentally. Two years ago he made experiments with one in the Alps. Last year he put the invention to a severe test in Norway. These trials have been satisfactory. Oil will supply the motor power and each of the three sledges will have a capacity of two tons—one ton for fuel and one ton for food.

Much has been written in technical papers regarding the use of aeroplanes in the course of this dash for the Pole. Captain Scott himself is quoted as having said that the idea had been entertained, but given up at the last moment as too hazardous and uncertain for adoption in the present stage of aviation. As regards the vessel bearing the expedition, the *Terra Nova*, it is thought by those experienced in Polar work to be the most efficiently equipped ship ever employed in Arctic or Antarctic work. Says the *London Times*:

"Her engines are capable of developing 10 knots. The vessel, which was formerly a schooner, has been rigged as a barque, and interior alterations have been of a very extensive character. The small wardroom, formerly only capable of accommodating six men, has been rebuilt and enlarged so as to be able to hold four times that number. The fore-castle has been extended, and the crew space so improved as to accommodate all the men in comfort. A warrant officers' mess has been built, and below the wardroom large stores for scientific instruments, clothing, tobacco, etc., have been constructed, while magazines for acetylene and petrol have been added. On deck great improvements have been effected. Very little tinned meat will be employed, and with a view to using fresh provisions as much as possible a hundred carcasses of beef and mutton are being taken out, and a large ice chamber has been constructed for their reception.

"Stores for three years are being taken, and the work of stowing and marking these has been a matter of the greatest care. All provisions, etc., have been packed in specially devised veneer

wood cases very light and strong, bound with metal, each weighing not more than 60 pounds—a one-man load. On board the *Terra Nova* are also stowed 60 sledges of Norwegian make, two large huts for winter quarters, and a hut for the scientific observers. The motor sledges will be sent out by ordinary steamer to New Zealand and, together with the dogs and ponies which are being collected by Mr. C. H. Mears in Siberia and Manchuria, will be shipped on board the *Terra Nova* at Christchurch."

Over and above every other question connected with this expedition is, as the *Paris Cosmos* puts it, the destiny of the quest. Our French contemporary thinks Captain Scott's confidence perfectly justified. Expert opinion is very generally divided. The illustrious explorer who has so recently returned from the region to which the British explorer is going, Doctor Jean Charcot, insists that the success or failure will depend not upon any calculable factor, but upon sheer luck. If Scott, he says, gets within a radius of fifty miles from the South Pole, the world may satisfy itself with the conviction that he has actually attained the goal. But he is in the hands of fortune, adds Doctor Charcot, concluding in this fashion, as quoted in the *London News*:

"To show you how largely it must be a matter of good or ill fortune, I will give you a personal experience. We were in a bay which we had discovered, and which I have named Marguerite Bay, after my wife. Everything seemed quiet, and we were preparing for an expedition on the ice. There was a small iceberg about five hundred yards from the *Pourquoi Pas*. Two of us had been out in a boat to take soundings and make observations on the berg itself only a few hours before. I was writing in my cabin—it was about half-past eleven at night—when suddenly a tremendous roar was heard. I sprang on deck to find that the iceberg was capsizing. It was coming straight towards us, rolling on its axis, big slices breaking off as it advanced. By the rarest of good fortune we had steam up. I signalled to the engineer, who fortunately understood my gesture to go full speed astern, at the same time ordering the crew to slip the cables. On came the berg, passing clean over the spot where we had been moored to the ice a few seconds before. So narrow was our escape that it smashed one of our boats and a lump of the iceberg broke off and wedged itself under the bowsprit, where we kept it for nearly a week. If we had been in bed, with only the ordinary lookout on deck, that would have been the last ever heard of us and the *Pourquoi Pas*! That shows what the unforeseen means in South Pole exploration."

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## THE TWO WONDER-WORKERS OF THE NEW ASTRONOMY

RARELY is it given to men of science to have their careers in research associated with marvels so sensational as were popularized by Sir William Huggins and Giovanni V. Schiaparelli, the two astronomers whose recent taking off has inspired so many estimates of their pioneer work in astrophysics. Huggins, as London *Nature* was prompted to say, had immortalized himself as the pioneer of the new astronomy, while Schiaparelli, in establishing the reality of the canals on Mars, had imparted a fresh and acute timeliness to the problem of the habitability of other worlds. The renaissance of wonder in astronomy was their joint achievement, even if they had specialized in quite distinguished fields. They were when they died, the Paris *Cosmos* ventures to think, the world's greatest astronomers. The Englishman was eighty-six and the Italian seventy-five. "They found astronomy in decay and they left it in the bloom of a new youth." The methods of Huggins were spectroscopic. The main reliance of Schiaparelli was upon the telescope. The Englishman, to quote *The Quarterly Review*, of London, "introduced his beautiful spectroscopic method" into astronomy, prior to which "the investigation of movements of celestial bodies in the line of sight lay utterly beyond the range of the astronomer." The Italian stimulated the perfection of the telescopic lens and deduced from purely optical phenomena conclusions which, in the hands of his successors, seem literally too startling for credence. The difference between the work of these pioneers is indicated by this extract from a study of what Huggins accomplished—the words are those of *The Quarterly Review*:

"Huggins had provided himself with a fine achromatic of eight inches aperture, made by Alvan Clark. He had begun to make such observations as are usual with the owner of a private observatory. He made, for example, drawings of Jupiter and he took transits of stars. But work of this order he soon found to be unsatisfying. With a rare ambition he felt desirous of studying the heavens in some new direction or by new methods. While his project was in this nascent state he heard of Kirchhoff's great discovery by which the chemical constitution of the sun could be inferred from the Fraunhofer lines [dark lines in the solar spectrum]. Huggins immediately felt that spectrum analysis must be the

new method of research for which he was seeking. He thereupon resolved to extend to the other heavenly bodies investigations similar to those which Kirchhoff had conducted with such success on the solar spectrum. . . .

"Those who are old enough to recollect the publication in 1864 of the monumental paper by Huggins and Miller entitled, 'On the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars,' will recall the profound effect which it produced on scientific thought. It may well be doubted whether the 'Philosophical Transactions' ever contained a plate more attractive by its novelty, or more illuminating by its wonderful suggestiveness, than that in which Huggins and Miller recorded their work on the spectra of Aldebaran and  $\alpha$  Orionis. Even with the aid of a telescope the hues of these two first-magnitude stars are not very dissimilar to ordinary vision. But the spectrum of each, as now displayed for the first time, showed an elaborate system of lines. These lines are characteristically different in one star from what they are in the other, and thus illustrate in the most unexpected manner how 'one star differeth from another star in glory.'

"It was by these memorable researches that the student of the heavens learned how the features of the spectrum of a star could be compared with the spectra of terrestrial elements. The numerous coincidences between lines in the spectra of the glowing vapors of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, bismuth, and tellurium, with corresponding lines in the spectrum of Aldebaran, proved beyond a doubt the existence in that distant star of the elementary bodies just named. If any one were inclined to doubt the cogency of the proof let him consider the case of sodium. When the two spectra are brought side by side, each component of the characteristic close double line of terrestrial sodium is shown to coincide with the corresponding component of a close double line in the spectrum of Aldebaran. Another comparison of a terrestrial spectrum with that of Aldebaran is in some respects even more striking. The three remarkable bright lines in the spectrum of burning magnesium were found to coincide with a striking triplet of dark lines in the spectrum of Aldebaran. Therefore magnesium is present in that star. . . .

"Notwithstanding the developments, photographic and otherwise, that these methods have since received, largely by the instrumentality of Huggins himself, this wonderful paper must ever be regarded as an account of a model scientific research of the highest as well as of the most original kind conducted with exceptional skill and accuracy. It formed the point of departure whence has arisen the vast science now known as astrophysics."

The totally different direction in which the researches of Schiaparelli led him is apparent, notes the Paris *Cosmos*, from the factors in the controversy over Mars. More than thirty years have passed since Schiaparelli "startled the whole world with the news that he had detected on the surface of the planet Mars markings of extreme regularity, which were popularly referred to as canals." The phenomenon was so extraordinary that the Italian astronomer's announcement was received with utter incredulity. "From the first it was realized that if he was right these markings could only be the work of living beings and that, if he demonstrated their existence, he had revealed the presence of life in other worlds than ours." Forthwith all the telescopes in all the observatories were trained upon the mysterious planet, in many cases without any success. Astronomers denied that the markings were there at all, or, if they were present, it was denied that they had the regularity which Schiaparelli's drawings showed.

Schiaparelli's eyesight began to fail when popular interest in his researches was at its height. "But the new Columbus of the skies had shown the way and others were to follow in his footsteps. Soon the news flashed from two great American observatories that the markings had been seen and that they were connected with a number of small round dots which appeared on the surface of the planet."

Experiments which seemed strongly to suggest that Schiaparelli and the other observers had erred were made by Professor E. Walter Maunder, of Greenwich Observatory. He hung up a number of maps of Mars and set a class of schoolboys to copy all they could see. Those at the back of the room produced a copy with marks very similar to the "canals," altho nothing of the kind was represented on the map. This lent plausibility to the suggestion that Schiaparelli had imagined the "canals" in straining his eyesight to the uttermost in efforts to make out details on Mars. The illustrious American astronomer Lowell later refuted, as many authorities believe, the idea that Schiaparelli was in error. Lowell gave photographs of Mars which exhibit the lines, less distinctly than in the drawings, but still unmistakably. Says Dr. Strutt again:

"Photography of faint stars and nebulae is easier than eye observation. Many stars too faint to be visually observed have been successfully photographed. A photographic exposure can be prolonged for any reasonable number of

hours, the telescope being, of course, kept continually trained on the star, notwithstanding the continuous change in its position in the sky. Thus a very faint star can be made to give a perceptible impression on the plate.

"It might, perhaps, be thought that to photograph the canals of Mars should, in the same way, be easier than to observe them visually. Such, however, is by no means the case. The great difficulty to be contended with in planetary observation is the unsteadiness of the air. Every one must have noticed the wavy and indistinct appearance of a tree, or any other object, when looked at through the column of heated air arising from a chimney, at a time when no smoke is issuing from it."

Nothing could illustrate the difference between the astronomy of Huggins and the astronomy of Schiaparelli better than the circumstance, says Paris *Nature*, that neither could aid the other in determining the Martian controversy. Both were astronomers and both were original investigators, yet each was separated as by a water-tight compartment. The only illuminating suggestion came from a physicist, the renowned Svante Arrhenius. He opined recently that as a consequence of various changes on Mars, including the thickness of the planet's crust, several parallel cracks had been formed, which gradually filled up with sand. This sand, Dr. Arrhenius argues, contains various salts, which assume different colors, according to the amount of dampness permeating the soil of the planet at the different seasons. The melting snow often referred to by writers on Mars is merely the evaporation at the Martian poles. During this evaporation the cracks assume a darker hue, but become light in color again when the temporary dampness has passed away. His theory, Dr. Arrhenius believes, explains the reason why the channels change color. The seas in Mars, he adds, contain a large quantity of sand and are not very deep. Finally, so far as the observations of Arrhenius go, the temperature of Mars is too low to permit of the existence of plants or of any other organisms. To all this, Schiaparelli made no reply. His followers remained as devoted to his thesis as ever and the controversy promises to last indefinitely unless, as the *Cosmos* says, some new mode of astronomical observation as fruitful as that introduced by Huggins comes to the rescue of Schiaparelli's fame. For the time being the astro-physical school is supreme, but before many years there may be a revival of the older telescopic methods.

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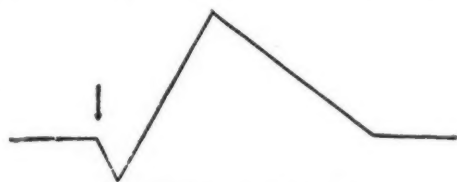
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## THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NEW VACCINE TREATMENT FOR TYPHOID

**A** DISCOVERY of the utmost importance to mankind seems to some medical journals abroad either actually made or on the eve of achievement by Professor H. Vincent, of the Val de Grace military hospital in France. It is described



AN INOCULATION CURVE

When a bacterial vaccine is introduced into an animal the immediate effect on the blood is a lowering of its resisting power to the micro-organism in question. This phase is followed by one during which protective substances are elaborated in response to the infection, and the resisting power of the blood becomes greater than the normal resistance. A gradual return to the normal then occurs. (Fig. 1.)

as a new vaccine treatment for typhoid. A faithful disciple of the great Pasteur, Professor Vincent had been devoting particular attention to prophylactics against typhoid fever. Ever since Chantemesse and Vidal started on this path, according to *The British Medical Journal*, a number of scientists, including Wright, Leishmann, Pfeiffer and Koch, have followed in their track. They employed vaccines from dead bacilli, but there were manifest drawbacks. Then recourse was had to live bacilli, but even in an attenuated form they proved dangerous, even going so far as to produce typhoid in subjects which happened to be predisposed to it. The problem, therefore, remained extremely puzzling. There ought to



IDEAL INOCULATION

Inoculation during the positive phase: in this case an indefinite rise in the resistance of the blood should be theoretically produced. This is unfortunately not the case in practice and whereas a cumulative action in the direction of the negative phase is only too readily achieved, it is generally found impossible to produce a cumulative action in the direction of the positive phase. (Fig. 3.)

be some solution, but in what direction did it lie? This is the query to which Professor Vincent claims to have found an answer and he recently developed it in a communication to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, of which he is one of the youngest members. It is at the present time impossible, says our expert contemporary, to pronounce a decided opinion on the matter; but the prospect appears to be very promising.

Of the efficacy of the discovery, Professor Vincent himself has not the least doubt. After a certain number of trials, he found it possible and even easy to vaccinate animals against experimental infection by means of the bacillus of typhoid fever. They could be injected with bacilli which had not been killed or with the product of maceration of the living microbe in water into which chloride of sodium had been infused in the proportion of seven per thousand. These macerations are centrifugal and sterilized with ether. As Professor Vincent himself is quoted:

"The living bacilli are dangerous even in an attenuated form. They run the risk of producing typhoid fever in predisposed subjects, or at least of creating veritable bearers of germs. Vaccines made with dead bacilli are efficacious, but they cause local and general reactions which are often troublesome. For this reason I have tried to employ as vaccine the product of the maceration of live bacilli. This maceration is sterilized by the action of ether, which is afterwards got rid of by evaporation. I have thus obtained an anti-typhic vaccine, which, prepared with eight species of typhic bacilli of different origins, thoroly immunizes animals against a very severe inoculation of the virulent microbe."



RE-INOCULATION DURING THE NEGATIVE PHASE

In this case a cumulative action in the direction of the negative phase is produced. (Fig. 2.)

The eminent physician has not confined his experiments to animals. He has tried them on as many as thirteen persons, in each case with success. They were all vaccinated in accordance with his new method. Four injections were made. They occurred at intervals of about ten days.

The subjects all bore the ordeal very well.



CORRECT INOCULATION

If the subsequent inoculation takes place as the result of the previous inoculation is passing off, the next inoculation may occur as an independent event and this is the ordinary result achieved when animals are allowed to recover completely between the successive inoculations. (Fig. 4.)

as they were absolutely free from pain or from feverish symptoms which usually accompany vaccination with bacilli. The Professor himself adds that an examination of the blood of the subjects showed it very rich in "antibodies," which destroy the bacillus of typhoid fever. The fever bacillus contracted with the serum soon loses its shape, diminishes and dissolves, becoming unrecognizable. It dies at last when it is placed in contact with the blood of vaccinated persons which has been diluted in five hundred or a thousand times its volume of distilled water, or even more. This, in the opinion of some medical authorities, would seem conclusive. Professor Vincent contends that his serum is quite inoffensive and does not produce any troublesome symptoms. This is in itself a very encouraging circumstance, as hitherto such experiments have not proved rich in innocuous results.

Among the most noteworthy of the elucidations of immunity and curative inoculations to which discussion of the experiments has given rise, may be mentioned the lecture of Sir Ray Lankester. He introduces his own point of view, as given in the *London Telegraph*, thus:

"Mithridates, King of Pontus, was, according to ancient legend, in consequence of his studies and experiments, soaked with all kinds of poisons to which he had become habituated by gradually increasing doses, and he had at last reached a condition in which no poison could harm him, so that when he was captured by the Romans and wished to kill himself (as was the correct thing in those days for a fallen King to do), he wept because he was unable to get any poison which could act upon him. He was 'immune' to all poisons. This real or supposed immunity resulting from the introduction into the living body at intervals of a series of doses of a poison of gradually increasing strength has been called 'Mithridatism,' and animals and men so treated have been said to be 'mithridatized.' The toleration of poisonous drugs—such as tobacco and alcohol, and even of mineral poisons, such as arsenic—was, until lately, regarded as merely a



EXCESSIVE INOCULATION

If inoculation is resorted to in a haphazard manner, it is possible that each dose will be given during a negative phase and the patient's resistance driven down and down with disastrous results. (Fig. 5.)

special exhibition of that habituation or adaptation by use which living things often show in regard to some of the conditions of their life. Unusual cold, unusual heat, unusual moisture, salinity or the reverse, unusual deprivation of food, unusual muscular effort are such conditions; so that there is a saying that eels after a time even get used to being skinned. There was no attempt to explain the details of this process of habituation; it was assumed to be a part of the general 'educability' of living matter. . . .

"The old notion as to 'Mithridatism' was that an animal or a man would have to be separately prepared and 'immunised' by habituation for every distinct kind of poison. We now know that this is not the usual way in which Nature confers immunity to poisons. Most astonishing and at first sight magical or mysterious powers exist in the living protoplasmic cells in and around the blood, of man and higher animals, which enable their possessors to resist and combat the poison-producing microbes, and also the poison itself, of all kinds, by which the race is liable to be attacked. Few of us realize what a wonderful and exceptional fluid is the blood of a higher animal."

This stream of red fluid within our veins not only absorbs crude digested food through the walls of the gut, but conveys it to where it is worked up and distributes it. It removes the quickly used-up substances from every part and the "choke damp" or carbonic acid which would stop the whole machine and kill us were it not got rid of through the lungs as the blood hurries through the walls of those air sacs. Other used-up materials are passed out through the kidneys. Every part of the body is brought into common life with every other part by this impetuous blood stream within us—which is here, there, everywhere, right around and back again in twenty-five seconds. It is obviously a very serious thing if a poison-producing microbe gets into this blood stream and multiplies within it.

"It is not surprising, then, that the long course of natural selection and survival of the fittest has resulted in the fixing in the blood and the living cells immediately connected with it of extraordinary protective powers. The floating scavenger-cells (eater-cells or phagocytes, first recognized as such and so named by Metchnikoff) are already found in the blood of quite simple animals—in worms, shell-fish, and insects. I have watched them with the microscope at work in transparent minute living water-fleas eating up and digesting microbes which had got into the blood. In higher animals what we call 'inflammation' is a condition—the result of a new and advantageous mechanism—which consists in a local retarding of the blood-current, effected by the action of the nerves on the muscular walls of the blood-vessels, and the escape of the eater-cells into the injured or infected tissue, there to eat up and destroy the injurious microbes or other particles. But special and remarkable properties—chemical activities of an extraordinary character—have been gradually developed in the floating phagocytes (colorless or white corpuscles of the blood numbering eight thousand million in a tablespoonful of blood) and in similar cells over which the blood flows. These special chemical activities are of several distinct kinds. The first is the power to convert the poison of a microbe into a destroyer of that poison (toxin into anti-toxin). The atoms of these poisons are elaborately-composed combinations of the organic elements. By a 'shake' or a 'twist' (so to speak) administered by the living cells of the blood the combination is altered, and the toxin becomes an anti-toxin, destroying by chemically combining with it the very toxin from which it was formed."

The second poison-repelling chemical activity of the blood produced by the living cells in and about it consists in the blood's becoming directly poisonous to injurious microbes. It becomes bactericidal, produces a bactericidal poison (called an alexin) which is usually present in normal blood, but is greatly increased when large numbers of certain poisonous microbes (those of typhoid fever) get into the blood. Again, by other chemical substances produced in it, the blood may, without actually killing the invading bacteria, only paralyze them and cause them to agglutinate (that is, to adhere to one another as an inactive clot or lump). As the agglutinating poison is peculiar (or nearly so) for each kind of microbe, we can tell whether a patient has typhoid by drawing a drop of his blood into a tube and adding some fresh living typhoid bacilli to it. If the patient has typhoid, he will have begun to form the typhoid agglutinating or typhoid paralyzing poison in his blood and the experiment will result in the agglutination (sticking

together in a lump) of the typhoid bacilli. And so we prove in a doubtful case that the patient has typhoid.

The third chemical activity of the blood in dealing with poisonous microbes is also one which is conferred upon it by its living cells when excited by the presence of these microbes

"It is the production of a 'relish' (for so it must be called) which attaches itself to the microbes and renders them attractive to the eater-cells (the phagocytes), so that those swarming amoeba-like floating particles at once proceed to engulf the microbes with avidity. In the absence of the relish (the Greek word for it used by Sir Almroth Wright, its discoverer, is 'opsonin'), the eater-cells are sluggish—too sluggish—in their work. They resemble a child who will not eat dry toast, or, at least, only slowly, but will devour rapidly many pieces when the toast is buttered. It is of the utmost importance to us that our white corpuscles, or eater-cells, should not be sluggish, but greedy. There are some microbes which will produce deadly poison if grown in the clear fluid (serum) of the blood of an animal (as, for instance, the cholera-microbe when grown in the serum of the frog's blood), yet when inoculated living into the blood of that animal never cause the slightest illness. Why? Because they are at once eaten by the vigilant phagocytes of the blood before they can produce any appreciable amount of poison. That is easily demonstrated by experiment. Our main means of defence against microbial disease, says Metchnikoff—tho cleanliness and precaution against access of microbes are all very well in their way—is the activity of our phagocytes. Now it appears that just as in the other cases I have been considering, so in the production of 'relish,' the power to produce it resides in the blood (and perhaps the cells of its vessels), but is not set at work until the enemy is in the blood. . . . It is found that by injecting boiled and 'cooled' (therefore dead) microbes, of a particular kind into the blood of a man, you can start the production of the 'relish' appropriate to that kind."

The dead microbe answers this purpose. The dead microbes excite the production of the opsonin appropriate to them and yet themselves are not dangerous, since they are dead. When subsequently (or possibly concurrently in small quantity) living microbes of the same disease enter the blood the opsonin is ready for them. They are, to put it picturesquely, like oysters at the oyster bar peppered and vinegared in no time and then swallowed by the phagocytes by the dozen. This seems almost too comical a view of the deadly struggle of man and the higher animals for health. Yet it is correct.

# Religion and Ethics

## CAN SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY BE RECONCILED?

UNTIL lately, the above question has not been a specially urgent one in this country. But something has just happened to put it in the foreground. The Rev. Alexander Irvine, for three years lay reader of the Church of the Ascension in New York, has been told by the vestrymen of that church that his services will no longer be required. Mr. Irvine is a Socialist, and was known to be a Socialist when engaged to fill his position as lay reader; he has preached Socialism steadily and consistently from the pulpit; and his present rupture with his church is undoubtedly due to his Socialist views. The issue raised, it will be readily seen, is one of large import. It has a national and worldwide significance. It involves the whole question of the relation of Socialism to Christianity.

Mr. Irvine is quite a remarkable man, as his recent autobiographical papers, "From the Bottom Up," show. When *The World's Work* needed a democratic life-story to offset the series of articles it had been running on the career of John D. Rockefeller, it chose Mr. Irvine's papers. They have since been issued in book form,\* and in every line they reveal the electrical vitality of their author. He is thoroly earnest and thoroly unconventional, and the story he tells reads like the story of a new Maxim Gorky. He was born in Ireland; his father was a poor shoemaker. At the age of nine, he was sent, barefoot and clad in rags, to peddle newspapers in the streets of Antrim. Then he went to work on a farm, became a groom, and later entered a Scotch coal-pit as a helper to one of his brothers. His next experiences were in the army and navy. He joined the Gordon relief expedition to Khartoum, and served aboard a British man-o'-war in the Mediterranean. All this time he was hungry for books and culture, and gradually educating himself. In 1888 he came to America, where he continued to share the tasks and the hardships of poor men. He was drawn into mission work on the Bowery, and visited dives and lodging-houses discussing religion with their inmates. By 1892 he was able to realize a cherished dream of taking a course in the

Divinity School of Yale University. A pastorate of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in New Haven followed, and Mr. Irvine's career as a Christian minister began.

It is not surprising to learn that his views, from the first, were strongly Socialistic; and his days of prosperity did not modify his Socialism. He became, on the contrary, only the more solicitous for the rights of the poor. He saw life from the workingman's point of view. Participation in labor struggles seemed to him a duty, and when labor unions went on strike in New Haven, Mr. Irvine was in the thick of the fight. But the officers of the Pilgrim Church disapproved of his course and he lost his pulpit.

Some four years ago, Mr. Irvine came to New York and met the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant. Mr. Irvine declares that he was so impressed with Mr. Grant's bigness that he volunteered to devote some of his spare time to the work of the parish. The Rector ended by inviting Mr. Irvine to become a member of his staff.

For three winters Mr. Irvine has been preaching in the Church of the Ascension. He inaugurated conferences and discussions following the Sunday evening services. All schools of radical thought were represented at these conferences, but the Socialists, Mr. Irvine declares, were always in the majority. He continues:

"Every Socialist is a propagandist—not always an intelligent propagandist. Intelligent and leading Socialists are generally engaged Sunday evenings, so the majority of those who came to us were of the hard-working kind—limited, very limited, in the literary expression of the social flame that so passionately moves them.

"Some of our church members who took an active part in the first year's meetings were somewhat alarmed at the brusqueness of these men and women, and undertook to correct their manners.

"The Rector understood. And with great patience and tact he heard all. The Church of the Ascension has in its membership some of the country's biggest leaders in industry; some of these men came to the meetings. What they saw and heard was different from what they expected. They fraternized with the men of toil.

\* FROM THE BOTTOM UP. THE LIFE STORY OF ALEXANDER IRVINE. Doubleday, Page & Company.





Photograph by Van der Weyde, N. Y.

#### FORCED OUT BECAUSE OF HIS SOCIALISM

After three years' service as lay reader of the Church of the Ascension, New York, the Rev. Alexander Irvine has had to give up his position. The vestry objected to his Socialist views.

It was a fraternity utterly devoid of patronage. There were free exchanges of thought."

Mr. Irvine preached his last sermon in the Church of the Ascension on June 25, and he chose for his text: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." His sermon pilloried Mammon in America as a slimy beast that ruled the land and left a snaky, slippery trail up the White House steps in Washington and the State House steps in Albany. Toward the end of his sermon he raised his voice as he continued tracing Mammon's trail from the State House into the church, and up to the pulpit, where he pictured its heavy hand as resting on his shoulder.

The Rev. Mr. Grant, in following him, said:

"You of the congregation who wish to follow Mr. Irvine may go out from this church and hear him. Your sorrow at his going cannot possibly compare with mine, who must stay here within the church, separated from him and robbed of the comforting companionship of his voice.

"I cannot think of this termination of our experiment here as a failure. When it comes right down to it, I haven't met another man like Mr. Irvine in my whole experience. . . . He has succeeded here; the only failure has been in my

effort to convince the vestrymen that they were wrong in the action they have taken."

Such, in brief, are the salient facts in a conflict that is felt to be pregnant with meaning. Throughout the country, both in religious and secular papers, it has been discussed. The Socialist press rather unexpectedly takes the view that Mr. Irvine ought to have known that any permanent or honorable alliance with a Christian church was impossible. As André Tridon puts it, in the *New York Call*:

"I have no sympathy with Irvine. He was the paid retainer of wealthy men and women; they expected him to uphold the ideas for which their class stands; he failed to do it; they ceased to pay him.

"If a man with Republican convictions accepted a position in the offices of a Socialist newspaper and then proceeded to deliver himself on every occasion of Rooseveltian strictures on Socialism and endeavored to make every caller subscribe to a Republican publication, what would we do with him? Fire him. What would we call him? A faithless employé.

"A prophet cannot be a retainer. Irvine has lost his salary, but here is his chance to regain his self-respect. It is better for a man to starve than to sell his birthright; but if he allows himself to be bought, honesty consists in staying bought. We Socialists ought to be as severe in our judgments of our comrades as we are in our judgments of men outside of the party. We ought to be more severe, for we are a suspected minority.

"Knifing a fellow in the back while accepting his money is inexcusable; if you want to kill your employer, resign your position, and if you are in debt to him, send him your check for the amount."

The *New York Times*, for entirely different reasons, is just as convinced of the futility of trying to harmonize Christianity and Socialism. It comments:

"When leading surgeons agree that the operating rooms of our hospitals are proper places for the culture and observation of the habits of virulent disease germs; when pike are habitually introduced in trout ponds, and when the time comes that no shepherd is happy without two or three wolves in his sheepfold, then it will be expedient for the churches to supply their pastors with Socialistic coadjutors and to open the churches to evening meetings of Socialists.

"We suggest this cautionary postponement not because of any fear that sane and sensible church members are as defenseless against Socialists as the sheep are against the wolves, but because the association of Socialism and religion is not even a plausible form of insanity. The two things are so incompatible that the attempt to make them

coöperate is a thing against the order of nature. Mushiness in thought and action was perhaps never so prevalent as just now, and the vestrymen of the Ascension have acted wisely, tho tardily, in taking action adverse to the further use of mush in pastoral work. Socialism is the foe of the Church. Anybody who has not found that out has missed a fundamental truth."

The Springfield *Republican*, on the other hand, expresses its sympathy with the Rev. Mr. Grant. "The vestrymen," it says, "were needlessly frightened by the public meetings which the Socialist lay reader conducted. Some of the newspapers had made them notorious by a certain malicious distortion, exaggeration and ridicule, distressing no doubt to many of the church members; but nothing could have been finer, on the whole, than the spirit displayed in allowing the meetings to be held." The same paper continues:

"Now that Rev. Mr. Irvine is discharged, bitter things are being said against churches in general. One man says: 'We people down in the gutter and the muck—we don't go to church, because the church doesn't know our problems. We know there is a social crisis approaching, but the church does not. It sees the viewpoint of only part of the people—particularly the viewpoint of the educated class, where you must all go to find the deepest ignorance—the disciplined, trained, submissive ignorance.' Unjust as such remarks may be, they form a part of that constant attack upon the Christian church of to-day which so many radicals take what seems almost like delight in making, and to which some point is given by a certain inhospitality, both intellectual and social, that perhaps not a few churches display. For the sake of churches in general, there ought to be enough of the kind Rev. Percy Stickney Grant endeavored to run to balance fully the rigidly conservative, almost procrustean tendencies of others."

## SOME NEW DEFINITIONS OF SINNERS AND SAINTS

"**E**THICAL expert" is the term which best fits Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin. For several years now, he has been making it his special work to uncover and define what he feels are the really dangerous sins of today. These sins, he points out, are often unrecognized, and that is the very reason why his work is necessary. "I take it," he says, "that the thickening scandals of our time signify not that men are worse, but that they are assailed by unfamiliar temptations which they have not learned to resist, and which you and I—that is to say, the public—have not learned to help them resist."

The old kinds of sin, Professor Ross intimates in his latest book,\* were for the most part personal and direct, while the new kinds are rather social and "spread out over a large surface." Burglary and murder are examples of the ancient sin with which we are all familiar. Graft and bad sanitation are types of the newer sin which we do not understand so well. "You can as surely kill a man with a rotten tenement house as with an axe," Jacob Riis once said. "Yes," rejoins Professor Ross, "and many a man will wield a deadly tenement house against his fellow-men who would recoil in horror from slaying them with an axe."

\* LATTER DAY SAINTS AND SINNERS. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The kind of wrongdoing, Professor Ross continues, from which we suffer most to-day may be found in abuse of commercial and professional relations. "Nearly every such fresh relation established between men," he says, "admits of being abused. One party may fail to act up to what the relation implies. Now, *the abuse of a new relation constitutes a new form of sin.*" When a man kept his own cow, did his own butchering, grew his own food, he did not need to worry about the milk he drank and the meat he ate. But now he is dependent on others for his milk and meat. He is at the mercy of the purveyor, and it is against any possible dishonesty on the part of the purveyor that his laws must be aimed. In similar fashion he must protect himself against the man who shows a tendency to abuse the professional relations—the knavish doctor who steers him to an exorbitant druggist; the venal architect who, in consideration of a "rake-off," allows the contractor to put in work "not up to specifications"; the unscrupulous editor who inserts paying matter as a news dispatch or an editorial opinion. Professor Ross does not exempt his own calling:

"Suppose the professor of political economy at the close of the academic year were to address his students as follows: 'Young gentlemen, my studies convince me that private monopolies constitute one of the urgent economic problems of our time and I had it in mind to offer a course of

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lectures on the subject until the President of our College informed me that the head of an oppressive trust has generously remembered the College in his will and my lectures might irritate him to the point of revoking the bequest. It then occurred to me that on no matter is contemporary society in greater need of guidance than in the adjustment of the relations between labor and capital; but, as I was on the point of announcing such a course, it was brought to my attention that the President of our Board of Trustees and heaviest donor is a large employer noted for his troubles with his labor. It has therefore seemed best for me to announce for the coming semester a course on "The English Mercantilists of the Seventeenth Century." Would anybody be wronged? Not in the least. There is little harm in putting Political Economy to sleep provided the chloroform is administered in public."

Perhaps the chief difference between the ancient and modern sins, as Professor Ross sees them, is that the new iniquities do not involve visible oppression. "You catch," he remarks, "your intended victim in a position where the Nature of Things, and not you, will be held responsible for his plight." To illustrate:

"Nobody is obliged to patronize the death-trap theater, read the venal newspaper, trust the larcenous insurance company, consult the magnetic healer, or buy watery securities. 'Shall we disconnect you?' sweetly asks the lady clerk in the gas office when the householder protests that the gas is so poor that his lights at times go quite out. 'If you don't like our rates, you'd better haul your stuff yourself,' observes the traffic agent when the farmers with only one outlet to market kick against paying four times the competitive rate. 'If you don't like the conditions here, you have the right to quit,' says the Pressed Steel Car Company to its employees when they protest that the pace has become one that flesh and blood cannot stand.

"All this is compatible with a free country where nobody may be visibly crushed under heel. And so, as you apply the Commercial Screws to your victim or stretch him on the rack of his Imperative Economic Wants, you amuse and divert him—in any case, the onlookers—by showing him his neat little bundle of 'personal rights,' 'liberties of the subject,' etc., inherited by him from Magna Charta, all in a beautiful state of preservation and not one missing!"

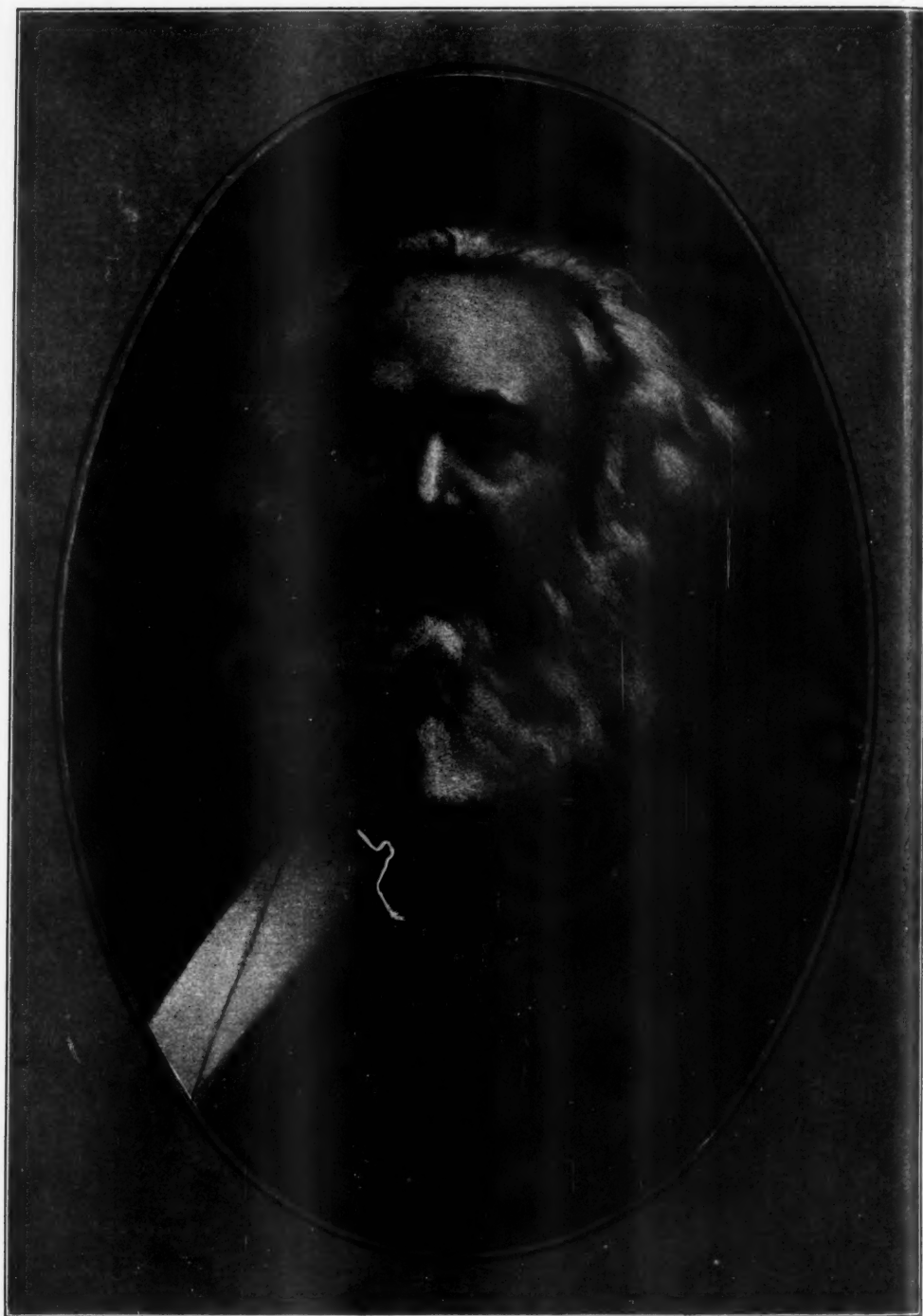
The modern saint, it follows from this argument, is he who is keenly alive to the new and subtle sins, and who fights them most efficiently. "Personal ministry," says Professor Ross, "is a beautiful thing and there is still plenty of room for it; but modern goodness is not so busy with consequences that it overlooks causes. It is not so taken up with

nursing the fever sufferers that it fails to drain the marsh that harbors the malaria-carrying mosquito. It looks after the plague-stricken, but does not forget to exterminate the rats." The difference between the old saint and the new, as Professor Ross defines it, is the difference between Father Damien, who went to live with and care for the lepers on Molokai Island, and the Eight down in Cuba, who let themselves be bitten by infected mosquitos in order to test Major Reed's hypothesis of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. "Father Damien's sacrifice has to be made again and again. He falls and another must step into his place. But the Eight rendered a once-for-all service; and so long as the world stands no one will be called on to catch the yellow fever for that purpose." The argument proceeds:

"The old-time saint 'went about doing good.' The new-time saint is a more militant figure. Like the Knight Hospitaller he spends half his time in the tunic of the nurse and the other half in the mail of the warrior. He goes about *check-mating evil*. And his is the more dangerous, the more heroic enterprise. Nobody objects to your doing good so long as you don't bother him, don't interfere with his particular graft. It was not because He healed the sick and made the blind to see that Jesus was crucified; it was because He denounced the Pharisees and drove out the money-changers."

The medieval worthy was sainted by acclamation, for "everybody loved him." He inspired the sort of sentiment that led the wounded soldier to kiss the shadow of Florence Nightingale as it fell across his cot. There was but one voice when it was a question of canonizing Francis of Assisi, who shared his last crust with outcasts, or Charles of Milan, who stripped his bishop's palace of its fine tapestries to cover his plague-stricken people. But the modern Smiter of Iniquity may not be sainted. He has too many enemies. As Professor Ross puts it:

"Mud-bespattered and war-dinted, he cannot vie in radiance with the nurser of lepers and the consoler of the poor. Indeed, if he is 'the real thing,' he will have too many bruises on his head to take any comfort in wearing a halo! Everybody is against hunger, cold and disease, and the diminisher of these makes no enemies; but not everybody's against fraud, chicane and oppression. These are the means of success of some people. A Francis or a Father Damien go out against the former and 'all men love him.' The civic knight goes out against the latter, and the only claim to sainthood you can establish for him is that all bad men hate him."



# ENTHRONED IN THE HEARTS OF MILLIONS

Karl Marx, the hero of Socialism in every land, is celebrated in a new biography by John Spargo.

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## THE FATHER OF MODERN SOCIALISM

**T**HE greatest mind of the second half of our century" is the phrase that Friedrich Engels used when he wrote from London to Wilhelm Liebknecht in 1883, describing the death of their mutual friend and their leader, Karl Marx. To many at that time this characterization doubtless appeared extravagant and overdrawn. It must have seemed almost absurd to give such high ranking to a man who spent his life preaching Socialism and agitating among the working class. Yet history has a strange way of reversing popular verdicts. With every year that has passed since the death of Marx, his reputation has grown. Professor Thorstein Veblen, one of our ablest American sociologists, has said: "The Socialism that inspires hopes and fears to-day is of the school of Marx. No one is seriously apprehensive of any other so-called Socialistic movement, and no one is seriously concerned to criticize or refute the doctrines set forth by any other school of 'Socialists.'" John Spargo, the author of the first biography\* of Marx that has yet appeared in any language, declares:

"Socialism' and 'Marxism' have become interchangeable as practically synonymous terms. In the great European countries where Socialism is a power politically, the movement is almost wholly dominated and inspired by the thought and deed of Marx. In the United States, where there is a growing Socialist movement which is generally recognized as being much bigger and stronger than its political manifestation, Socialism and Marxism are synonyms. In China and Japan the works of Marx are eagerly read and studied by those who challenge the existing order and who dream of change. In Australia Marxian shibboleths are inscribed upon the red banners of a discontented proletariat. In Africa there are Karl Marx clubs, from which emanates the spirit of revolution.

"In view of these facts, one need not be a Socialist in order to feel an interest in the man whose works and personality have contributed so much to the development of modern political and social thought and history. Whether Socialism proves to be, in the long span of centuries, good or evil, a blessing to men or a curse, Karl Marx must always be an object of interest, as one of the great world-figures of immortal memory. In ever-increasing numbers, as the years go by, thoughtful men and women will find the same interest in studying the life and works of Marx that they do in studying the life and works of

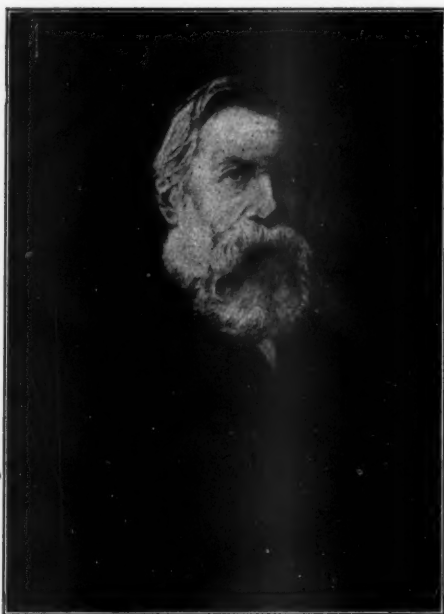
Cromwell, of Wesley, or of Darwin, to name three immortal world-figures of vastly divergent types."

The Karl Marx portrayed by Spargo is a figure of almost apostolic grandeur—a kind of saviour of the working class. He saw what he wanted to do, he saw it steadily, and he saw little or nothing else. He was not religious in the ordinarily accepted sense, but he worked with the utter unworldliness of a religious devotee, and the ends for which he was working, while economic in their nature, might almost as well be described as spiritual—so closely are the body and spirit of man united. "As I remember that young man uttering his first words of protest against our economic system," says Albert Brisbane, who met Marx in 1848, "I reflect how little it was imagined then that his theories would one day agitate the world and become the important lever in the overthrow of time-honored institutions. How little did the contemporaries of St. Paul imagine the influence which that simple mind would produce on the future of the world! Who could have supposed at that time that he was of more importance than the Roman Senate or the reigning Emperor—more even than all the Emperors of Christendom to follow? In modern times Karl Marx may have been as important in his way as St. Paul in his."

The task that Marx set before himself was to give a scientific basis to Socialism, and to arouse the workers to what he regarded as their historic mission—the inauguration of the Socialist commonwealth. It must be remembered that until Marx's time there was no such thing as Socialist science. The very word "Socialism" was hardly born, and was used in the loosest fashion. The Socialistic theories of Marx's predecessors, such as Saint-Simon and Fourier and Robert Owen, were little more than Utopian visions. "Colonies" and "phalansteries" were planned as the best methods of attaining the millennium, and Etienne Cabet at one time seriously proposed the transportation of thousands of his fellow-countrymen to Texas for the purpose of establishing Icaria, "a Promised Land, an Eden, an Elysium, a new terrestrial Paradise."

Karl Marx regarded all such ideas as pipe-dreams. He preached a Socialism to be attained not by segregation, but by permeation of the whole body politic. His appeal was to science, not to idealism. Nothing pleased him more, Mr. Spargo records, than to have his

\* KARL MARX: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By John Spargo. New York, B. W. Huebsch.



MARX'S FRIEND AND CO-WORKER

The life-long intimacy of Marx and Friedrich Engels is described by Mr. Spargo as romantic in its intensity. "In modern times," he says, "there has not been another example of friendship so beautiful, and coöperation so loyal, between men of equal intellectual power and achievement."

name linked with that of Charles Darwin. He liked to think that his masterpiece, "Das Kapital," had done for sociology what Darwin's "Descent of Man" and "Origin of Species" had done for biology. "Darwin's wonderful work," he told a friend in London, "makes my own impregnable. Darwin may not know it, but he belongs to the Social Revolution."

The first clear expression of Marx's views appears in the now historic "Communist Manifesto," published in 1848 and written in collaboration with Engels. The followers of Marx at that time called themselves "Communists," to distinguish their attitude from the Utopian Socialism of Fourier and Owen. At the present time, however, the terms "Communism" and "Socialism" are almost exactly the reverse of what they were then. Communism has become the hazy and sentimental theory.

The "Communist Manifesto," says Mr. Spargo, "is to modern Socialism what the Declaration of Independence is to America." It contains in embryo all the ideas which Marx expanded later in "Das Kapital." Its main theses are (1) that social progress is the result of economic pressure, not of millennial dreams;

(2) that the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of the struggle of different classes for economic supremacy; (3) that present society, capitalism, represents the triumph of the bourgeoisie, or capitalist class; and (4) that the future society, Socialism, will represent the triumph of the proletariat, or working class.

The style and spirit of this document are best conveyed by direct quotation of the opening sentences:

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.

"Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, that each time ended, either in revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

"In the earlier epochs of history we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the middle ages, feudal lords, vassals, guild masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again subordinate gradations.

"The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society, has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

"Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeois, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat."

Thus early in the manifesto the vital principle in Marx's philosophy emerges—the idea of class struggle between capitalists and workers as being the motive force out of which the new society is to be born. He preaches not class hatred, but a consciousness of class interests. He goes on to argue that the capitalist system of to-day, while the logical and necessary successor of the slaveries, serfdoms, feudalisms of the past, contains within itself the germs of its own dissolution:

"Modern bourgeois society with its relations of production, of exchange, and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer, who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his

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spells. For many a decade past the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threatening, the existence of the bourgeois society. In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, is periodically destroyed. In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of overproduction. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed; and why? because there is too much civilization, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

"The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself."

Not only, continues the manifesto, has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons—the modern working class, the proletarians.

"In proportion as the bourgeoisie, *i. e.*, capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed; a class of laborers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labor increases capital. . . .

"The essential condition for the existence, and for the sway of the bourgeois class, is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labor. Wage-labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of



MARX'S WIFE

Jenny von Westphalen, reared in a home of comfort, shared without murmur all the hardships and persecutions of her husband's career.

the laborers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of modern industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable."

And when the workers win, what shall they do with their victory? Marx answers:

"The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie; to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the State, *i. e.*, of the proletariat organized as the ruling class; and to increase the total of productive forces as rapidly as possible."

This, barely and briefly stated, was Marx's faith—the faith for which he lived and for which he may be said to have died, for no one acquainted with his careless prodigality of energy and service, and with the hardships and persecutions he endured in his cause, can doubt that he brought on his own death prematurely. His whole career was one of fanatical devotion

to his principles. He was the very type of the man possessed and obsessed by an idea. If he could not preach Socialism in Germany, he would preach it in Paris. Driven from Paris, he went to Brussels. When Brussels would not harbor him, he went to England. London, "the mother of exiles," became his home. He lived there with his wife and children in bitter poverty.

From London Marx directed, with intense energy, the slowly crystallizing efforts of the European workers. Socialism was in the making. He kept in touch with lieutenants in many countries, and wrote the platforms and articles of belief, as well as the books and pamphlets, of the new movement. At first he undoubtedly looked toward violent revolution for the accomplishment of his ends, but his experiences in connection with the abortive revolutions of 1848 and the Paris Commune of 1871 modified his views. More and more he staked all on the political organization of the working class.

That Marx was not himself a great political leader, Mr. Spargo's biography brings out very clearly. He was too uncompromising to know how to handle men. He was the inspiring force behind a number of organizations, but they all—including the far-famed "International"—failed. Lassalle and he could not work together, and even Liebknecht, who venerated him, refused to follow his political advice.

His friends were few, and were mostly united to him by identity of viewpoint. His enemies were many, but their enmity proceeded from differences in principle, not personal motives. The Anarchists, Proudhon and Bakunin, for instance, were at first his friends, but later the objects of scathing attacks. He regarded them as enemies of the true faith, misleaders of the workers. He felt that Socialism and Anarchism could never abide in the same camp. Mazzini he attacked for quite different reasons, but chiefly because the Italian revolutionary leader approached the social question from the spiritual, rather than from the economic standpoint. This attitude could only mean, from Marx's point of view, a return to the barren "idealism" out of which, with so much labor, he had managed to extricate himself and his following. Henry George he dismissed as "far behind the times."

But however bitter and intolerant Marx may have been in political controversy, he inspired deep affection among his intimates. His wife, Jenny von Westphalen, counted it a privilege

to share his hardships with him. His children were devoted to him. Mr. Spargo says:

"A materialist in his philosophy, Marx possessed an intensely 'spiritual' nature and underneath his intellectual materialism there was always the urge of a great spiritual passion. Many of his so-called 'orthodox' followers have failed to comprehend this. In their devotion to the materialism of the philosopher they have been blind to his deeply spiritual nature. Many of these 'Marxists' have never paused to consider the significance of the fact that Marx made it an important count in his indictment of capitalism that it involved the 'spiritual degradation' of the workers. It is impossible to understand Marx without taking into account the spiritual struggles of his youth and his lifelong devotion to Dante. So great was his love for the great Divine Comedy that he could repeat canto after canto, almost the whole of it, in fact.

"The cosmic spirit of Whitman appealed to him with great force. When he first heard of the 'good gray poet,' through W. Harrison Riley, he immediately became interested. He loved to repeat the lines:

All the past we leave behind;  
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;  
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,  
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

"He committed to memory many lines from 'Leaves of Grass,' and was fond of quoting such lines as—

Speaking of miracles, a hair on the back of my hand is as great a miracle as any.

"Taken in conjunction with the splendid idealism of his life, these things prove that Marx was a man of fine spiritual temperament, very different from the 'crass and sordid' materialist he is often represented to have been."

Mr. Spargo closes his book with this eloquent tribute:

"When all is said that can be said concerning the mistakes of Marx, he remains a great historic figure of world-wide importance. His name rises like a great beacon in the modern world, a beacon which illumines millions of men and women in all the lands which capitalism has touched with its blight. He took the chaotic and despised elements of proletarian revolt and made of them the greatest political movement in history. With a fidelity and whole-heartedness equalled only by his great genius and learning he served the working class and made its cause and its struggle his own. And to-day, more than a quarter of a century after his death, the international movement of the proletariat is inspired by his great cry:

"*Workingmen of all countries, Unite!*"



## FERRERO'S SOBERING PARALLEL BETWEEN AMERICA AND ANCIENT ROME

WHEN Guglielmo Ferrero, the distinguished author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," visited this country last year on the invitation of President Roosevelt, he was struck by an idea which he has since expanded into a leading article for *The Atlantic Monthly*. The idea, in brief, is that America is passing through a period of moral conflict somewhat analogous to that which marked the beginning of Roman decay. Ferrero does not say that the fate of ancient Rome is to be ours. He makes no prophecy as to the future. He simply states the facts as he sees them.

Human nature, he reminds us, is much the same in all ages. The same problems recur; the same battles have to be fought over and over again. And no problem in human life presents itself more insistently in every epoch than that which is bound up, broadly speaking, in the conflict between motives of duty and motives of pleasure. The story of the last stages of Roman history is little more than the story of a struggle between traditional Roman puritanism and the refined, corrupt, artistic civilization of the Hellenized East.

For centuries, Ferrero points out, the old Roman aristocracy sought through legislation and example and especially through religion, to impose upon all classes simple and pure customs, to check the increase of luxury, to keep the family united and strong, to curb dissolute and perverse instincts, to give a character of decency and propriety to all forms of amusement, even at the cost of imposing upon all aspects of Roman life an unadorned simplicity, and of rendering difficult the development of the arts. The effort to preserve the morality of the past was so great and occupied so important a share in social activity that from it resulted burning political struggles, law-suits and tragedies, laws severe and terrible. "The family of Augustus, for example," says Ferrero, "was almost wholly destroyed in the struggle between old puritanism and Asiatic civilization."

The Europe of today, having effected a kind of compromise between puritanism and Hellenism, is not alive to the tremendous significance of this ancient struggle. "Even in its protestant countries," Ferrero observes, "Europe has been too long and too thoroly under oriental influence to be able easily to imagine a state so strongly dominated by the force of the

puritanical ideal. In Europe, luxury has been regarded as a species of solemn, social function proper to the monarchy, the state, and the church, for too many centuries to admit of its not being regarded by the masses as a pleasing spectacle, a sign of greatness, a cause of national pride and a source of profit, rather than in the light of a moral and social danger. Besides, after centuries of license, literature and art have assumed the right to beautify even vice, and having beautified it, have cast it loose; and so, however much religious teachers, moralists, and even governments may try to rouse some power of resistance, the resisting force is no longer strong enough, even in protestant states, to produce a social struggle against existing conditions." But in America the situation is very different. We are not morally *blasé*—yet. We do not take moral questions lightly. The same struggle that went on in Rome is again being waged here, with much greater earnestness than in Europe. Ferrero writes:

"Precisely as, in the age of fable, which eludes our historical knowledge, Rome was founded by a puritanical religion, so it was with New England, that vital nucleus around which the United States was formed by a process of aggregation. This puritanic religion stamped American society with a seriousness, austerity and simplicity which in America, as in Rome, was preserved without effort. It was preserved just so long as the times were hard and difficult, just so long as men were satisfied with a modest, hard-earned competency. But when, thanks to the favorable conditions in which America, not unlike Rome, came into her own, her territory extended by conquest, her industries developed, her population multiplied, her wealth heaped swiftly up by economic progress, and when increase of wealth and more frequent contact with the old world, together with greater European immigration, increased in America the tendency to borrow from Europe those aspects of its civilization which were the most ancient and most artistic, even if less pure morally,—then, I say, there occurred in America what occurred in Rome when increased wealth and nearer intimacy with the East caused the civilization of Asia to be better known and appreciated: the old puritan ideal in America came to a hand-to-hand struggle against corruption, against the breaking-up of the family, against those vices which are bred in the slums of great cities."

And so, according to Ferrero's theory, there is happening to America today in relation to

Europe exactly what happened in past history to many great Roman personages, and especially to the emperors of the Julio-Claudian line. The argument proceeds:

"To some readers this comparison must seem rather strange, but I hope that with a little explanation it will become more intelligible. It is well known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the Empire. This period has a very bad reputation: not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law-suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Cæsar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were reputed dissolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Agrippa, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Mæcenæ, Tiberius, Nero,—to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror."

But the question has arisen in Ferrero's mind, and is presented to his readers for their consideration—Were the Romans as bad as they have been painted? He intimates that he has been at a loss to understand why, in the course of a century and a half, mankind suddenly became so depraved. He has examined some of the tales of depravity, and found in them contradictions and palpable inventions. The real key to the situation, he goes on to suggest, is to be found in the fact that the period under examination was the one in which Roman indignation against corrupt practices blazed fiercest and exaggerated most. The puritan conscience was still alive and reacted intensely. It described in lurid colors the corruption of its time, while a later period, that of the Antonines, in which Ferrero finds much deeper and wider corruption, has passed in history as relatively moral simply because the puritan conscience was no longer living, and men were indifferent to moral issues.

That something similar to this chapter in the history of Rome has happened and is happening in America, Ferrero is convinced. He says:

"Among the many extravagant opinions which are being formed in Europe about America there is one which looks upon the United States much as certain puritans in Cæsar's time looked upon Rome: as the most colossal sink of every vice which wealth can produce; as the country where luxury has taken on the wildest and most extravagant forms; corruption, the most incredible audacity; pleasure, unbridled license. The newspapers, especially the yellow journals, are the organs which are creating this opinion. They describe from time to time the Neronian feasts of some multi-millionaire, the sultana-like caprices of some over-rich American lady, and publish, with careless comments, statistics of divorce or of the consumption of alcohol. Again they detail, as if it were a Roman orgy, the wild excesses of some popular celebration; for example, the suppers with which the New Year is ushered in. They scatter broadcast the most scandalous details of trials sufficiently scandalous to aspire to the honor of being cabled across the ocean."

In all sincerity, Ferrero confesses that when he started for New York he had many of these ideas and prejudices himself, and expected to set foot in a modern Babylon. Instead, he found that everything had been overdrawn. The extravagance he discovered was among middle-class rather than among very rich people. All that he saw and heard concerning the vice of great American cities, alcoholism, gambling, immorality, seemed to him neither more nor less than he had found in the great cities of Europe. Taking the Catholic countries of Europe as a basis of comparison, the only difference he could perceive was that in America the family tie is weaker. "Divorce is too easy by far; the woman are too emancipated; the children too independent of parental control." In this respect it seemed to him that America has reached a limit beyond which really dangerous social disorder lies.

What then, he asks, in concluding, is the explanation of the fact that in the European world every one is talking of American extravagance, American vice, American corruption, and of disorders of every kind which afflict the American family, city, state, and affairs? Why are noisy New Year's eve suppers described in Europe as if they were the orgies of Heliogabalus? He answers:

"This may all be explained exactly as was the evil reputation of the last century of the Republic and the first century of the Empire, as compared with the second century: because in

America the Puritan origin of the state is still not far behind us, and the reaction of the moral consciousness is greater than it is in Europe against the progress of that extravagance, corruption, and vice which accompany a rich, urban, mercantile civilization. In Europe, on the other hand, the moral consciousness has for a long time been accustomed to consider all this as inevitable and, for the present at least, impossible to reform, and therefore makes no protest; exactly as the men of the second century no longer cried out against those many evils which were intolerable to the men of the first century. In America, there is still protest; in Europe, there is silence. . . .

"Under this very important aspect, the condition of the United States is much nearer to that of ancient Rome than is the condition of the present-day Europe. And this explains to me why this side of my history has been more quickly and profoundly understood in America than it has in Europe. The chief reason which attracted Theodore Roosevelt to my book—he told me this more than once in Washington—was the struggle between two principles which I had described, and which seemed to him to shed so much light on the confusion and excitement

of men and things which stir the United States at the present day."

Ferrero's article has induced sobering reflections in many American minds. The *New York World* is impressed by his statement that domestic life is deteriorating with us and the implication that the fault lies with American women. "The inference must be," it says, "that their gain of power has not been accompanied by a development of the sense of responsibility that should go with it." The *New York Times* comments:

"Moral consciousness in Europe today is, we gather from Professor Ferrero, sleeping if not dead. Europe has reached the Antonine age. Vices of city life are commoner in Europe than in America. . . . But Professor Ferrero is not patting us on the back and telling us we are good children. We are clearly on the road to the loss of the moral consciousness. The second century in Rome followed the first, the present condition of moral callousness in Europe has succeeded to the great religious and moral awakening that followed the Napoleonic era."

## WILL THE NEGRO CHOOSE CHRISTIANITY OR MOHAMMEDANISM?

IN AFRICA to-day a struggle for supremacy is going on between the Mohammedan and Christian faiths. The prize for which each religion contends is the soul of the negro. Until now Christianity has made the greater number of converts, and some new observations by Sir Harry Johnston, published in *The Nineteenth Century*, seem to indicate that the negro finds Christianity better suited to his needs than Mohammedanism. But "those who are looking ahead in Africa," Sir Harry observes, "feel and express some concern at the alleged progress of Mohammedanism in contrast to that of Christianity." He adds:

"One of the decisive battles between the two Faiths—one of those victories which turn the scale for centuries—was that fought by the Portuguese and Abyssinians in about the year 1540. A Mad Mullah of his day, Mohammed Granye, from Northern Somaliland, was attempting to overrun and subdue completely Christian Abyssinia. But for the intervention of a force of some four hundred gallant Portuguese, together with their cannon and firearms, Mohammed Granye would certainly have succeeded. As it was, he was backed in his enterprise by the Turkish Power on the Red Sea and at Aden. Had he

succeeded a great deal of what has since remained either nominally Christian or blandly Pagan would have come under the influence of Islam and would have enormously strengthened the vogue of Turk and Arab in Eastern Africa; quite probably there would have followed the conquest for Islam of all the Nile countries up to the Victoria Nyanza, which was threatened four hundred years afterwards by the Dervish revolt in the Sudan and the mutiny of the Mohammedan Negro soldiers in Uganda. There is also no doubt that the work of the Portuguese along the West Coast of Africa was a very serious check to the spread of Mohammedanism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But for their influence and their firearms, the whole west coast from the Gambia to the Niger delta might have been Mohammedan at the present day.

"Yet Islam is increasing its influence in German East Africa, in Portuguese East Africa, and in British Nyassaland. Its condonation of polygamy and sexual laxity makes it easier of acceptance to the negro than the monogamy and chastity which are an essential part of Christian teaching. Then it raises the negro to a higher level in his own opinion and carries with it a most becoming and attractive costume, clad in which the negro really feels that he looks half Arab. Presented in its most simplified form—for the propagandists are almost entirely laymen—it makes no great

demand on his powers of faith or imagination. It explains the riddle of the universe in a way which satisfies him and sweeps away his nightmare burden of ancestors' spirits, devil's demi-urges, and gnomes; inculcates strict abstention from alcohol, greater fastidiousness as to food, fasts on an obviously wholesome and purifying nature, and a brotherhood with all other Moslems independent of race or color."

It is wonderful, Sir Harry continues, that such a religion presented to such a race in its present stage of existence does not progress far more rapidly. But there is something, it seems, in the Forest Negro of West Africa and the Bantu Negro of Central and South Africa that does not find satisfaction in the faith or principles of Islam. To quote again:

"It may be that it does not appeal enough to the imagination or explain sufficiently logically all the horrors and anxieties of the African life. What has surprised me, after I have come to know the negro well, is the avidity with which, when it is offered to him in any reasonable form, he adopts Christianity. The conversion of Uganda and much of the adjoining countries has become familiar as an example. Christianity has spread far more widely amongst the coast tribes of West Africa than publicists seem to be aware either in England or America. Christianity is spreading fast through the Portuguese provinces of Angola, through the French Gaboon, and throughout the basin of the Congo. Here, though so far as I am informed there is absolute fairplay in the Congo administration, Islam puts in a very poor show. I should think for one fresh convert to the Mohammedan faith in the Congo State there are at least two who adopt Christianity. Nowhere in South Africa between the Zambezi and Point Agulhas has any serious recalcitrance been shown to the acceptance of Christianity since the missionaries got to work. Here and there a Zulu chief may have felt that he was too bloodstained and hoary in wickedness to be baptised or profess himself converted, but not even Lobengula or his father Umsilikazi offered any opposition to Christian teaching. There were Christian missionaries residing at Umsilikazi's kraal when he was attacked by the Boers, and they were left unharmed; and the same episode was repeated long years afterwards when Lobengula lost his kingdom."

One motive which actuates the negro in his predilection for Christianity is a curious one. "He wants," says Sir Harry, "to be like the white man, the real white man, not the whitey-brown. He wants to lay hold as quickly as possible of the white man's civilization and to wear the white man's style of clothing, to eat the same food, live in the same kind of house,

read the same books, acquire the same knowledge." Sir Harry writes further on this point:

"The negro in millions, in Africa and America, has grasped the situation. I have frequently compared him to the Japanese, and the comparison is not strained. When the Japanese suddenly decided to leave the life of the early Middle Ages (the which, had they not done, they would have been conquered by some white nation) they were content with no half measures. They did not want to be like seventeenth-century China or sixteenth-century Persia. They must have the civilization of the late nineteenth century or nothing at all. And they got it, and prevailed. Well, perhaps unconsciously, millions of negro brains have conceived the same idea in politics, culture, and religion. They want to make up for lost time. Some of them were born in a condition comparable to our home life of a hundred thousand years ago, and thence they ranged through the ages to the mentality of the Crusaders, whose chain armour some of them still wear in the heart of the Sudan. They have sprung to meet us, not half way, but with seven-leagued boots, compared with our slow and cautious steps. Shrewd Zulus may have opposed Colenso with their anticipation of the modern criticism, but in a general way, wherever missionaries have gone, negro tribes have accepted holus-bolus the Gospel as presented to them, assimilating (much more than people think) its Divine essence, and not rejecting the husks of rubbish and nonsense which are still allowed by its official exponents to cloak the jewel of Christianity."

In regard to the vexed question whether the extension of the Christian spirit in our dealings with one another or with races of different complexion will lead to an eventual fusion of all divergent human types into one perfected human being, Sir Harry has nothing to say in the present article. He does believe, however, that any real world-unity of faith and practice must of necessity pave the way for universal peace between man and man, nation and nation; and he hopes the time will come when humanity will direct the whole of its vigor, bravery and science to "our unavoidable contest with the real Devil of Reactionary Nature—to the elimination of disease, of famine, of darkness; the conquest of the air and of the water, and of means of safe and rapid transit over the land; the restoration of the world's beauty in forest and fauna; the abolition of the Glacial periods at the North and South Pole; the cultivation of the desert, the regulation of rainfall and meteorology." And as the result of these efforts, Sir Harry looks for "a millennial period of happiness for man and beast."

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# Music and Drama

## OLD PLAYS COME TO LIFE AGAIN

THE close of the dramatic season is distinguished by three significant revivals. Such revivals point to a hopeful reaction toward permanent standards, and foreshadow the function of the repertory theater which Mr. Frohman intends to establish. If the custom is to prevail that every play produced must be new, the old ones to be completely abandoned and permanence granted to no play, however meritorious, then, thinks *The Theater Magazine*, the dissolution of dramatic art in America is not far away. This year, however, proves that managers are not afraid to look back. There are, of course, some stock plays whose perennial appeal has won them a permanent place on theatrical programs. The most acted plays, according to Edwin Hopkins in *The Dramatic Mirror*, are: "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "East Lynne." These are followed closely by "Camille," "The Two Orphans," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Hamlet." The list

is completed by "Jerry the Tramp," "Hazel Kirke," "Faust," "Way Down East," "The Old Homestead" and "The Lady of Lyons." A study of the causes which have given these plays their wonderful popularity and which has enabled them to live while such once popular plays as "Virginus," "Ingomar," "Damon and Pythias" are practically gone, should, Mr. Hopkins avers, engage the most serious attention of the playwrights now so busy writing failures. It may be said that all these plays possess, in addition to whatever artistic merit may be found in them, a strong primitive, melodramatic appeal. In saying this we are not forgetting either "Hamlet" or "Faust."

Most plays in Mr. Hopkins's list are being produced to-day primarily "on the road." The three new and notable revivals of the season, "Caste," "Jim the Penman" and "The Mikado" have, however, delighted Broadway itself. In common with the other plays mentioned, they



THE IMMORTAL MIKADO

The Shubert revival of Sullivan's brilliant comic opera scintillates with such stars as Andrew Mack, Fritz Scheff and Jefferson De Angelis.



THIS PLAY CAN NEVER DIE

Marie Tempest and Elsie Ferguson enliven the Frohman revival of Tom Robertson's mid-Victorian comedy, "Caste."

are distinctly spectacular or melodramatic. Unlike their companions "on the road" these productions have been a-glitter with dramatic stars. Yet, in the opinion of the *New York World*, it needed no company of stars to prove that in Tom Robertson's "Caste" audiences of nearly half a century ago had an admirable comedy of mid-Victorian class distinctions, which has preserved its vitality and interest through the changing fashions in dramatic entertainment. The youthful audiences that first saw "Caste" had become middle-aged men and women when, the writer goes on to say, Charles L. Young, the "playwriting English baronet," repeated in "Jim the Penman" his message that the wages of sin is death. This gallery masterpiece, too, has worn uncommonly well. True, the writer admits, it creaks a little at the joints; but will our latter-day "Raffles," "Arsene Lupin" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and other thief plays survive as long?

As for "The Mikado," it reminds us, says the same writer, how much the world of the footlights lost when W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan quarrelled over a few yards of carpet and agreed to disagree. "The English stage never furnished a happier combination of the gift of satirical humor and the genius of song. How formless and dull are our present-day musical comedy hodge podges of vaudeville song and dance and shallow foolery by comparison. After Gilbert and Sullivan the show

girl. That has been the evolution of English comic opera."

"Caste," remarks Adolph Klauber in *Pearson's*, is a very lively corpse, in spite of its forty-three years. The reason for its popularity is three-fold. In the first place, it tells a very pretty human story, and tells it very pleasingly; next it tells it with a series of delightful and appealing characters; and, finally, with characters which enable the actors to do some *acting*.

"Three of the actors (including Graham Browne, who staged the piece, as the capital Sam Gerridge; Marie Tempest, who acted Polly, and acted it with all her sprightly charm; and Julian Royce) were in the London Haymarket revival of the piece in 1902, while the two other English members of the cast were Maude Milton and G. P. Huntley, the latter hitherto known to us only as a musical comedy comedian. Miss Milton was the Marquise, quite properly stately and impossible, as, indeed, Robertson himself has made her, while Mr. Royce played Hawtree better than I have ever seen him done before. And Eccles—that rich bit of acting fat—oozed plenty of rich humor as Mr. Huntley played him. Mellow he might have been, but give him time for that.

"The Americans in the cast were Elsie Ferguson, lately Such a Little Queen in Channing Pollock's play, who here made Esther tender, human, and appealing, and Edwin Arden."

Perhaps, remarks *The Tribune*, there were old playgoers in the audience who remembered

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the first presentation of "Caste" at the Prince of Wales Theater, London, April 6th, 1867:

"Some there were, certainly, who recalled W. J. Florence's introduction of the play at the Broadway Theater on August 5, 1867, and what a time there was in the courts over this presentation!"

"Lester Wallack, who had secured the American rights from Robertson, tried his best to secure an injunction to restrain Mr. Florence and his company from producing the play, but he failed. Florence testified in court 'that he had attended the Prince of Wales Theater in London and there acquired by memory a knowledge of the play, which he afterward transferred to paper.' He made no claim whatever to having purchased a right to the comedy, but modestly stated his belief that a foreign author had no privileges under the American copyright law. This view of the matter was sustained by Judge Barnard, who refused to grant the injunction."

Mr. Klauber seems to be less enthusiastic over "Jim the Penman," a play of far greater intrinsic dramatic appeal. This play, he tells us, was a great sensation in its day at Wallack's, in which Frederick Robinson as the forger, Agnes Booth as his wife, and E. M. Holland as the detective were the principals most acclaimed. Holland still lives, but his old rôle fell to John Mason. Florence Wilkinson, a fine actress, often compared with Mrs. Liske, played the part of the wife, while Wilton Lackaye was Jim the Penman. Now there is no doubt, Mr. Klauber goes on to say, that Mr. Lackaye is a very good actor, and his playing in that rôle has plenty of vigorous, nervous intensity; but in appearance and manner there is nothing about him to help the illusion which the play demands in order to be entirely effective.

"Indeed, I marveled continually how this guilty looking person could have carried on his deceptions through a course of years and acts. The delay in apprehending him only served to increase one's contempt for the whole business of detecting. Nor was the situation helped by Theodore Roberts, who, while characterizing splendidly as the shifty rascal Baron of the play, made a character that spelled villain in every line and movement.

"It was the late Bronson Howard, I believe, who once said that 'Jim the Penman' was a great theatrical idea and a very bad play, and I heartily agree with him. And yet for all that the people seemed to like it. But, then, this is not the first time, nor yet the last, I daresay, in which that curious contradiction may be noted."

The revived Mikado has lost none of its



AGE CANNOT STALE THEIR VILLAINIES

Theodore Roberts and Wilton Lackaye in the brilliant resurrection of "Jim the Penman."

ancient potency. The present revival, thinks *The Times*, was stronger on its lyric side than on that of humor. The *Times* critic, however, doubts whether a better general production of this musical comedy has ever been seen here. The collaboration of such stars as Fritz Scheff, Andrew Mack, Jefferson De Angelis and Christie Macdonald made this revival a memorable occasion. So much has been said of our perverted taste in the matter of comic opera and musical comedy, its wayward child, that, remarks *Harper's Weekly*, such a success as has been achieved by "The Mikado" is a cheering phenomenon.

"It is a proof that what delighted New York twenty-five years ago is not a whit less delightful to-day, and that its taste for the lighter classics is just as acute. It is proof, too, that 'gags' and 'localisms' and 'horse-play' are not the necessary components of an elixir for either vivifying or revivifying. It now seems evident that the type of operetta represented by 'The Mikado' has not been dead, only sleeping. And the sentiment of the audience at these performances has not been more clearly indicated by its alert applause than by its delight at humming over to itself the words and notes of the well-remembered songs. How many comic operas are so memorable as to be hummed after twenty-five years?"

The revival of a play requires perhaps even more careful work than a new production.

## HER HUSBAND'S WIFE—A NEW PLAYWRIGHT'S DELIGHTFUL MIDSUMMER COMEDY

**T**HIS amusing farce-comedy may, as one critic remarks, be regarded as a sort of end-of-the-season relaxation for Henry Miller's Company, as there is hardly a name on the bill that is not associated with serious drama. But, the writer thinks, it is well worth their best efforts. The author, A. E. Thomas, starts with a farce, but before the final curtain falls it is raised to the dignity of a comedy. The three acts of the play take place in the living room of Stuart Randolph and wife, in the United States Hotel, during the racing season at the Spa. Henry Miller, with rare modesty, has yielded stellar eminence to Miss Laura Hope Crewes, who interprets Irene, the wife. Mr. Miller, as Irene's uncle, plays the part of general father-confessor. Benevolent, amusing, holding the meshes of fate in his hands, he hovers over the entire performance. His nephew, Richard Belden, Irene's brother, has just confided to him his sorrow over his broken-off secret engagement to an estimable young lady by the name of Emily Ladew, with whom he quarreled when he should have wooed. Before his tale of woe is ended, Irene pours her heart into the avuncular ear. "Dear Uncle John," she sobs, "I'm so glad you've come. I wanted to see you again before—"

UNCLE JOHN. Before when, my dear?

IRENE. Uncle John, I—I shan't be with you long.

UNCLE JOHN. Eh? (*Rises.*) Going away?

IRENE. Yes, yes—to that land from whose bourne no traveller ever yet returned.

UNCLE JOHN. You don't mean—?

IRENE. Yes, I do.

UNCLE JOHN. Nonsense! I never saw you looking better.

IRENE. I have a presentiment. Both papa and mamma died young, and I know that I shall, too, and soon.

UNCLE JOHN. But, my dear child, your father was drowned in a yachting accident and your poor mother died of an overdose of morphine.

IRENE. You see! It's in the family. We're a short-lived race. Ah, I feared you wouldn't understand and now I see you don't. I wouldn't have told you at all only—only—

UNCLE JOHN. (*Taking her hands again.*) My dear girl!

IRENE. Only I'm so distressed.

UNCLE JOHN. Where? Where, my dear Pattie?

IRENE. O, not about myself. It's about dear Stuart.

UNCLE JOHN. O, Stuart! Doesn't he know what's the matter with him, either?

IRENE. I mean about what will become of him when I'm gone.

UNCLE JOHN. Humph! (*Enter Fisher, the waiting woman. She puts a blue bottle on the tray and brings it down to Irene. Irene takes the medicine dropper and drops a few drops from the blue bottle into the wine glass of water.*)

UNCLE JOHN. I suppose one of these doctors who doesn't know what ails you is prescribing some drug of whose effect he is equally unaware!

IRENE. This isn't a doctor's prescription.

UNCLE JOHN. What is it then?

IRENE. I don't know.

UNCLE JOHN. Oh! Of course.

IRENE. It's something recommended to me by an intimate friend. (*Drinks the medicine.*)

UNCLE JOHN. Did she know what ailed her?

IRENE. No. So I imagine it was the same complaint that I am suffering from. (*Fisher goes out with the tray.*)

UNCLE JOHN. Naturally. Did it do her any good?

IRENE. (*Sadly.*) No.

UNCLE JOHN. Then why the mischief are you taking the damned—I beg your pardon—but what the devil—I—I mean—what are you taking it for?

IRENE. Why, Uncle John, you must see that it wouldn't be right for me to give up life without a struggle. It won't be any use, I know, but I must do what I can.

UNCLE JOHN. Well, of all the—well! (*He gives up the attempt to express himself and strides angrily up to rear and gazes out at the French window.*)

IRENE. Uncle John.

UNCLE JOHN. Well?

IRENE. Please come here and sit down. I want to talk to you about Stuart.

UNCLE JOHN. But—

IRENE. Please! please! I must confide in you for I may want your help. You see I shouldn't mind dying so much if I were sure there would be somebody to look after him.

UNCLE JOHN. He isn't a baby!

IRENE. Ah! you don't know how dependent he is upon me. Ever since we were married I have done so many little things for him. He'd be quite lost without me.

UNCLE JOHN. Hm! no doubt! no doubt!

IRENE. Yes, I always breakfast with him. I know how many lumps of sugar he wants in his coffee and just how long he wants his eggs boiled and I always wait up for him when he's out late.

UNCLE JOHN. You're quite sure he likes that?

IRENE. At least, I'm quite sure it's good for him.

UNCLE JOHN. Then, of course, he doesn't like it.

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IRENE. And I always put the studs in' his shirt and lay out his fresh linen and throw away his collars—

UNCLE JOHN. *That's* an attention.

IRENE. When they get frayed, I mean. And the servants, too—

UNCLE JOHN. I thought he engaged the servants himself. In fact, he told me so.

IRENE. Yes, but I discharge them.

UNCLE JOHN. Pattie, you're a brave girl. *(Takes her hand.)*

IRENE. Well, you see, don't you?

UNCLE JOHN. I see that you're a foolish little—

IRENE. *(Waving off his anger.)* There—there—there—but don't you see that I've got to provide for Stuart's future? I couldn't die happy unless I knew that I had done my best to provide for it.

UNCLE JOHN. Well, I'm a director of two orphan asylums. I daresay I might get him admitted.

IRENE. Ah; you *will* misunderstand me! But I don't care. My sense of my duty as Stuart's wife will help me to carry out my plan, even if my father's brother will not.

UNCLE JOHN. My poor misguided girl, can't you see—

IRENE. I can see that Stuart must have a wife, even if I am not it, I mean she—

UNCLE JOHN. What!

IRENE. I knew a girl who made her husband swear never to marry again after she died. But he did—within a year!

UNCLE JOHN. The wretch!

IRENE. Now, I don't intend to make any such mistake. I intend that he shall have a wife, but—

UNCLE JOHN. But? Now we shall see.

IRENE. I intend to pick her out.

UNCLE JOHN. I didn't know you were a spiritualist.

IRENE. In point of fact, I *have* picked her out.

UNCLE JOHN. You've laid by a wife for a rainy day!

IRENE. Someone who will do for him all the things that I have tried, in my poor weak way, to do. Someone who will be to him what I have been.

UNCLE JOHN. Well, certainly there's not a jealous bone in *your* body.

IRENE. *(Significantly.)* And yet not *quite* all.

UNCLE JOHN. She's quite like you, then, your husband's second wife?

IRENE. In some ways, yes. But physically not at all like me.

UNCLE JOHN. Ah! I see! She wouldn't remind Stuart of you, then.

IRENE. *(Compressing her lips.)* She wouldn't be likely to make him forget me! I've considered the matter, as you may well believe, with the utmost care, and I think she'll do.



THE LATEST ASPIRANT FOR THE LAURELS OF FITCH

The first comedy from the pen of A. E. Thomas, a clever young newspaper man, heralds the entry of a new talent into the theatric arena.

UNCLE JOHN. Of course, it's a mere formality, but have you spoken to her on the subject?

IRENE. Not yet. And that's where I want your help.

UNCLE JOHN. O, that'll be nice.

IRENE. She's an old schoolmate of mine. We were at Elderby Hall together. She's lived abroad most of the time since and has just returned—only got in Saratoga yesterday, in fact. I wonder if you remember her. She's the dearest little woman. So quiet and retiring and modest and—

UNCLE JOHN. And plain, eh?

IRENE. O, not plain exactly, but—but not showy. I should call her—well—motherly.

UNCLE JOHN. As bad as that?

IRENE. She's had some sorrow in her life—a love affair, I believe—

UNCLE JOHN. No woman is too plain for that, thank Heaven.

IRENE. And it's all over and done with forever and the poor thing naturally is a little depressed about it.

UNCLE JOHN. O, I think we may allow her that privilege.

IRENE. So I thought. I wonder if you'll remember her. Her name is Ladew.

UNCLE JOHN. (*Jumping up.*) Ladew! Good gracious!

At this moment the arm of coincidence always fondly stretched out to embrace theatrical situations lugs Emily Ladew upon the scene. With the kindly assistance of Uncle John, the young wife puts her proposition before the faltering girl. When the latter objects, Irene severely reproaches her. "Emily," she cries, "you are horribly cruel. Won't you try just for a moment to put yourself in my position?"

MISS LADEW. As I understand it, that is exactly what you propose.

IRENE. I wouldn't dream of asking it of you if I didn't know from your own lips that the one love affair of your life was over and done with. You told me so, didn't you?

MISS LADEW. (*After a pause.*) Yes, we agreed, he and I, that it was over and done with—forever.

IRENE. Will nothing induce you—oh, I'm sure you'd like Stuart. He's the dearest boy and you could do so much for him. I can't think of another woman I'd be willing to trust him to.

UNCLE JOHN. Think of that, Miss Ladew.

MISS LADEW. (*With covert sarcasm.*) It's a great honor. But are you sure he'd like me?

IRENE. (*Impulsively.*) Of course he would. (*Checking herself and adding shortly.*) That is, well enough.

UNCLE JOHN. But that end of the matter is still to be arranged.

MISS LADEW. Suppose, suppose he shouldn't. That would be rather awkward for me, eh?

IRENE. O, I've thought that all out. You'd be perfectly safe. Of course, I shouldn't tell him I had said a word to you.

MISS LADEW. I should think not.

IRENE. I'd simply tell him such a match was my last wish and make him promise to try to win you. O, you need have no fear on that ground. Stuart would do anything to please me.

UNCLE JOHN. Ahem!

MISS LADEW. (*A trifle vindictively.*) Well, that's extremely gratifying.

IRENE. Then—you will—you will?

MISS LADEW. Understand—I wouldn't think of doing such a thing for anybody but you, but—

IRENE. O! You will! You will!

MISS LADEW. I'll think it over.

Irene is called away for a moment. When Emily finds herself alone with Uncle John, she burst out: "It's an insult, an insult!" Uncle John tries to calm her.

UNCLE JOHN. (*Trying to take her hands.*) My dear Miss Ladew, you really mustn't allow yourself—

MISS LADEW. (*Flinging away from him.*)

Don't touch me! I—I—I—I—I'm not responsible! It—it—it's the most outrageous piece of insolence I ever heard of.

UNCLE JOHN. Then you won't do it, eh?

MISS LADEW. Do it? I wouldn't miss it for the world!

UNCLE JOHN. Then you will!

MISS LADEW. Do it; I should think I would! Do you think I'll let that woman calmly—O, I don't care if she is your niece! No woman is going to tell me to my face that I'm so— (*Stops as if struck by an idea, then crosses rapidly to mantel still talking.*) Well, no woman, whether it's Irene Randolph or anybody else— (*Examining her appearance in the big mirror over the mantel.*) I don't care who it is, I tell you, no woman is going to make any such— (*Comes gradually to a stop and looks fixedly at her reflection. Pats her hair and straightens her hat.*) I admit that I'm not the most fascinating woman in the world—at present.

UNCLE JOHN. (*Deprecatingly.*) O, my dear Miss—

MISS LADEW. (*Interrupting him.*) But when a woman doesn't care she can be very, very unattractive.

UNCLE JOHN. And haven't you cared?

MISS LADEW. You may not have observed it, but when a woman makes up her mind that she's going to be an old maid, she—she—

UNCLE JOHN. Sort of goes to pieces, eh?

MISS LADEW. Well, she deteriorates.

UNCLE JOHN. Surely you don't expect to be an old maid?

MISS LADEW. Well. (*With a backward glance at the mirror.*) I have deteriorated. But I didn't know it was as bad as your niece seems to think. (*Getting angry again.*) Every time I think of it my blood begins to boil! I— (*Strains of an orchestra playing in the distance float in through the open French windows.*)

UNCLE JOHN. Suppose we go and listen to the band.

MISS LADEW. (*Spitefully.*) Let me tell you that I have not lived five years in Paris for nothing! Though I may not look it—at this moment. Mark my word, Irene Randolph will regret the day she tried to make a trained nurse out of me!

UNCLE JOHN. (*Offering his arm.*) Shall we go and hear the band?

MISS LADEW. (*Taking his arm.*) Besides, (*significantly*) I have other reasons. (*They go up to French window at rear arm in arm.*)

UNCLE JOHN. (*As they pause at the window.*) I begin to think that you're rather a clever young person.

MISS LADEW. Heavens! Don't tell a soul!

Here Stuart, the doomed husband, makes his appearance. He at once gets on famously with Miss Ladew. Richard, who enters with him, indignantly glares at him, but the hapless man smiles unconscious of the gathering clouds.

It is, however, Richard, not Stuart, who subsequently takes Miss Ladew to the races. Stuart apparently forgets her existence. Irene resents this interference with the future happiness of her husband. Uncle John mischievously supports her campaign. "In whose company," he asks Richard, with mock gravity, "were you at the races?" Richard, slightly embarrassed, confesses that it was Miss Ladew. "Miss Ladew! Miss Ladew!" exclaims Irene excitedly. "I thought so," adds Uncle John solemnly. They reveal to him that Miss Ladew is engaged, but refuse to tell him that the object of her troth is Irene's husband. Richard rushes away hopelessly "to fight it out." John solemnly maintains that Miss Ladew is a flirt.

IRENE. But, you don't really think she's a flirt, do you?

UNCLE JOHN. It looks like it.

IRENE. That quiet, sad, dowdy little thing a flirt?

UNCLE JOHN. Dowdy?

IRENE. Why, her gowns are frights and her hats! *(With a gesture she indicates the futility of mere words to describe those hats.)*

UNCLE JOHN. Well, hats or no hats, I don't see how you can deny that she's a flirt. Here she is engaged to your husband—

IRENE. Oh! Uncle John!

UNCLE JOHN. And carrying on desperately with his own brother-in-law!

IRENE. But, Uncle John, are you sure you're not mistaken! Are you sure— *(Enter Fisher.)* Well, Fisher, what is it?

FISHER. The osteopath, ma'am.

UNCLE JOHN. The what?

IRENE. The osteopath, she means. I must go at once.

UNCLE JOHN. Osteopath, eh? Where'd you get him.

IRENE. Mrs. Jenks recommended him to me. She's a great invalid, you know.

UNCLE JOHN. And does osteopathy benefit her?

IRENE. Oh, no! She's worse than ever.

UNCLE JOHN. Humph! But look here, Irene, do you think it's quite fair to Miss Ladew?

IRENE. What do you mean?

UNCLE JOHN. For you to go on with all your medicines and treatment.

IRENE. I don't think I understand you.

UNCLE JOHN. Let me suppose that some one of these various remedial agents that you employ should benefit you.

IRENE. *(Still not comprehending.)* Well?

UNCLE JOHN. Suppose you should get well? Nice fix Miss Ladew would be in!

IRENE. I never thought of that.

UNCLE JOHN. You've made a contract with her. It's up to you to deliver the goods.

IRENE. Then you think—?



"IT'S UP TO YOU TO DELIVER THE GOODS"  
Henry Miller, the benevolent uncle in "Her Husband's Wife."

UNCLE JOHN. I think that as a woman of honor, you ought to throw away your powders and your medicines, discharge your staff of healers, bounce 'em all, bag and baggage.

IRENE. Oh! Uncle John!

UNCLE JOHN. It's only common honesty.

IRENE. But, Uncle John, I didn't really promise to die, did I?

UNCLE JOHN. *(Severely.)* My dear girl, I'm surprised. Yes, and pained. These quibbles are unworthy of you.

IRENE. But I only said if—

UNCLE JOHN. You know very well that it was perfectly understood.

IRENE. *(Almost in tears. Finally makes up her mind to a great renunciation.)* V-v-very well. *(Rings bells. After a pause, Fisher comes in.)* Fisher, you will please dismiss the osteopath and say to her that I shall not require her services in future.

Opportunely for the dramatist, both Stuart and Miss Ladew enter here. "I happened to be driving by," explains the young woman. Again she flirts outrageously with Stuart. Her behavior suddenly arouses the jealous ire of the wife. "She happened to be driving!" Irene remarks to herself. "Uncle John, that woman is a viper!"

UNCLE JOHN. Why, my dear child, I think she's charming!

IRENE. Of course she is! (*Getting more angry every moment.*) That's exactly what I mean! She's a viper! I took her into my bosom and now she's turned and stung me! Look at them! (*Miss Ladew is gazing coquettishly up into Stuart's face and he is looking laughingly into her eyes. Irene, to Uncle John.*) She's tricked me! Betrayed me! Look at her!

UNCLE JOHN. Well?

IRENE. Why, she's not the same woman at all!

UNCLE JOHN. (*As if beginning to see.*) Well, she is—er—a bit improved.

IRENE. Improved! Why she's positively fascinating! If I had known it, do you think—? Why, it's monstrous! There they go. Look at them—before my very eyes! (*Stuart and Miss Ladew stroll off on the verandah out of sight.*) And on my birthday too. You see—he's forgotten! Dowdy! Dowdy! Why, she—she's a viper! I tell you, a viper!

UNCLE JOHN. My poor Eve!

IRENE. She's clever, yes, clever; but she's made one mistake. She showed me that she's clever! And it's not yet too late.

UNCLE JOHN. Why, my dear girl!

IRENE. Do you think I'll let that woman marry my husband!

UNCLE JOHN. Eh?

IRENE. I guess not!

UNCLE JOHN. But I thought—

IRENE. But, don't you see, I didn't know!

UNCLE JOHN. What, that she was attractive?

IRENE. (*Unconvincingly.*) Oh! It isn't that, it isn't that! It's the deceit, the underhandedness of the creature. She came to me, looking like a heart-broken little sparrow. I took her in and pitied her and—and now she turns out a regular Bird of Paradise.

UNCLE JOHN. (*Perplexedly.*) But a moment ago you said she was a viper.

IRENE. Well, so she is. But, viper or bird of Paradise, she shall never marry my husband.

Miss Ladew, however, is also in for a little trouble on her own account. "Where," Richard sullenly interrogates her, "where is your ring?"

MISS LADEW. I told you I took it off in Geneva.

RICHARD. Not that, not my ring. The other ring! His ring!

MISS LADEW. (*Rising.*) His ring? Whose ring?

RICHARD. (*Mad with jealousy.*) Oh! I don't know his name! They wouldn't tell me.

MISS LADEW. (*Beginning to comprehend.*) Oh! So they told you I was engaged?

RICHARD. Are you or are you not?

MISS LADEW. Well, in a sort of way, I—I suppose I am.

RICHARD. In a sort of way! Good Heavens! Don't you know?

MISS LADEW. Well, yes, I suppose I am.

RICHARD. Why didn't you tell me?

MISS LADEW. Well, you see it was supposed to be a secret. Only three persons knew of it, your uncle, Irene and I.

RICHARD. And the man.

MISS LADEW. Oh! dear me, no! He doesn't know.

RICHARD. (*With amazement.*) What!

MISS LADEW. (*As if it were quite a matter of course.*) Ah, no! It would never do at all!

RICHARD. (*Almost gasping.*) What on earth do you mean?

MISS LADEW. (*Argumentatively.*) Well, there were reasons why we, why I couldn't take him into my confidence at present.

RICHARD. Reasons! Oh, my lord! (*Holds his head in his hands.*)

MISS LADEW. You see, the circumstances were rather unusual, a trifle unconventional, in fact.

RICHARD. (*Leaning towards her over the piano.*) I can't believe I have understood you correctly. You say you're engaged— (*Miss Ladew nods.*) And your fiancé doesn't know it.

MISS LADEW. Quite correct, my dear Dick.

RICHARD. Ha— (*Breaking into hysterical laughter.*) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Takes his hat from the piano and goes up to rear, then stops.*) There's only one question I'd like to ask.

MISS LADEW. Speak up, Dickie dear!

RICHARD. Will he know it when he marries you? (*Slaps his hat on and rushes wildly off. Miss Ladew begins to laugh to herself as she plays.*)

Irene now paints her husband as black as possible in order to dissuade Emily Ladew from her imagined choice. She points to a bruise on her arm, declaring that Stuart has beaten her. When Emily is not terrified by this prospect, she informs her that Stuart is an habitual drunkard. "And you endured it without complaint?" Emily queries.

IRENE. How could I tell you such a thing?

MISS LADEW. You're an angel, too much of an angel, altogether. What he needs is a strong hand. But you shall be revenged, I promise you. I'll tame him.

IRENE. (*Her last hope gone.*) Thank you, dearest! But I really couldn't expect it of you.

MISS LADEW. (*Wickedly.*) Marry him! I should think I would! (*Irene collapses.*) Why, it makes him positively fascinating. (*Rises and goes around to Irene's chair and caresses her.*) You poor abused girl! Make yourself quite easy. I will be your avenger! (*Enter Richard.*) Richard Belden, do you know what's been going on here?

RICHARD. Eh?

IRENE. (*Panic-stricken.*) Oh, Emily, I beg of you, not a word—I—

MISS LADEW. Silence! I won't stand by and



see you abused! (*Irene goes up rear in great agitation.*) Do you know that your brother-in-law is a brute?

RICHARD. Stuart a brute?

MISS LADEW. Is it possible that you have been living under the same roof with your sister and didn't know it!

IRENE. Oh, I beg of you, Emily—

RICHARD. What the deuce do you mean?

MISS LADEW. I mean that your brother-in-law is a wife-beater.

RICHARD. Nonsense!

MISS LADEW. It's a fact. Your poor sister has just told us.

RICHARD. (*To Irene.*) Irene, is this true? (*Irene, helpless, starts to make her escape, but Miss Ladew seizes her and drags her back.*)

MISS LADEW. No. You shall not shield that monster. (*To Richard.*) Do you see this mark? (*Points out the black and blue spot.*) Ask your sister who did it?

RICHARD. (*Taking Irene's hand.*) Irene! My poor girl!

IRENE. (*Helplessly.*) Uncle John!

UNCLE JOHN. (*Coming forward.*) Why, you see, Richard, there's a sort of misunderstanding about it. In a way he did it and in a way he—er—didn't. You see, Irene was standing in the doorway when Stuart, not knowing she was there—

MISS LADEW. (*Not to see her revenge thwarted.*) You mean well, Mr. Belden, but I really can't stand by and witness this injustice. Mrs. Randolph has just told us that her husband came home drunk and beat her.

RICHARD. Irene?

IRENE. (*The picture of helpless misery.*) You heard what Uncle John was saying.

RICHARD. I see— (*Convinced that Miss Ladew's version is correct.*) My poor little girl! The brute! The brute! (*Enter Stuart.*)

STUART. (*Coming down, gayly.*) Well, I got rid of my man as soon as I could. (*Stops short as he sees something is in the wind.*)

RICHARD. (*Advancing toward him.*) Scoundrel.

STUART. Eh?

RICHARD. Cad!

STUART. What? (*Uncle John comes down anxiously just behind them.*)

RICHARD. Brute! (*Hurls himself upon Stuart.*)

UNCLE JOHN. (*Separating them.*) For Heaven's sake, Richard!

RICHARD. (*To Uncle John.*) How dare you protect him?

STUART. What in the name—

RICHARD. Don't try to deceive me. I've been hoodwinked long enough. (*Stuart retreats from him.*) Don't be afraid! You're safe enough here. But we shall meet and, when we do, look out for yourself, you beater of women! (*Rushes out at rear. Stuart gazes blankly around at the others.*)

STUART. Poor Dick! What the dickens ails him? Has he gone mad?

But no answer is vouchsafed the distracted husband. Irene locks herself in her room.

In the third act, the weakest of the play, the hand of punishment falls further upon the wife. Both Richard and Stuart are familiarized with the true situation by Uncle John. Richard now pretends to believe his wife's accusation against himself. His remorse seems to be unbounded.

STUART. It was the drink, the accursed drink! I didn't understand. I didn't know! I thought it wasn't anything so very awful to have a few sociable ones with the boys and all this time I was coming home to you, to my dear little wife, and doing these unspeakable things! (*Covers his face with his hands again.*) It makes me shudder to think what horrible crimes I may have committed and never knew it!

IRENE. Oh! Oh! (*Collapses and begins to sob her heart out.*)

STUART. There, there! I didn't mean to make you cry. God knows you've had enough to bear from me! What I want now is to make the rest just as easy for you as I can.

IRENE. The—the rest?

STUART. Yes. (*Solemnly.*) That shall be my atonement.

IRENE. Wh—what do you mean?

STUART. I mean—the divorce.

IRENE. The d-d-divorce!

STUART. Of course. Nothing else is possible.

IRENE. Wha-what are you t-talking about?

STUART. Ah, it's just like your sweet nature. It's just like you.

IRENE. You mean to—to—to divorce me?

STUART. Of course not. You shall divorce me.

Irene suspects a plot on the part of her husband to rid himself of her. "Wouldn't it be convenient for you if I were to get a divorce?" she cries hysterically. "You supposed you could hoodwink me, easily at that—you and that woman! You'll see." She goes into her room and slams the door.

In his excitement, Stuart takes the cognac-flagon and drinks heavily. When, a few minutes later Richard enters with Miss Ladew to announce their engagement, the model husband, for the first time in his life, is unmistakably drunk. Richard and Uncle John quickly put him to bed. They tell the wife that he is ill, and must not be disturbed. Irene, whose jealous excitement is changed to sisterly love by Emily's announcement, patiently watches at her husband's door as the curtain drops.

## THE FINE ART OF PANTOMIME

**A**RTS, it seems, are immortal. Through the crust of the centuries they break forth again and again. The art of pantomime, having passed through a state of suspended animation, vigorously reasserts itself to-day in the moving picture. The kaleidoscope is enthroned in a hundred fanes once consecrated to Melpomene. In the shadow pictures of Europe, this renaissance assumes still another aspect. The moving picture show, with us, is the joy of the tenths intellectually submerged. In Germany and France, shadow pictures delight the cultured. Maeterlinck's name is attached to a lovely pantomime. French and German authors of high distinction devise elaborate dumb shows for wordless dramas. And, finally, in the circus, the fine art of pantomime has never ceased to exert its old fascination. Since time immemorial the laughter of cultured and vulgar alike has rewarded the antics of the clown. His profession, we read in "The Autobiography of a Clown,"\* is both ancient and honorable.

The subject of Mr. Marcossion's book, Jules Turnour, a veteran clown of Ringling's circus, recalls Nero's reply to the question as to what gift he most desired. "A pantomime," the

\* THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOWN. By ISAAC F. MARCOSSION. Moffat, Yard and Company.

esthetic tyrant remarked, "because it needs no interpreter." The pantomimist speaks a universal language because he talks with his hands. The Roman pantomimist, we are told, worked in great open-air theaters, and also in the houses of the rich. In the latter places he was called upon to carve the meats, which he did with many flourishes. Thus he made himself ornamental as well as useful. In later years, however, Jules goes on to say, the clown has lost his ornamental feature. The Roman pantomime died with the decay of Roman glory, and it was not until the fifteenth century that it was revived in Italy.

We who live in this heedless age, Mr. Marcossion remarks in his introduction to Jules' Confessions, are wont to look upon the circus as a temporary amusement makeshift, a thing that is here to-day and gone to-morrow. But behind its spangled, tinsel array and restless movement are real traditions. Why, he asks, has the circus endured in an age that craves new diversion? Because it is basic, because it fulfils a fundamental human need, because it is a staple, like wheat. "Laughter is one of the few eternal things; therefore the circus which produces it takes on something of the same quality. More than this, the circus is as much an expression of art as the drama."



THE HARD LABOR OF MAKING MERRY

Every step in the making of a clown is hard work, Jules Turnour tells us. The circus clown attains the same skill in his profession as the Shakespearian actor on the legitimate stage.

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THE OLDEST CHILD OF THE CIRCUS

Clowning is as old as civilization; behind its tinselled array are real traditions. But through the changing years the bladder and the slap stick have remained the clown's chief stock in trade.



HIS STAPLE IS LAUGHTER

That is what makes him immortal. "There is that about our work," remarks Jules Turnour, "which keeps us eternally young."

"Like art, it is universal. The clown being a world-citizen interprets a world-humor in which there is neither border line, race, nor creed. Most of the great humorists have been sad men, and thus the clown, clothed in his right mind, is grave and reflective. Tho he wear cap and bells, he has not wanted for recognition among the great. Garrick, Kemble and Booth have been glad to claim him as fellow-artists. But it is in the heart of the child that he has found his most grateful friend, and in a larger sense all the world is a child when it goes to the circus."

The popularity of the clown is reflected in his salary. Marceline, the celebrated clown of the Hippodrome, draws a tremendous salary. Dick Ford, of Barnum and Bailey's circus, the *Theatre Magazine* inform us, is as capricious as a primadonna; he is the "Patti" of the circus. And, as the premier clown, he is paid far more money than many a Broadway star receives. Mr. Marcossion's hero is a man of means. "I save my money and I own a home out in a Missouri town. . . . I also have a farm in North Dakota, where I can see green

things grow." Jules Turnour, however, loves his profession too well to desert the ring. "You may not think so," he tells us, "but we clowns have the same skill in our profession as the most finished Shakespearean actor has in his." Proudly Jules traces the ancestry of his art. He tells of Arlecchino, the immediate successor of the Roman pantomimist, a character in rude plays impersonating a blundering servant. He combined loutishness with great cunning. Out of his name developed the word Harlequin, which became very popular in France. Harlequin wore a black mask, had a cocked hat, and wielded a bat, the original of the slap stick.

"As the pantomime developed, Harlequin surrounded himself with characters. Of course there had to be a woman, so she was introduced in the shape of a pretty servant, who wore tights. She was Colombine. The girl had to have a father, so he became Pantaloon, who wore baggy trousers. A fourth figure was also needed. Here is where the first real clown came in. He was the servant to Harlequin. He, too, wore baggy trousers, had a peaked hat, and was supposed to

be always getting into trouble. You can now see the connection between Harlequin's clown and the circus clown of to-day.

"Pantomime found its greatest vogue in England, where it was introduced early in the eighteenth century at the Covent Garden Theater. A manager named Rich first brought it out. He devised a pantomime play in which Harlequin appeared as the lover of Colombine. Her father (Pantaloone) opposed the match; thereupon Harlequin abducted her, with the aid of the clown. The clown introduced many ludicrous effects.

"The pantomime plays grew into tremendous popularity in England. They were given at the holiday season before immense crowds. The greatest managers found them necessary to good business. Even Garrick became sponsor for it. It was he who introduced Signor Giuseppe Grimaldi, father of the 'Immortal Joe,' the greatest clown the world has ever known. I am proud to belong to the profession that Grimaldi adorned."

With the ascendancy of Grimaldi, the clown took precedence over Harlequin and has held it ever since. He was often spoken of as "the Garrick of Clowns." Grimaldi's first triumphs were in Mother Goose. His genuine humor, not acrobatic antics, explain his success. He became a national figure. Lord Byron was his friend and Charles Dickens edited his memoirs. Like many jesters, Grimaldi in private life was a figure more melancholy than Hamlet.

"It is said of Grimaldi that he felt his work so keenly that as soon as his performance was over, he retired to a corner and wept profusely. He was a man of tender heart and generous impulses. There is a story about him which has been handed down by many generations of clowns. It goes on to say that once Grimaldi became very ill and despondent. He went to consult a great London specialist. The great man looked him over, and then remarked:

"Go to see Grimaldi, and laugh yourself well."

"The clown looked at him sadly and replied:

"I am Grimaldi."

The exquisite art of clown-fooling died in England with Grimaldi. "The London managers had to create a substitute, which they did after a fashion, with elaborate scenic spectacles. The clowns that followed were acrobats. Agility took the place of humor. There are traces of this in the clowning of today." Of course in any consideration of the origin of the modern clown you must reckon with the king's jester. We have only to turn to the pages of Shakespeare to find how highly he was regarded. Every court had its fool, and he was often the wise man.

Jules was born in a circus wagon. His mother was a dancer, his father an acrobat. At the age of seven he was apprenticed to an acrobat family. Every group of performers that you see in the circus or elsewhere, we read, is called a family.

"They may be known as the Sensational Sellers or the Marvelous Revellis. Now the interesting thing about it is that they are not real families at all. They develop into groups simply because they take in young apprentices, train and develop them, and make them part of their troupes. Six or seven real families may be represented in one circus 'family.'

"The head of the 'family' is always the biggest man of the lot. In circus or acrobatic speech he is known as the 'understander,' because literally he stands at the bottom of the act, as for example in the human pyramid, and holds up all the rest. He must be broad, strong, and powerful in every way. He makes all the contracts, receives all moneys, and is the general manager of the combination."

By the time he was eight, Jules was considered a good contortionist. His first appearance was in The Demon Act. He wore red tights, reddened his face, wore a little tail and looked like a real little devil. However, he overtaxed his powers, and before he was twenty realized that his contortionist days were over. So Jules became a clown. Clowning is a very serious and difficult business. To produce laughs you must make serious efforts. "It may look very easy to take a tumble in the sawdust, but I assure you it is only done after long practice. Every step of it must be rehearsed. Unless the funny fall is natural, it fails utterly." After many hardships Jules finally came to New York. W. C. Coup, the father of the modern traveling circus, had introduced "The United Monster Show." He lured the immortal Barnum from the Museum business to the circus game. Sells Brothers, Forepaugh and Ringling Brothers also entered the sawdust arena. "That," Jules pensively reflects, "was the great clown era in America. Clowning reached the golden age, which passed away, never to return again. It thrills me now to think of the giants of those days, at whose feet I worshiped and from whose art I drew inspiration. They were all white-faced clowns, but the drollest fun-makers the world ever saw."

The greatest American clown was Dan Rice. His name brings back memories of notable sawdust triumphs. He began with a puppet show, then he had a trained pig. He was a wonderful rider and a good minstrel.



"With him," says Jules, "perished a part of our art. A close rival to Dan Rice was George Fox, the original Humpty Dumpty. In him the art of pantomime reached its highest perfection in America. His drollery was irresistible, and he counted among his admirers the Booths and many other tragedians. Al Miaco, who at the edge of seventy still travels with Ringling, is one of the few survivals of the good old days. He was and still is a real artist. In pantomime he is today unexcelled. He can still twist his foot around his neck with the ease and agility of a youngster. With all his wealth of learning and his remarkable knowledge of books, he is a white-faced clown; he makes grimaces at people every day, and he is glad he is doing it.

"Many people wonder why we keep the white make-up. This is the traditional clown face, and has been so for many generations of clowns. Both the costume and the face have undergone little change within my lifetime. It is perhaps the only amusement that has maintained its physical integrity through many years. Take the slap-stick, the bladder and the funny fall, and you have the clown's sole stock in trade for decades. Unless I am much mistaken, they will remain so for another hundred years. . . . I have little patience with the many contrivances that some modern clowns use, such as guns, electrical appliances and all that sort of thing. To be a real clown you only need your wits and a few simple things."

For thousands of years men have searched for the Fountain of Youth, but it has always eluded them. Jules has found it. "The secret lies in being a clown. We are not only the oldest people of the circus in tradition, but also in years. There is that about our work which keeps us eternally young in spirit."

"Sometimes when the journey has been long and the day hot and the dust thick, I get a little weary, for I am moving on towards sixty. But as soon as I hear the music of the band, the snorts of the horses, the shrill voices of the 'barkers,' and the indescribable movement of the crowd toward the big tent, it all acts like wine upon my blood. I am stirred to action, the weariness falls away like magic, and I am young again. I have not missed a performance in five years. . . .

"Amusement vogues come and go, for the taste of the man who wants to be diverted is fickle. He is always craving something new. He may be interested for a brief time in the sickly atmosphere of a problem or an erotic play, but he soon tires of it. So with many other forms of entertainment. The vaudeville which is now having its hour of glory will pass away. But clowning is done out in the open air, where the winds of heaven blow about you! It is clean, morally and physically. It has no ambition to appeal to the senses; it has no elevating purpose; its sole idea is to amuse. In this it has achieved permanency."

The clown's art has endured because it is clean. "That," says Jules, "is a very simple, but a very powerful reason."

## THE DRAMA OF THE OPEN

THE ordinary playwright is limited by space and time. His audience is restricted. There is, however, a tendency both in the New World and the Old toward a larger scope, a broader field of dramatic expression. Many plays of Shakespeare and of Schiller, notably "Wilhelm Tell," can be produced most effectively in the open air in the manner of pageants and of masques. The open-air performances of our colleges are one step in this direction. Maude Adams appears every year in an open-air theater. Her presentation of Joan of Arc at Harvard's Stadium last year was an epoch-making performance, at least in the vast scale of its physical dimensions. This year Miss Adams appeared in a spectacular open-air performance of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theater at Berkeley, California. In the same theater, "Oedipus King," the greatest tragedy of

Sophocles, was produced by students of the University, closely following the classical manner.

The Coburn players as well as Ben Greet have produced plays and pageants under the open sky. The Midsummer "High Jinks" of California present perhaps the most artistic development of pageantry on the American continent. There is something tempting in writing the poet's message in green trees and large stretches of land, even as the author of all things paints his message in sunsets and tempests. Pageants, remarks Percy Mackaye, the leading critical exponent of this form of art in America, is the poetry of the masses. "The parades on holidays, the procession of antics and horrors, the clanging brigades of firemen, the May-day rituals of children, the marching of drum-corps and regiments—these make an elemental appeal to every man

in the street as to every woman who throws open her shutters to look and listen. As long as the music lasts and the uniforms still glitter, something of the mystery and meaning of life has been revealed. What," Mr. Mackaye asks (in *Scribner's*), "is this elemental appeal? Is it not the appeal of symbolism, the expression of life's meanings in sensuous form?"

"Crude tho it often be, then pageantry satisfies an elemental instinct for art, a popular demand for poetry. This instinct and this demand, like other human instincts and demands, are capable of being educated, refined, developed into a mighty agency of civilization. Refinement of this deep popular instinct will result from a rational selection and correlation of the elements of pageantry.

"Now painting, dancing, music, sculpture (the latter as applied to plastic groupings) are appropriately the special arts for selecting those elements; drama is the special art for correlating them. Craftsmen in the former arts, then, are appropriately the selective experts in the art of pageantry; craftsmen in the drama its constructive directors. Unfortunately, however, as yet, such craftsmen are very seldom active leaders of the people. It behooves, therefore, our leading citizens to realize the educative possibilities of pageantry in providing a fine art for the people."

"No advertisement of a community is more legitimate or more effective than a well organized pageant. The form of pageantry, most popular and impressive in its appeal as a fine art is that of the dramatic pageant or masque. Such a masque should be capable of

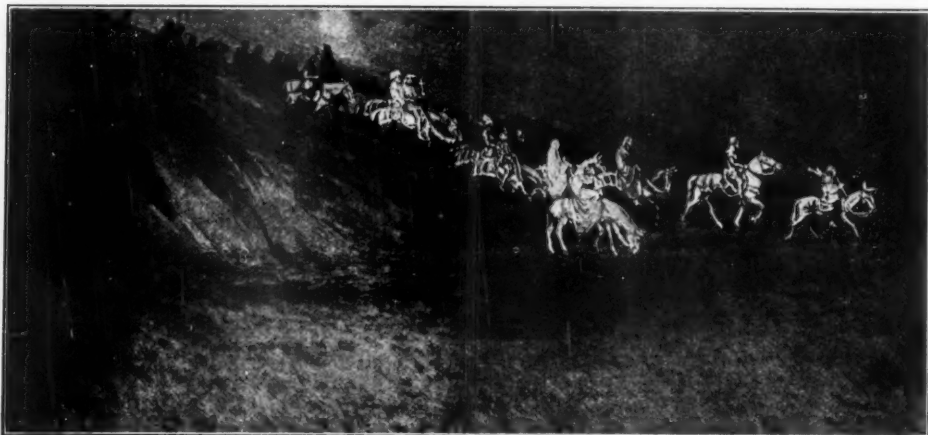
combining the popular interest of an Isadora Duncan dance, a Damrosch concert, a Sorolla exhibition and a Maude Adams-Barrie play.

"The masque is not limited to historic themes of the past. All vital modern forces and institutions of our nation—the press, the law, the railroads, the public-school system, athletics, the universities, the trades unions in all their variety, the vast industries of steel and copper and wheat and fisheries and agriculture, and hundreds more—might appropriately find symbolic expression in majestic masques, educative and entertaining to all the people.

"By such means, artistic gifts, which are now individualized and dispersed, would be organized to express the labors and aspirations of communities, reviving—for the nobler humanism of our own time—the traditions of Leonardo, Ben Jonson, and Inigo Jones. By so doing, the development of the art of public masques, dedicated to civic education, would do more than any other agency to provide popular symbolic form and tradition for the stuff of a noble national drama."

Mr. Mackaye's pageant masque, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," has been produced effectively in many cities, especially in those where a collegiate spirit fosters old English traditions. Quebec and Westchester County, New York, have also known elaborate pageants within recent years. In August of this year, a representative of the tournament at Ashby by de la Zouche, as told in Scott's "Ivanhoe," will enliven the Theatrical Field Day celebrated for the Actors' Fund of America.

A recent pageant in England furnishes an in-



Eric Pape in *Scribner's*

#### POETRY OF THE MASSES

A striking reproduction of a scene in the Pageant celebrated last year in Gloucester, Mass. The poet's message is here indeed written across the landscape.

structive lesson in the technique of huge historic spectacles in the open air. The pageant attempted to portray the great battles of England from the very beginning of her history. Special music was written for the occasion by Christopher Wilson, who was fortunate in having his work interpreted by two hundred picked instrumentalists from England's famous old regiments. The chorus numbered three hundred. Altho the pageant lasted three hours and a half, no one, declares the *London Times*, had a dull moment. The sun lit up the gorgeous uniforms, resplendent armor and richly caparisoned horses until the brilliance and glitter of the arena almost blinded the eye. The interest increased as the pageant proceeded. Early incidents in the history of Britain were picturesquely revealed. In the opening scenes, the chorus sang "Mitras" and "Land of Our Fathers." During the episodes in which Arthur and Alfred are the chief characters, proceeds the vivid description, martial music was played:

"The skirl of the bagpipes is heard at the battle of Dupplin Muir, and the warriors at Crecy are introduced to the strains of a bold march. The song 'Deo Gratias, Anglia, Redde pro Victoria,' was composed for the celebration of the return to London of Henry V. in November, 1415, after the British victory.

"The battle of Patay opens with a hunting episode, and concludes with the singing of 'Ave Maria' by the whole chorus, unaccompanied. Drums and fifes are played for the first time in the rescue of Flushing, and during this picturesque episode, which begins with a charming country dance, the audience appreciates the splen-



A VISION OF LOVE FULFILLED

This picture, drawn by Eric Pape for *Scribner's Magazine*, immortalizes one of the loveliest scenes in the Gloucester Pageant.

did singing of Sir Villiers Stanford's 'Drake's Drums,' by Mr. Dennis Drew, assisted by male voices. Another of Sir Villiers' compositions, 'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!' is heard in



CARRYING ALFRED TO THE GRAVE

With slow music, especially written for the occasion, the funeral of Alfred was reproduced in the Army Pageant.



THE BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET

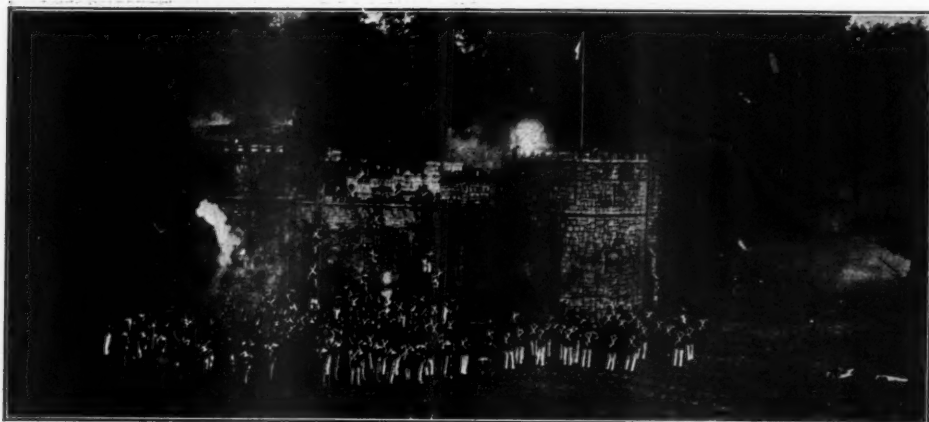
The sun lit up gorgeous uniforms and resplendent armor when this battle was mimicked on a gigantic scale by British soldiers. "If," says the *London Times*, "any Briton could look upon the retold battle scene without a quickening of the blood, his patriotism must be at a low ebb."

Naseby, where the Roundheads sing 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past,' without accompaniment, except an occasional roll of the drums. The march of the British grenadiers fittingly introduces Dettingen, and at the end of the battle scene the band plays Handel's *Te Deum*, with magnificent effect. Marches of the regiments which fought at Minden, Corruna, Barrosa, and Badajos have been interpolated in the music prepared for the illustration of those stirring incidents, and the body of Sir John Moore, wrapped in a martial cloak, is slowly carried off the field to the strains of a funeral march written by Mr. Wilson, the male voices of the choir singing, with brass accompaniments, Wolfe's verses, 'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.'

But the strenuous fights of Arthur, Alfred

and Harold, the clash of weapons at Crecy and Agincourt, and the dashing charge of the Maid of Orleans at Patay, much as they appealed to the imagination, were not, so the *Times* avers, so attractive as the stories of half a hundred regiments in the bloody wars from Malplaquet to the Peninsula.

Malplaquet, Dettingen, Minden, Corruna, Barrosa and Badajos were fought over again in this gigantic performance with as great a care for accuracy as the circumscribed area of the field would permit. The same regiments, the same guns, the same colors were shown. The esthetic delight in the spectacle was increased by the potency of its appeals to British patriotism.



STORMING THE CASTLE

This is a picture of the battle of Badajos in the Military Pageant recently held in Great Britain. The same regiment, the same color, the same guns were shown as in the originals of this vast encounter.



# Literature and Art

## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CRITIC

THERE exists an idea that a critic is one who has not learned any science or succeeded in any art, and is therefore, by some strange process, empowered to sit in judgment on those who have. The idea is illustrated by an anecdote of a music-master who asked his aspiring pupil: "Can you sing?" The pupil replied: "No!" "Can you play?" "No!" "Then I don't see anything for you but to teach music."

But to take this view is to ignore entirely the man who is, so to speak, born a critic, the man of critical genius. "A critic," Mr. Charles Leonard Moore reminds us, in the *Chicago Dial*, "can hardly have too wide a range of knowledge. The literatures, philosophies, sciences and arts of the world must be measurably well known to him. And he must have experience of nature and humanity, so that he can check his texts." It is not to be expected that he shall know all these matters as well as the separate practitioners of them know each one,—nor is it necessary. The specializing faculty is pronounced by Mr. Moore almost the opposite of the critical faculty. "To compare, to contrast, to bring together widely separated works and ideas, to trace the analogies between things, to arrive at underlying principles,—these are the offices of the critic." Of the special training which a critic ought to have, Mr. Moore goes on to say:

"It consists of a study of the basic elements of literature which the great critics of the past have dug up, and of the casual utterances or well considered opinions on their art which great writers have thrown out. To go without these would be like a player trying to dispense with the traditions of the stage; like a man trying to be a great lawyer with only the knowledge of the Statute-book of his own State."

The two great classics of critical lore, Mr. Moore tells us, are Bosanquet's "History of Esthetics" and Mr. Saintsbury's "History of Criticism." The first is a colorless, unprejudiced report on the deepest divinations of the ages; the second is a lively and exhilarating *résumé*. To read such books is part of the education of every critic. There are also texts, Mr. Moore continues, which the critic must master at first hand. One of these is

Aristotle's "Poetics," the earliest critical document extant. "It is, indeed, the corner-stone of all sound criticism," according to Mr. Moore. A second great foundation of criticism is Lessing's "Laocoön," which, tho dealing almost exclusively with one point—the differentiation of the matter and powers of poetry and painting—sheds a white light that pierces to the farthest cranny of literature. Mr. Moore says further:

"Longinus is the ancient type of the inspired appreciator—the man of taste rather than of analysis. The greatest critic of this kind in modern times is probably Goethe. The discursive remarks on literature and art scattered through his autobiography, his essays, letters, conversations with Eckermann, form as large a body of good criticism as exists anywhere. But the difference between his way of criticizing and Lessing's is immense. The latter pierced to one central truth, good for all time; developed it, and made it immovable. Goethe shifts his point of view around and around; now he sees the shield gold, now silver; now he is Gothic, now Greek. Pretty much all his work in criticism may be, and in fact has been, done over. Take for example his criticism on Hamlet, in 'Wilhelm Meister.' Fine as this is, it has been pretty well riddled by recent analysis.

"Schiller is of the school of Aristotle and Lessing and Kant. His 'Esthetic Letters' are a mine of rich discoveries in criticism. The Schlegels are perhaps more remarkable for the pupils they taught and inspired than for their own work, good as this is. Heine is the King's jester of criticism—Lear's Fool—who says the wisest things under the guise of mocking folly. Nearly all the great German philosophers—Kant, Schelling, Hegel—have discussed the esthetic problems. Schopenhauer is as great in criticism as in philosophy. He has such skill in words that he can make our dissolution into nothingness seem a delight, and he paints the martyrdom of genius so attractively that one would not wish to be spared a single nail of the cross. The vast mass of Richard Wagner's prose works contain much penetrating and true criticism. He was a great man of letters, a great dramatic poet, by the grace of God,—a musician, I should say, by the determination of Richard Wagner."

England, avers Mr. Moore, must take off its hat to Germany in criticism, as Germany must go down on its knees to England in creation. For foundation criticism, the estab-



"IN THAT PLAN I CONCENTRATED A LIFETIME OF STUDY AND THOUGHT"

So George Grey Barnard declares of his work for the Pennsylvania capitol. "Michael Angelo," he adds, "did only nineteen figures in all his life. The big plan that we agreed upon had sixty-seven."

lishment of first principles, "there is no equality between them"; and "in the gathering of seed-bearing vitalities of thought, England has hardly been more than a gleaner in the field where Germany has reaped a full harvest." To quote further:

"Even so, there are important discoveries and distinctions in Coleridge, DeQuincey, and Arnold. But in appreciation, the comparison of writer with writer, of epoch with epoch, England is rich enough. In the works of Hazlitt, for instance, while there is, I suppose, hardly a sentence which goes to the bottom, hardly a truth which really teaches, what zest, what gusto, what picture, what reflection and reverberation of his subjects, what inspiration to a love for literature! He is, in fact, the typical English-writing critic,—for our masters in this trade have mainly desired to bring to our lips the rich, full-blooded wine of literature, rather than to offer to our hands a vial of biting acid with which we might analyze masterpieces and see what they are made of. Yet Coleridge's prism decomposes, and Arnold's phrases disintegrate; and they are the greatest of English-writing critics."

American criticism, which has followed, in the main, so we are told, the English human,

rather than the German abstract, method, is disposed of by Mr. Moore as follows:

"It has great names in Emerson, Lowell, Stedman. Each of these has been, in his own way, a sort of camera obscura reproducing in miniature the varied hues and forms of the literatures of the world. Poe flocked by himself, and was analytic. I think he was nearly always wrong in his principles and nearly always right in his practice of criticism. Lanier, who acquired some reputation as a critic, is wrong in both respects. The man who could prostrate himself before George Eliot like a South Sea Islander before his fetish, and could recommend that Sterne and Fielding be thrown into the sewer, has no critical authority which anyone is bound to respect."

France, "famed in all arts, in none supreme," is also somewhat summarily disposed of. Mr. Moore says:

"Sainte-Beuve is acclaimed a prince in the profession. Lowell, I imagine, was thinking of him when in one of his last papers he coined the phrase 'detective criticism.' I should prefer to call it the criticism of gossip. It is biographical in intent; and as there are a hundred people who want to know about a poet's love affairs, or how much money he had in his purse, to one who cares anything for his verses, this sort of criticism has been popular. Sainte-Beuve has of course delicacy, finesse, justness of mind. But he deals by preference with second-rate or third-rate or tenth-rate geniuses. A really great writer frightens him as much as Snug thought his personation of the lion would frighten the ladies. Taine rather goes to the other extreme. He is somewhat like a boy who gets drunk for fear he should be thought a mollycoddle. He is so determined that everybody he writes about shall be in a passion, that he makes us think that the great writers were always shouting at the top of their voices. But he has a genuine feeling for greatness, and, despite his Procrustean method, is usually right in his sense of proportion."

Instinctive taste and the analytic faculty, Mr. Moore concludes,—these are the two qualifications for a critic. "The fault with taste," he remarks, "is its want of certitude. It may be right or it may be wrong, and it changes from age to age, almost from season to season. 'I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like,'—that is the natural human cry. Taste offers assertion without argument, opinion without proof; its value in the end must depend on whether it is backed up by previous analysis. By itself, analysis is dry enough. It does not appeal, but it carries. It preserves the proportion and significance of things, and keeps mankind from straying too far after false gods."

## BARNARD'S MIGHTY SCULPTURES FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL

**A**T THE Spring Salon in Paris this year, two sculptural groups of monumental proportions overshadowed all the other exhibits. They were by an American, George Grey Barnard, and they are soon to be installed in the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. Years of toil, boundless imagination and tons of marble have gone into them. The story of their making is at once a romance and a tragedy.

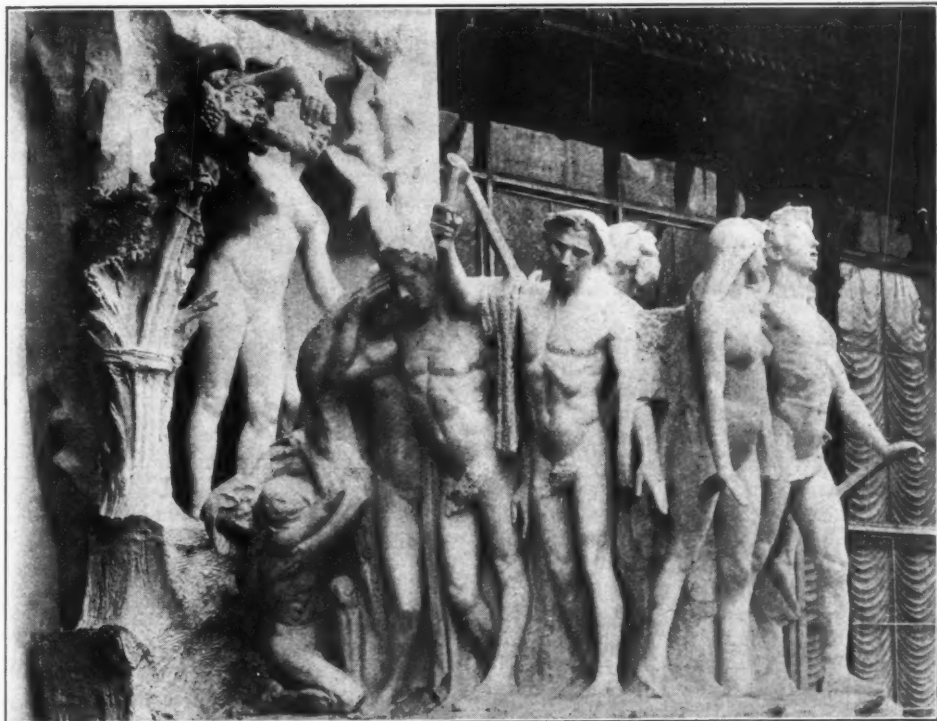
Mr. Barnard's contract for these and for further groups dates from 1903. "In July of 1903," he says, in a recent interview in the *New York Times*, "I was asked to go to Harrisburg to consult with the commission that had been appointed to have charge of the building of the State Capitol. They sent for me because some of my work had attracted attention and because I was a native of Pennsylvania." He continues:

"They had a magnificent set of plans. There

was a generous allowance for art. They had filled in the plans with a lot of stock figures that may be found everywhere. They said they wanted me to do the sculpture work. Within ten minutes I had sketched out a plan of work that met with hearty approval. It wasn't so impromptu, tho, for in that plan I concentrated a lifetime of study and thought. I was glad to put together what I had been thinking and studying about for years.

"Michael Angelo did only nineteen figures in all his life. The big plan that we agreed upon had in it sixty-seven."

In pursuance of the plan, Mr. Barnard went to France. He established himself in Moret, a suburb of Paris. In a huge studio there, with the help of fifteen men, he pushed forward the work. But soon he found himself in financial difficulties. It seems that the first sum named as a proper remuneration for the gigantic scheme he proposed was \$700,000. Later, the commissioners told him that \$300,000 was all



"WORK AND FRATERNITY"

One of the two great groups by George Grey Barnard designed to stand at each end of the frontal façade of the Harrisburg Capitol.



"THE BURDEN OF LIFE"

A detail from a work of George Grey Barnard's that is ranked by French authorities with the art of ancient Greece.

they could afford. This \$300,000, moreover, could only apply in connection with a contract to be completed within three years. When Mr. Barnard protested that it was "absolutely ridiculous" to talk about a completion in anything like three years, the commissioners suggested that he do one-third of the work originally planned for the three years, and receive \$100,000 in compensation. He assented to the proposition, but found that he could not collect even \$100,000. Political graft was rampant in Pennsylvania at the time, and Harrisburg officialdom was undergoing one of its periodical house-cleanings.

Mr. Barnard was almost in despair. His work had already exhausted every ounce of energy he possessed. He laid the situation before the men in his studio, and told them he would be compelled to give them notice to leave. They announced that they would stick by him till the last figure was completed. The sculptor then found a way to pay them. He possesses an expert knowledge of medieval art, and he determined to scour the French countryside on a bicycle, searching the old abbeys and the ruins of farms for Gothic fragments. His quest was successful. He found

what he sought, and carried the relics to leading Parisian dealers. With the profit on this trafficking, some \$20,000, Mr. Barnard paid his debts, and kept his men going for ten months. Then a committee of New Yorkers who heard of his struggles and plucky efforts came to the rescue. They supplied funds on their own responsibility, and forced the Pennsylvania authorities to make further payments. This committee was composed of Professors Seligman and Carpenter, of Columbia University, Albert Shaw, Walter Page, Sir Purdon Clarke, Commodore F. G. Bourne, of the New York Yacht Club, Archer Huntington and A. M. Barnhart.

At last, after Herculean efforts, the two great groups, "Work and Fraternity" and "The Burden of Life," were completed, and taken to Paris. They have created something of a sensation there. Auguste Rodin confesses himself deeply impressed; and MM. Boucher and Lefebvre, noted French sculptors, pronounce the work a wonderful success. M. Boucher expresses his conviction that these groups will take rank with the greatest works of art in the world. It is necessary, he says, to go back to the Greek sculptors to find such mastery of treatment.

In his "Work and Fraternity" Barnard treats the story of Adam and Eve symbolically. Man's first parents stand in simple and heroic relief against a canopy of lusciously hanging fruit. They represent life in its most primitive aspect, destined to be carried forward to higher and higher ends. "Barnard," remarks a Paris correspondent of the *New York Sun*, "tells the old, old story of humanity's experiment of life without knowledge . . . and a new version of this new land, with its new experiment of life, with all the knowledge that can be attained and all the freedom of labor which shall some time bring surcease of travail." He continues:

"It is a bold departure which Mr. Barnard has made in this new version, for he has done nothing less than take an American young man and an American young woman to figure Adam and Eve. He has not only used these American figures, but in this instance alone in these groups he has gone so far as to make portraits, and the new Adam and the new Eve of Barnard are intended to be truly and veritably Americans, facing boldly the world ahead, the world of labor truly, but they are looking to the westward, to sunset, the sunset of labor's long day; and looking toward it not with dejection or under the oppressive weight of a sentence of condemnation, but hopefully, fearlessly, with a readiness



to take upon their young bodies all the work that a dauntless spirit dictates.

"Among the laborers who come after them brotherly helpfulness is shown, and with the tools of labor appear its fruits. This is a part of what Barnard is saying in his sculptures, in which brotherhood and motherhood and labor speak in plastic gesture for him."

The same writer interprets Barnard's second group as follows:

"In 'The Burden of Life' again brotherhood is a strong note, and there is depicted the interdependence of youth and age, the different phases of spirit with which the common burden is borne and the life of the flesh on earth; and Mr. Barnard does not forget to emphasize without undue insistence the place of peace figured in doves. In his heroic sculptures the enginery of muscular force stands out more prominently than mere delicate beauty."

These groups for the Pennsylvania Capitol are felt to represent the high-water mark of Barnard's achievement, but some of his earlier work is just as sure of immortality. At least two of his creations, "The Hewer" and "I Feel Two Natures Struggling Within Me,"



"THE BROKEN LAW"

Another detail from the sculptural group depicting the different spiritual attitudes with which the burden of life is borne.



A NEW ADAM AND EVE

In this group, Barnard takes an American young man and woman to convey his vision of humanity dauntlessly facing the future.

may be said to be classic within his lifetime. "He has done enough, few as is the number of his works," says Talcott Williams in *The Book News Monthly* (Philadelphia), "to assure his place."

"He has been modeling for twenty-seven years; but he has not in that time exhibited much over a dozen works. He was not present at Chicago in 1893, tho a year later he sent seven works to the 'New' Salon. At Buffalo, in 1899, he exhibited his 'Pan,' now in Columbia University. 'Two Natures' he showed at St. Louis, and it is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, given by Mrs. A. C. Clark, now Mrs. Potter. He was never represented at the Philadelphia Academy until 1897, and then he amazed every beholder with seven numbers—the exhibit of 1894—his 'Two Friends' in a reduced copy; the Swedish stove-plater, never completed; a portrait bust; two heads and a figure, 'Boy.' Once in the past ten years, in 1903, he exhibited his 'Maiden.' Add to this the clock case, now at the Young Women's Christian Association, in New York, and the list is completed, before the work done and still unfinished for the Pennsylvania State Capitol."

Tho no legal claim exists, Mr. Williams adds, the State of Pennsylvania should complete the gigantic work already carried so far toward completion with results so brilliant to American art.

## AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER'S STORY OF HIS SUCCESS.

"KEEP asking for an increase of salary" and "Don't allow yourself to get into a rut" are the maxims on which John Adams Thayer seems to have based his rather remarkable career as printer, advertising manager and magazine publisher. So at least we surmise from "Astir,"\* the autobiographical confession in which he takes the public into his confidence. This is one of the notable books of the hour—a book about which there are bound to be many opinions. Its appeal is not literary, but human; it voices the thoughts and ambitions of thousands of Americans. William Marion Reedy, editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*, calls it "the worst case of indecent mental exposure on record"; but Wilbur D. Nesbit, of the *Chicago Evening Post*, declares:

"'Astir' comes very near being the epic of modern endeavor. John Adams Thayer is not only leaving footprints on the sands of time, but thumb-prints on the ladder of fame. His book is a good one for old men to read; it makes them nod their heads knowingly and commendingly—but it is a better book for young men to read because it gives a swifter pulse to the heart of youth; it is inspiration; it is history with human interest; it is vital with the lessons of deeds done in the flesh wrought of the turmoil of the spirit."

Mr. Thayer began his career as a printer, at five dollars a week, in the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the University Press, nearby, the oldest printing establishment in America, he recollects seeing the poet Longfellow. For five years, he tells us, he was shifted from one printing office to another, learning the business. Then he went to Chicago.

In Chicago he had his first experiences as a union printer, and participated in his only strike, "conducted," as he puts it, "with admirable dignity." A few months later he applied for a position as traveling salesman for the St. Louis Type Foundry. The response was favorable, and led to his going "on the road" from Texas to Maine.

By 1891 he was tired of this life and seeking pastures new. He read one day in the advertising columns of the *Boston Herald* that *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, needed "a first-class man to take charge of the advertising pages." He felt, he says,

that that advertisement spoke to him as emphatically as if it called him by name. He swiftly dispatched his testimonials to Philadelphia, with the best letter he knew how to write. He obtained the position. "I arrived in Philadelphia early one Monday morning," he records, "enthusiastically happy over the prospect which lay before me. I remembered the inspiring rise of that other Boston printer who first trod these streets in the early morning, eating a roll as he came. With a purse better lined than his, I breakfasted at Green's, but as I struck into Arch Street opposite the office of my new employer, I paused by the iron grating of the quiet churchyard where Franklin lies, and with bared head paid my silent tribute to his memory."

*The Ladies' Home Journal* had already begun its extraordinary march toward success. Mr. Cyrus Curtis and Mr. Edward Bok were then, as now, inspiring its policy. Mr. Thayer's work was to give uniformity and artistic finish to the advertising pages. But he did not stop there. He became the pioneer in a reform movement which was afterward to reach tremendous proportions. To quote his own words:

"I had been with *The Journal* but a short time when there came a six-time order for an advertisement of a certain syrup of hypophosphites, set in a black type, which I saw must be changed materially. To its subject matter I gave no thought. Indorsed by physicians, it had the earmarks of a first-class advertisement, and as such had reached Mr. Curtis's sanctum.

"I knew little or nothing about patent medicines myself, for in my home they were never used, my father's only cure-all being tincture of rhubarb and tincture of turpentine; but after this special remedy had paraded its claims before my eyes for several issues I began to investigate proprietary medicine as a whole, and to perceive something of the vast range of fraud and quackery which lay behind its philanthropic mass. Choosing an opportune time, I suggested that it would be to our benefit to decline not only this particular advertisement, but patent medicines of every kind.

"Mr. Curtis's assent was immediate and hearty. He said my predecessor had failed to use good judgment in this matter, that he personally had no desire to accept such advertising, and that he was glad I understood it. So began, modestly enough, a course of action which was to have consequences more far-reaching than I dreamed."

Under Mr. Thayer's management, the advertising department of *The Ladies' Home*

\* ASTIR. A PUBLISHER'S LIFE-STORY. By John Adams Thayer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

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Journal became more prosperous than it had ever been before; but he was not satisfied. He suggested to Mr. Curtis that he be made business, as well as advertising, manager. Mr. Curtis replied: "It is not my policy to put two departments in the hands of one man." Mr. Thayer felt that he was beginning to "get into a rut." He had been with *The Journal* six years. So he went in to see Mr. Curtis again. His request this time was for an interest in the magazine. He suggested an option on \$20,000 of the company's stock. "Mr. Curtis's reply," we are told, "was not 'smooth.' 'There is no such quantity of stock for sale,' he stated, and as the flash in his dark eyes met mine, I read that my future was to him a 'personal' matter in which he had no concern. I was as a spoke in a wheel, a part of his great machine, and I had failed to interest him beyond the day's work." Mr. Thayer did not take umbrage at this. "Men who are not slaves," he observes, "make of their lives what they will." Within a month he resigned his position and became business manager for Frank A. Munsey in New York.

Mr. Thayer did not succeed in pleasing the redoubtable Munsey. At the end of one month Mr. Munsey sent him a letter which began:

"My dear Mr. Thayer: This week, which ends to-night, completes your fourth week with us. I have been studying you I suppose about as closely as I should expect you to study a new man in your department.

"If I were in your place and you in mine, I should be glad to have a frank statement from you of the impressions you had formed of me. Feeling this way myself, I naturally assume that you would like to know what impressions I have formed of you, and for this reason I write you this letter.

"In a word, you are not the strong man I expected you to be. You have shown nothing of the versatility I expected to find in you, nothing of the alertness of temperament I expected to find in you. . . ."

This letter led to a severance of Mr. Thayer's connection with *Munsey's*, but his self-confidence and optimism tided him over the crisis. He told Mr. Munsey he would make good within five years. And he did.

After a brief interval as advertising manager of the *Boston Journal*, he became associated with George Warren Wilder, of the Butterick Publishing Company. The establishment of *The Delineator* on a sound basis was his next task, and he began to do for this periodical something of what he had already



"A NAPOLEON OF ADVERTISING"

So Edwin Markham characterizes John Adams Thayer, the advertising manager and magazine publisher, who has just written the story of his life.

done for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He started anew his fight against objectionable advertising. "I longed," he says, "to drive it not only from our own magazines, but, if I could, from the printed page everywhere. More than any other professional ambition, I wanted to see American advertising clean." He soon secured the coöperation of *Collier's Weekly*, and something like a nation-wide crusade followed. Fraudulent and patent medicine advertising received the severest blow it had ever received.

Within a short while, Mr. Thayer's restless mind was turning in another direction. He wanted to own a magazine, but, warned by the experiences of Munsey and McClure, he was anxious to avoid the nerve-racking experiences through which they had passed.

"The story of McClure's struggle had come to me from his own lips. . . . Boyhood, his college days at Oberlin,\* where his later partners, Brady and Phillips, were his classmates; his varied experiences with Albert A. Pope, of bicycle fame, with the Century Company, with his own syndicate, and finally with *McClure's Magazine*—all were passed in review, and I remember his adding that he had reached the enviable position at last where he did not care whether he made fif-

\* A mistake. Mr. McClure attended Knox College, Illinois.—Editor CURRENT LITERATURE.

teen or a hundred thousand dollars a year. Change and rest were what he wanted now.

"And there was Munsey. I could not forget his eleven, heartbreaking years, his severe toil by day, his still more exhausting drudgery by candle-light when, as he himself has said, he made 'a complete switch from redhot actualities to the world of fancy,' and by sheer force of will produced serial stories for his magazine at the rate of 6,000 words a week. Both these men gambled with their health and nervous energy."

As it turned out, Mr. Thayer's career as a magazine promoter was much easier than that of either Munsey or McClure. With the help of his friend Mr. Wilder he obtained control, in 1903, of *Everybody's Magazine*. Mr. Erman J. Ridgway, who had been, like himself, in Munsey's employ, was taken into the partnership.

Up to that time *Everybody's* had enjoyed a moderate success as a Wanamaker property. Now it began to forge ahead. Wilder, Ridgway and Thayer were all looking round for some sensational feature to boom the circulation of the magazine. They found what they wanted in Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. If Mr. Thayer conceived the original idea of the "Frenzied Finance" articles, it was John O'Hara Cosgrove, managing editor under Mr. Ridgway, who laid siege to Mr. Lawson's office and clinched the matter. Says Mr. Thayer:

"Mr. Lawson became so impressed with his [Cosgrove's] persistence that he granted him an interview. This talk had its prompt sequel in a general conference which settled the matter on a basis beyond our rosiest dreams. In his characteristic manner, Mr. Lawson outlined what he hoped to accomplish, disclosed his remedy for the evils he proposed to attack, and then stating that, having looked us up since our first request for an interview and decided that we were game, told us that he intended to write the articles for serial publication without payment, and to advertise them in the daily newspapers at his own expense. We had secured a prize unique in the annals of magazine publishing."

For a while the circulation of *Everybody's* touched the million mark, and even the close of "Frenzied Finance" found Mr. Thayer and his friends issuing between five and six hundred thousand copies monthly. This unprecedented success led Mr. Ridgway to suggest the founding of a new weekly, to be published in fourteen cities. Mr. Thayer, however, was not in sympathy with this "grandiose dream." "Their idea," he says, "was another 'engine fighting for the common good.' In my own

life I had fought long and hard for my daily bread, and before taking up the fight for others on this colossal scale, I wanted to see myself so entrenched that I need not worry about personal needs. . . . Divorce, therefore, was the natural outcome, and it came quickly." The narrative concludes:

"Since then water has flowed under the bridge. The weekly I opposed long since completed its short cycle from premature birth to early death. Its nineteen numbers entailed a loss of over \$300,000! But *Everybody's* has gone on from strength to strength. . . .

"Since then, also, I have enjoyed to the full the vacation I have earned. . . . I have looked upon men and cities. I have circled the globe.

"And, indeed, it is a small globe. Even in India my eyes fell upon the hoary advertisement, 'Mother Almost Gave Up Hope,' and as I recognized one after another familiar nostrum, exiled from its native land, I perceived that the heathen in his blindness bows down to more than wood and stone.

"In this holiday of mine there comes to me every now and then the sage warning of an old-time friend: 'Don't get in a rut.' Recalling this, I think of men who have retired temporarily from business, only to lose all desire to resume their share in the world's work. Then I ask myself if this happy, do-as-you-please life is growing on me. Am I becoming a chronic pleasure-seeker? Am I falling into a vacation rut? And I say to myself: 'Look out!'"

This candid avowal has its own psychological value. To *The Friday Literary Review* of the Chicago *Evening Post* it is not attractive. "Commercialism," says the Chicago *Literary Review*, "has its supermen, but to these Mr. Thayer does not belong. He is simply a money-maker of a not particularly attractive type, and the serious self-admiration that has led him to write his autobiography but exemplifies the truth that the work which makes money is not necessarily work which develops a personality that one can either like or particularly admire."

On the other hand, Edwin Markham, writing in the New York *American*, hails Mr. Thayer as "a Napoleon of advertising":

"Mr. Thayer is not a 'literarian' lost to the world. He does not seek nor find psychic values. But he has a business-like way of hammering home his nail, a sure stroke, a steady hand and an unceasing attack. His one ideal endeavor has been to rout out illicit advertising. He has been willing to venture good money on this, and for a man frankly desirous to put money in his purse this is a climax of good faith.

"Great is advertising, and John Adams Thayer is its prophet!"

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## TURGENIEFF AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

A FEW weeks ago, there died in Paris, at the age of eighty-nine years, a woman who will be remembered in the annals both of literature and of music. Her name was Pauline Viardot-Garcia. She was great in her own right, and great by reason of her associations. Her brother, Manuel Garcia, who died in 1906, was a singing teacher of world-wide reputation. In her prime she sang in all the leading opera-houses of Europe. She knew intimately some of the most famous men and women of her time. Wagner, Schumann, Chopin, Gounod and Liszt were her friends. George Sand made her the heroine of a novel. Ary Scheffer painted her portrait. Heine, Renan, Delacroix, Adelaide Ristori, and others as famous, flocked to her salons. "She comes to us," says an enthusiastic admirer in *Musical America*, "from the 'Golden Age,' carrying the sacred fire. During eighty-nine years her hand never wearied; her flame never flickered." But her strongest claim on immortality lies not so much in what has been mentioned as in one other fact. She was the friend and inspirer of the man whom many regard as the greatest novelist that ever lived—Ivan Turgeneff.

The love-story of Madame Viardot-Garcia and Turgeneff has never been told in its entirety. Turgeneff had all the secretiveness of the Slav, and Madame Viardot-Garcia, when she gave her consent in 1907 to the publication of some of the letters that passed between them, excised the most vital passages. There are indications, however, that the full facts will soon be brought to light. It is said that among the papers of Madame Viardot-Garcia has been found a manuscript novel of Turgeneff's entrusted to her half a century ago on the understanding that it was not to be published until ten years after her death. "If the statement is true," Jacob Tonson remarks in the London *New Age*, "something approaching a first-class sensation is in store for the literary world." There is another report that Madame Viardot-Garcia and Turgeneff were secretly married, and that the child of their union, a daughter, is living in America.

Whatever may be the truth as to this and similar rumors, the unquestioned fact remains that Madame Viardot-Garcia was the intimate friend of Turgeneff for forty years, and exercised a commanding influence over his

genius. Turgeneff, on his side, confessed: "Love is the source of all inspiration. For my own part I have never been inspired by anything else. My whole life has been saturated with femininity. There is nothing but love that can make the soul expand."

It was a strange affair, this friendship between the Spanish daughter of Manuel Garcia and the Russian man of letters, and it began, according to Francis Gribble, the English writer, in 1846. Turgeneff's mother had planned that her son should enjoy a prosperous career on the conventional lines. If he would not be a civil servant, at least, she thought, he should marry, and marry well. He was handsome and well born. A wealthy bride, who was also a lady, could easily be obtained for him. But Pauline Garcia spoiled the whole plan. She came to St. Petersburg to sing, and Turgeneff fell captive to her charms. As Mr. Gribble tells the story (in *The Fortnightly Review*):

"She had surrounded herself with the pomp of circumstance which the queens of song consider appropriate to their genius and essential to their dignity. The elect among her admirers were privileged to pay their homage to her in her dressing-room. A magnificent bearskin with golden claws—the gift no doubt of one of them—was spread upon the floor. Four admirers sat upon it—one on each of the bear's claws—and each of them was called upon to tell a story during the *entr'acte*. It was a competition for favor in which Turgeneff was bound to win—especially as he was the handsomest as well as the cleverest of the suitors."

The strange part of the story is that there does not seem to have been any question of marriage. Pauline Garcia had either just made, or was just about to make, the sort of marriage best calculated to advance her professional prospects. To resume Mr. Gribble's narrative:

"Her husband was also her business manager. But marriage—especially marriage with a business manager—is seldom held to deprive an opera singer of her claims to the admiration of other men. She lives in an atmosphere unfavorable to such selfish theories. It appears to her that beauty like hers—or a golden voice like hers—is genius, and that the right of genius to homage must be respected. Her admirers may misunderstand her—may attach too much importance to the trivial signs of her favor—but that is their affair. Queens in that spirit give their hands to be kissed; and in that spirit—we really have no



From the New York Times

#### MADAME VIARDOT-GARCIA

For forty years the friend and inspirer of Ivan Turgeneff.

right to presume that it was in any other—Madame Viardot once pressed her perfumed handkerchief against Turgeneff's fevered brow.

"And Turgeneff misunderstood; or, at all events, the favor meant more to him than to the lady at whose hands he received it."

Thenceforward, Turgeneff belonged to Madame Viardot-Garcia. He left home and country to live near her and her husband in Paris. He followed them to Baden-Baden and to London. His people were their people, and their home was his. "I would follow them to Australia if they went there," he exclaimed. Madame Viardot-Garcia became his confidante in all that he did. If she disapproved of his work, he lost interest in it. One of his greatest stories, "The Song of Love Triumphant," he wrote in collaboration with her. His poem in prose, "Halt!" was inspired by her. He was eager that she should not only sing, but compose. "And now set to work!" he cries in one of his letters. "I give you my word of honor that, if you will begin to write sonatas, I will take up my literary work again. 'Hand me the cinnamon and I'll hand you the senna.' A novel for a sonata—does that suit you?" The most productive period of Turgeneff's career

was that which he spent in intimacy with Madame Viardot-Garcia and her family. He referred to their home as the "literary cradle" in which his trembling talent was nursed. It was during his years of association with them that he wrote all his most important novels—"Rudin," "A Nobleman's Nest," "On the Eve," "Fathers and Children," "Smoke" and "Virgin Soil."

What part the husband, Louis Viardot, played in this curious case of triangular mutuality, is not known. But one thing is certain—he was Turgeneff's friend and translated several of the latter's novels into French. Mr. Gribble feels that Turgeneff's position in the whole matter was demeaning, if not actually ridiculous, and he blames Madame Viardot-Garcia for enslaving Turgeneff without making any sacrifices in his behalf. "Such people in such cases," Mr. Gribble observes, "value themselves unduly because they are unduly flattered; they not only receive homage as their rightful due, but think it the most natural thing in the world that other lives should be sacrificed to theirs; and men, attaching some mystical religious significance to the weakness of the flesh, are apt to encourage them in their belief." But Turgeneff, if he was a slave, was a very willing slave. He cared more for his friendship with Madame Viardot-Garcia than for anything else in the world. He valued love more than any other emotion. He seemed to be thinking of himself when he wrote in his novel, "Spring Torrents":

"From the moment I noticed her, from that fatal moment on I belonged to her completely, as a dog belongs to his master. . . . Love is not a feeling at all; it is a disease, a certain condition of the soul and the body; it does not develop gradually; you cannot doubt it, you cannot fool with it. Usually it takes possession of a man unawares, suddenly, against his will, like cholera or fever. . . . It gets hold of him even as a vulture seizes a chicken, and carries him off wherever it pleases, no matter how he may struggle and fight against it.

"There is no equality in love, there is none of that so-called free union of souls and other ideals invented at leisure by German professors. No. In love one person is a slave and the other a master, and the poets are right when they talk about the chains forged by love."

Once, on a visit to friends in Russia, Turgeneff talked with unwonted freedom of his relation to the Viardots. The conversation is preserved in the memoirs of Madame L. Neli-dova, published not long ago in Russia and

cited by Times. not alone whole I have Madam heard more. before. himself convers At tea Viardot her hus Madam photog ieff wa portrai He ex "Virgi the day Madam receive beautif a very with b must h tion of one co strong, the fam of that still—c less—c movem sort of minate away l The na "I wa which Viardot "The better l "We touchin hands. both, b the oth Can yo out to seemed laughed This is "Tur abilities "Our when Viardot

cited by Herman Bernstein in the *New York Times*. "You know," Turgeneff said, "I am not alone in Paris. I am surrounded by a whole family, the Viardot family, with whom I have lived more than thirty years now." Madame Nelidova responded: "Yes, I have heard about it." She was curious to hear more. He had always spoken about literature before. Now he spoke for the first time about himself. She was very eager to continue the conversation. The samovar was brought in. At tea she learned from Turgeneff that the Viardot family consisted of Madame Viardot, her husband, a son and three daughters.

Madame Nelidova expressed a desire to see photographs of this family to whom Turgeneff was so deeply attached. He showed her portraits of the mother and of two daughters. He explained that the heroine of his novel "Virgin Soil" was named in honor of one of the daughters, Marianna. Of the picture of Madame Viardot-Garcia, Madame Nelidova received this impression: "Hers was not a beautiful face in the ordinary sense, but it was a very interesting face of the Southern type, with beautiful dark eyes. On the stage she must have been very effective. In the formation of her lips, in the expression of her eyes, one could feel that she was an energetic, strong, domineering woman." Long before, the famous novelist, George Sand, had written of that same face and personality: "The pale, still—one might at the first glance say lustreless—countenance, the suave, unconstrained movements, the astonishing absence of every sort of affectation—how transfigured and illuminated all this appears when she is carried away by her genius on the current of song!" The narrative proceeds:

"I was amazed at the willingness and ease with which Turgeneff spoke of his relations with Viardot.

"The two daughters of Madame Viardot were better looking than their mother.

"Well, examine them closely," said Turgeneff, touching the photographs which I held in my hands. 'These two young women—I love them both, but one of them I love very much, while the other I love better than anybody in the world. Can you guess which one?' Silently I pointed out to him the photograph of the one which seemed to me more attractive. Turgeneff laughed and nodded. 'You have guessed it! This is Marianna and the elder one is Claudie.'

"Turgeneff then spoke of their unusual musical abilities, of their beautiful voices.

"Our host, Toporov, was very much irritated when Turgeneff commenced to speak of the Viardots, and, strange to say, I also began to

feel a queer sensation akin to jealousy. Now I understand that I was unjust. Everybody has a right to take his happiness wherever he may find it. But at that time strange ideas flashed through my mind: 'Here our Turgeneff, our beloved writer, is staying away from Russia on account of some foreign woman.'

Turgeneff continued to speak of his affection for the Viardot family. Their interests he declared were nearer and dearer to him than his own. He said that a simple letter telling of the health of the little Viardot girl, Claudie, interested him infinitely more than the most sensational newspaper or magazine article.

What happened next is best told in Madame Nelidova's own words:

"It is impossible, you are slandering yourself," I said.

"Not at all. You do not know me at all. For instance. Let us suppose that in some manner I would have the choice to be, let us say, the foremost writer not only in Russia, but of the whole world, but never to see them again. [He lifted the photographs and turned them to us.] Or, on the other hand, to be not the husband, but even the janitor or the porter in their house, if they went to some distant island. I would not hesitate a single minute in my choice.'

"I mean it," he added. 'Did you ever love?' He turned to me. 'Never? Tell me about your first love affair.'

"But I did not feel like telling him that. I wanted to listen.

"I looked at him, listened, and I felt ever more sorry for this poor, great, famous man.

"Fame! Glory! Yes," said Turgeneff pensively, turning his old, black snuffbox in his hands. 'Of course, I have a home all to myself in Paris. But there are days when I would give away all my fame if there were only some one who would wait for me when I come back to my empty rooms, and who would notice that I was absent, that I came home too late.'

It has been noted as a strange fact that Madame Viardot-Garcia is nowhere portrayed in the novels of Turgeneff. There is not a single character even vaguely resembling her. It seemed as if he dared not touch in literature the woman who was so near to him in life. But the future may reveal all. It is possible, nay it is probable, that the mysterious novel in manuscript, the autobiographical papers of Madame Viardot-Garcia, the letters as yet only published in part, will settle a host of disputed facts, and throw into bold relief the wonderful love-romance of the great singer and the great novelist.

## AN ENGLISH EULOGY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES

IT IS not often that Englishmen set the seal of approval on things American; but William Archer, the well-known dramatic critic and translator of Ibsen, has come to the conclusion that in one respect America easily excels England. Our popular magazines, he says, are of "extraordinarily vital and stimulating quality," and must be reckoned among the most valuable literary assets of the American people. "There is nothing quite like them," he adds, "in the literature of the world—no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship."

The first cheap magazine of any prominence, in either England or America, was the sixpenny *Strand*. In America, *The Cosmopolitan* was early in the field. But the special character of the American cheap magazine so greatly admired by Mr. Archer is attributed mainly to one man—Mr. S. S. McClure. Mr. Archer writes (in *The Fortnightly Review*):

"Mr. McClure is a very remarkable personality. He has been genially lampooned by Stevenson in 'The Wreckers' and by Mr. Howells in 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' There is, indeed, something that lends itself to caricature in his feverish fertility of ideas, his irrepressible energy, his sanguine imagination. But besides being an editor of genius, he is a staunch and sincere idealist. When he determined to make his magazine a power in the land, he also determined that it should be a power for good; and he has nobly fulfilled that resolve. He has a keen instinct (tho this he himself denies) for 'what the public wants'—what is the opportune subject on which people are ready to accept information and guidance. He knows that it is neither good business nor good sense to try to force upon his readers topics which are either dead or not yet alive. Yet his view is far from being limited by the demands of the passing hour. He has his eye upon the topics of the future no less than upon those of the present. He garners material for the men who are to work upon them; he leads up to them sedulously and adroitly. He does not edit his magazine from his desk, but will run all over America, to say nothing of crossing the Atlantic, in search of the matter he requires. While he is, as I have said, a staunch idealist, it is equally true that the new note he has introduced into periodical literature is the note of sedulous, unflinching realism. 'Thoro' is his motto, and the motto he imposes on all his staff. It is in facts, as distinct from opinions, that he deals—not dead and desiccated facts of the Gradgrind order, but live,

illuminating, significant facts. You need not go to his magazine for views, paradoxes, partisan arguments, guesses at truth. The style of article which has made its fame, and which may fairly be called the invention of Mr. McClure, is a richly-documented, soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long. If 'Thoro' is the first of his maxims, 'Under-statement rather than overstatement' is the second. He abhors exaggeration and sensationalism. His method is to present facts, skilfully marshalled, sternly compressed, and let them speak for themselves. And they have spoken for themselves, to the no small enlightenment, and to the lasting good, of the American people. The historian of the future may determine how much of the 'uplift' that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the McClure type of magazine. We cannot, at this distance of time, see things quite in proportion; but it seems to me certain that Mr. McClure both paved the way for President Roosevelt and potentially furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified."

Mr. Archer goes on to specify the kind of articles that appeal to him as "absorbing and illuminating," and he contrasts them with the "magnified and scarcely glorified tit-bits" which constitute so large a portion of the content of the English magazines. There was Judge Lindsey's series, "The Beast and the Jungle," in *Everybody's*, for instance. "It tells," Mr. Archer says, "an amazing and most dramatic story of the struggle of an honest and humane man to introduce something like honesty and humanity into the administration of the law in the capital of Colorado; and it ought to be read by everyone who is interested in the problem of reclaiming, instead of hardening, juvenile misdemeanants." Another set of articles mentioned as specially striking is Ida M. Tarbell's series in *McClure's* on the Standard Oil Corporation. A third series, "The Shame of the Cities" by Lincoln Steffens, is referred to as "those brilliant investigations into municipal corruption." Two other series, on religion, "The Spiritual Unrest" by Ray Stannard Baker in *The American Magazine* and "Blasting at the Rock of Ages" by Harold Bolce in *The Cosmopolitan*, interested Mr. Archer deeply. But he reserves his strongest praise for George Kibbe Turner's articles:

"If I were asked to point to a single article which exhibited the McClure method in its high-

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est perfection, I think I should select Mr. George Kibbe Turner's study of Chicago, published some three years ago. It condensed into a few fascinating pages, without rhetoric or emphasis of any kind, the most amazing picture of organized, police-protected vice and crime—a picture every line of which was evidently the result of patient, penetrating investigation and intimate personal knowledge. The same writer has since produced equally masterly studies of the history and methods of Tammany and of the 'white slave' traffic in Europe and America—the elaborate machinery of force and fraud whereby the ranks of prostitution are recruited."

When he comes to a consideration of the question why English magazines are so far behind American in vital quality, he finds a double cause. The first is the English law of libel. "The mildest of the progressive magazines," he points out, "if its matter applied to England and were published in England, would beget such a monthly crop of libel suits as would bring unheard-of prosperity to the legal profession. The law of libel seems to be as inefficient in America as it is over-efficient in England." The second great reason why the English six-penny magazines cannot attempt to follow the American lead is that "they have neither the circulation nor the advertisements which would enable them to pay for it." Mr. Archer writes on this point:

"The American editor will pay more for a single article than an English editor would pay for the whole matter of one of his numbers. Only by prolonged and patient work can the information be accumulated which goes to the making of a great article of the McClure type; and that work has to be liberally paid for. A common method is to place the chief members of a magazine's staff on a handsome yearly salary, for which they are not expected to do more than four or five articles in a year—sometimes not so many. From three to six months of hard, unremitting work will often go to the making of an article of twelve or fifteen pages, which may thus have cost the magazine anywhere from £200 to £500. It is the appeal to a nation of 80,000,000, and a business community of systematic advertisers, that enables the American editor to pay such large, yet not more than adequate, prices."

Mr. Archer's appreciation makes pleasant reading for American magazine editors and contributors, but there is a tendency in literary circles here to regard his statements as over-drawn. The *Friday Literary Review* of the Chicago *Evening Post* challenges in particular his eulogistic characterization of the George Kibbe Turner articles:

"Perhaps Mr. Archer has been dazzled. His own association with *McClure's Magazine* has probably given him a glorified impression of the work of Mr. Turner. We do not imply that Mr. Archer has deliberately overestimated a McClure colleague, but we frankly declare our belief that the English critic is in no wise competent to judge whether Mr. Turner's investigation of Chicago was patient and penetrating or not.

"Mr. Turner's study of Chicago was decidedly open to criticism, and his studies of Tammany and the 'white slave' traffic were neither of them thoroly reliable.

"To support the case of the American magazine on props so shaky as these is to do our magazines an injustice."

The Chicago *Dial* also warns Mr. Archer against accepting the statements of American magazine-writers as gospel truth. "Those of us," it says, "who for a series of years have had these articles as a steady diet have come to realize that their fundamental note is sensationalism, and that the underlying motive for their multiplication is commercial rather than philanthropic." It continues:

"The instinctive common sense of the American people has labelled them as 'muck-raking' productions, and an instinctive optimism has discounted their lurid imaginings by about ninety per cent. They have stirred us up, no doubt, and often in profitable ways; but their bias and exaggeration, their determination to make sensational points at no matter what sacrifice of sobriety, have prevented them from having much influence over serious-minded people. They have aroused emotional rather than reflective natures; and this is a dangerous thing to do. Mr. Archer thinks that these articles have been 'an incalculable force for good,' of which we are by no means sure; but he admits that they exhibit the logical weakness of 'an insufficient thinking-out of the fundamental ideas on which their crusade is based.' To our mind a much more fatal weakness is found in their attitude of *parti pris*, in their assumption that everything is either black or white, and in their unblushing appeal to prejudice. Some of them are doubtless comparatively free from these faults; but since Mr. Archer seems to cover them with a blanket approval, we feel bound to suggest that the opposing point of view is likely to result in a sounder judgment."

If we could support in this country a group of monthlies, like *The Contemporary*, *The Fortnightly*, and *The Nineteenth Century*, and a group of weeklies like *The Spectator*, *The Nation* and *The Saturday Review*, we ought to be willing, in *The Dial's* judgment, to exchange for them gladly the whole galaxy of our "muck-raking" magazines.

# Recent Poetry

**F**EW if any men now living are more conversant than Richard Le Gallienne is with the work of the poets in the Old World as well as the New. It is distinctly reassuring to find him saying in *The Forum* that "anyone who has made it his business or pleasure to watch the American literary situation must have been struck by the widespread ferment of poetical feeling in young America and by the widespread distribution of really notable poetic talent." He has been impressed, as we have been, by the number of young poets in this country "writing verse of a fine quality," and he is disposed to believe that Whitman's prophecy has come true and that "the muses have migrated from Greece and Ionia and come to dwell beneath the Stars and Stripes." He goes on to say:

"Every age is materialistic, every age is poetic. Every land is materialistic, every land is poetic. Every country has its *bourgeoisie*, and even in France and Italy life is by no means all poetry. That America is so unfavorable a soil for the cultivation of poetry as one usually hears I fail to see. Certainly it is, *par excellence*, the commercial country. But is not England also 'a nation of shopkeepers'? Yet she has produced the noblest poetry in the world. One might as well say that because America is so strenuously commercial, it is hopeless to expect the dogwood to light up the woods in May. If there were no wild flowers in America, no song sparrows, no woodthrush, then one might begin to fear for the existence of poets; but so long as the American soil produces the one, she cannot fail to produce the other,—for wild flower and wild bird and wild poet are all alike the children of 'the great sweet mother,' and she brings forth all alike with an irresistible fruition which no commercialism can check."

Certain it is that the poetic impulse in America flows on year after year in unabated force. That is the encouraging sign. The discouraging sign is the lack of staying quality in our poets. Their singing days terminate all too quickly. The writing of poetry, or rather the attunement of the mind to the requirements of the poetic art, is a rather costly luxury. The commercial reward is small, the cost of living is high, and there is no protective tariff on the product of our singers. The only thing, we sometimes think, that prevents this from being a golden age of song in America is the lack not of the song but of the gold.

When one can make fifty thousand dollars by writing a "best seller" novel or a successful drama, but has to pay publishers to print a book of excellent verse, the temptation put upon even the born poets is hard to resist. One might even write a plausible essay upon the thesis that the world prefers to starve its poets in order thereby to get an additional touch of pathos in their lines.

Francis Thompson certainly was never quite so much in vogue before his pathetic end as he has been since. A new poem by him is counted now a rare treasure. One appears in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It has upon it the authentic marks of the true poet; but it calls for close reading and sustained attention. Most poetry of a high class does, and that is just the reason that it seems mere nonsense to so many people. Read this in the same lax and careless way you might read an ordinary bit of prose, say an editorial, and it sounds like a mumbling of senseless phrases.

## TO DAISIES.

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame  
Burning, we know your lovely name—  
Daisies, that little children pull!  
Like all weak things, over the strong  
Ye do not know your power for wrong,  
And much abuse your feebleness.  
Daisies, that little children pull,  
As ye are weak, be merciful!  
O hide your eyes! they are to me  
Beautiful insupportably.  
Or be but conscious ye are fair,  
And I your loveliness could bear;  
But, being fair so without art,  
Ye vex the silted memories of my heart!

As a pale ghost yearning strays  
With sundered gaze,  
'Mid corporal presences that are  
To it impalpable—such a bar  
Sets you more distant than the morning-star.  
Such wonder is on you, and amaze,  
I look and marvel if I be  
Indeed the phantom, or are ye?  
The light is on your innocence  
Which fell from me.  
The fields ye still inhabit whence  
My world-acquainted treading strays,  
The country where I did commence;  
And tho ye shine to me so near,  
So close to gross and visible sense,—  
Between us lies impassable year on year.

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To other time and far-off place  
Belongs your beauty: silent thus,  
Tho to others naught you tell,  
To me your ranks are rumorous  
Of an ancient miracle.

Vain does my touch your petals graze,  
I touch you not; and tho ye blossom here,  
Your roots are fast in alienated days,  
Ye there are anchored, while Time's stream  
Has swept me past them: your white ways  
And infantile delights do seem  
To look in on me like a face,  
Dead and sweet, come back through dream,  
With tears, because for old embrace  
It has no arms.

These hands did toy,  
Children, with you, when I was child,  
And in each other's eyes we smiled;  
Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair  
Apparelling  
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,  
Ah me, the garment of the grace  
I wove you when I was a boy;  
O mine, and not the year's your stolen Spring!  
And since ye wear it,  
Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it.  
For when ye break the cloven earth  
With your young laughter and endearment,  
No blossomy carillon 't is of mirth  
To me; I see my slaughtered joy  
Bursting its cerement.

From the London *Times* we reprint Austin  
Dobson's poem on the death of King Edward  
VII. It is a graceful tribute and has the note  
of sincerity in it.

# IN MEMORIAM.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

He that was King an hour ago  
Is King no more; and we that bend  
Beside the bier too surely know  
We lose a Friend.

His was no "blood-and-iron" blend  
To write in tears a ruthless reign;  
Rather he strove to make an end  
Of strife and pain.

Rather he strove to heal again  
The half-healed wound, to hide the scar,  
To purge away the lingering stain  
Of racial war.

Thus, tho no trophies deck his car  
Of captured guns or banners torn,  
Men hailed him as they hail a star  
That comes with morn;

A star of brotherhood, not scorn,  
A morn of loosing and release,—  
A fruitful time of oil and corn,—  
An Age of Peace!

Sleep then, O Dead beloved! and sleep  
As one who, when his course is run,  
May yet, in slumber, memory keep  
Of duty done;—

Sleep then, our England's King, as one  
Who knows the lofty aim and pure,  
Beyond all din of battles won,  
Must still endure.

Mr. Viereck contributes a sequence of five  
sonnets to *The Forum*, with the general title  
of "Ave Triumphatrix." Mr. Viereck—in his  
poetry—is a terrible Don Juan, and this son-  
net sequence is one of many confessions to  
that effect. The confession itself does not  
impress us deeply:—we know him too well!  
But he certainly can write poetry. We re-  
print three of the sonnets:

# THE BURIED CITY.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

My heart is like a city of the gay  
Reared on the ruins of a perished one  
Wherein my dead loves cower from the sun,  
White-swathed like kings, the Pharaohs of a day.  
Within the buried city stirs no sound  
Save for the bat, forgetful of the rod,  
Perched on the knee of some deserted god,  
And for the groan of rivers underground.

Stray not, my Love, 'mid the sarcophagi—  
Tempt not the silence . . . for the fates are  
deep,  
Lest all the dreamers, deeming doomsday nigh,  
Leap forth in terror from their haunted sleep;  
And like the peal of an accursed bell  
Thy voice call ghosts of dead things back from  
hell!

# WANDERERS.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Sweet is the highroad when the skylarks call,  
When we and Love go rambling through the  
land.  
But shall we still walk gaily, hand in hand,  
At the road's turning and the twilight's fall?  
Then darkness shall divide us like a wall,  
And uncouth evil nightbirds flap their wings;  
The solitude of all created things  
Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.

This is the knowledge I have wrung from pain:  
We, yea, all lovers, are not one, but twain,  
Each by strange wisps to strange abysses  
drawn;  
But through the black immensity of night  
Love's little lantern, like a glowworm's, bright,  
May lead our steps to some stupendous dawn.

## TRIUMPHATRIX.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

As some great monarch in triumphal train  
 Holds in his thrall a hundred captive kings,  
 Guard thou the loves of all my vanished springs  
 To wait as handmaids on thy sweet disdain.  
 Yea, thou shalt wear their tresses like bright  
 rings,

For their defeat perpetuates thy reign.  
 With thy imperious girlhood vie in vain  
 The pallid hosts of all old poignant things.

Place on thy brow the mystic diadem  
 With women's faces cunningly embossed,  
 Whereon each memory glitters like a gem;  
 But mark that mine were regal loves, that lost  
 And loved like queens, nor haggled for the  
 cost—

And having conquered, oh be kind to them!

An assistant professor of Sanskrit in the University of California, Arthur William Ryder, has been communing with a Hindu poet, one Bhartrihari by name, who lived some fifteen hundred years ago as king of Ujjain. Disappointed in love, he quit his kingdom in disgust, sought out a cave and spent the rest of his life in it writing poetry! He wrote one hundred poems on the conduct of life, one hundred on love and an equal number on renunciation. Nearly a third of his output has been captured by Professor Ryder and, skillfully done in English, is published in book-form by A. M. Robertson, of San Francisco, under the title "Women's Eyes." The poems are all very short and for the most part are philosophic rather than poetic in their outlook on life, the philosophy being of a pleasantly cynical sort. The title poem is the best.

## WOMEN'S EYES.

BY BHARTRIHARI.

The world is full of women's eyes,  
 Defiant, filled with shy surprize,  
 Demure, a little overfree,  
 Or simply sparkling roguishly;  
 It seems a gorgeous lily-bed,  
 Whichever way I turn my head.

## SHE ONLY LOOKED.

BY BHARTRIHARI.

She did not redden nor deny  
 My entrance to her room;  
 She did not speak an angry word;  
 She did not fret and fume;  
 She did not frown upon poor me,  
 Her lover now as then;  
 She only looked at me the way  
 She looks at other men.

## THE WISE MISOGYNIST.

BY BHARTRIHARI.

The wise misogynist, poor soul,  
 To self-deceit is given;  
 For heaven rewards his self-control,  
 And women swarm in heaven.

We read the following from *Collier's* with just a touch of suspicion that the intensity is a trifle overdone. But that suspicion may be our fault rather than Miss Morgan's. Her lines certainly do pulsate with rapture.

## JUNE RAPTURE.

BY ANGELA MORGAN.

Green! What a world of green! My startled  
 soul,

Panting for beauty and so long denied,  
 Leaps in a passion of high gratitude  
 To meet the wild embraces of the wood;  
 Rushes and flings itself upon the whole  
 Mad miracle of green, with senses wide;  
 Clings to the glory, hugs and holds it fast,  
 As one who finds a long-lost love at last.  
 Billows of green, that break upon the sight  
 In bounteous crescendos of delight!  
 Wind-hurried verdure hastening up the hills  
 To where the sun its highest rapture spills!  
 Cascades of color tumbling down the height  
 In golden gushes of delicious light!  
 God! Can I bear the beauty of this day,  
 Or shall I be swept utterly away?

Hush! Here are deeps of green where rapture  
 stills,

Sheathing itself in veils of amber dusk,  
 Breathing a silence suffocating, sweet,  
 Wherein a million hidden pulses beat.  
 Look! How the very air takes fire and thrills  
 With hint of heaven pushing through her husk!  
 Ah, joy's not stopped! 'Tis only more intense  
 Here where Creation's adorns all condense;  
 Here where I crush me to the radiant sod,  
 Close-folded to the very nerves of God.  
 See now! I hold my heart against this tree:  
 The life that thrills its trembling leaves thrills  
 me.

There's not a pleasure pulsing through its veins  
 That does not sting me with ecstatic pains.  
 No twig or tracery, however fine,  
 Can bear a tale of joy exceeding mine.

Praised be the gods that made my spirit mad,  
 Kept me aflame and raw to beauty's touch,  
 Lashed me and scourged me with the whip of  
 fate,

Gave me so often agony for mate,  
 Tore from my heart the things that make men  
 glad.

Praised be the gods! If I at last by such

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Relentless means may know the sacred bliss,  
 The anguished rapture, of an hour like this.  
 Smite me, O Life, and bruise me if thou must;  
 Mock me and starve me with thy bitter crust;  
 But keep me thus aquiver and awake,  
 Enamored of my life, for living's sake!  
 This were the tragedy—that I should pass,  
 Dull and indifferent, through the glowing grass.  
 And this the reason I was born, I say—  
 That I might know the passion of this day.

Here is rapture of another sort, aroused by  
 the flight of Curtiss from Albany to New  
 York in an aeroplane. We resent a little the  
 reference to Tennyson, for it was he that pre-  
 dicted "airy navies" and all that sort of thing  
 many years ago; but that is a minor point.  
 The poem appeared in the *New York Times*:

## THE CREATORS.

BY JAMES OFFENHEIM.

We have the love of life—that is our glory!—  
 No Hamlets we, no doubting Tennysons,  
 But the young gods of science who have seized  
 Million-huge power, and like genius feel  
 Our possibilities. O sunrise age,  
 O white-winged morning: lusty with new life,  
 For Power we cry, more Power, more Breath,  
 more Life—  
 We crave great dreams, dreams that make pale  
 the cheeks,  
 Dreams that tax manhood, that we may rise up  
 And amaze each other by out-acting them.  
 Is the Earth huge? We'll mine and mold and  
 mound it!  
 Is the sea vast? We'll shrink it to three days!  
 Are the skies inaccessible and tall?  
 We shall take wings and soar! We are the first  
 Of them that do not fear. Nor space nor time,  
 Nor life nor death nor the invisible powers  
 Affright us. We are mighty, we are modern,  
 Children indeed of the strength-crammed Earth,  
 Yea, but creators, too.

Are we creators?

Lo, what a world then shall we have, when, huge  
 With Power, we turn from re-creating Earth,  
 And like a god take up the task supreme  
 Of making Man—out of the sun and air,  
 Out of the sweet and living clay creating  
 A radiant body rich with radiant mind,  
 Flooded with light, surcharged with life and love,  
 And millions thronging cities, seas and skies  
 In strengthening daily tasks, in love-warm homes.  
 O vision the most beautiful! O days  
 When all the little children, miracle-fresh,  
 Shall bask in the full love of men and women,  
 And so fulfill all possibilities  
 Until they bloom with a splendor and a glory  
 We only glimpse in some young girl's first love,  
 We only hear in some young boy's sweet laughter.

If you are fond of striking contrasts, read  
 the above and then read the following, which  
 we find in the London *Labor Leader*. It may  
 be that some rural reader here and there may  
 not know that a "sandwichman" is a poor  
 derelict hired in our cities to walk the streets  
 with a sign hanging in front and behind.

## SANDWICHMEN.

BY LANGDON EVERARD.

With downcast eyes, and dragging feet,  
 They pass—a wretched crew.  
 Against the boards their weak knees beat  
 The devil's own tattoo.

Oh, this procession's fine to see!  
 But who would stop to gaze  
 At derelicts who, silently,  
 Crawl through the laughing ways?

Their worth no sycophant extols;  
 This is no "touching scene":  
 This grey parade of broken souls  
 In bodies frail, unclean.

For these no flags will droop half-mast;  
 Their deeds no scribes will pen,  
 When pauper graves devour, at last,  
 These battered, broken men.

Why should we pity, dying, these  
 Who live the lives of swine?  
 What other fate could wait for lees  
 Upon the social wine?

Oh, we are smug and paramount:  
 Yet, maybe, by-and-by,  
 They'll turn and settle their account  
 With us, before they die!

A little booklet of thirty-two pages comes to  
 us from London (A. C. Fifield) entitled "The  
 Wanderer and Other Poems." The poems all  
 have atmosphere, but their meaning is at times  
 very subtle and elusive and we are not always  
 sure that we grasp their full content. Here  
 are two that are particularly fine and not too  
 elusive:

## THE SEA-CHANGE.

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

If when I yield my spirit to the Sea,  
 When the still silent tide of Death receives me,  
 I shall depart out of this life of forms  
 Whose *Here* is but a point, whose *Now* is but a  
 moment,  
 Whose *Me* is but a sense-constricted soul,—  
 If I depart, giving myself up wholly  
 To the receiving waters infinite,

Surely my spirit shall therein discover  
New and unmeasured being.  
I will take such a body as the Light has,  
Or Music—ay, or other finer Force  
That runs unhindered through the fields of  
Space—

I will exchange this Here, this Now, this Me,  
For other, vaster; that I may pass out  
By open doors into the open air,  
And be at large with God.

Even now, whenso I love,  
Whenso my narrowed Me eludes its bonds  
And, reaching out and over, loosens, loses  
Itself to Life—even now, whenso I love,  
Surely there leaps beneath my heart the Im-  
mortal  
That shall go out into the Deeps with God.

### THE MIRRORS.

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

Thou lookest in this mirror that displays  
A face, a form, that answers thee and says  
"Behold thyself," and thou believest it:  
But when some other comes to thee and cries  
"Behold thyself!" thou thinkest thyself wise  
Denying, O thou man of little wit!

Art thou this thing of mouth and nose and eyes,  
This vested presence that upon thee cries  
With too familiar greeting from the glass?  
I thought thee something nobler, for I heard  
The woodland call thee with its leafy word,  
The field with its innumerable grass.

This bald five feet or more, is't all thou art?  
Or is it haply but a little part,  
Whereof thou know'st not the mysterious Whole:  
Whereof there is no thing but whispers thee  
"Behold thyself": whereof the stars and sea,  
Future and Past are mirrors to thy Soul?

The name Marion Foster Gilmore is affixed  
to the title page of a recent volume of verse  
entitled "Virginia, A Tragedy, and Other  
Poems." We find a certain freshness and  
witchery in many of the poems. We can re-  
print but one:

### THREE KISSES.

By MARION FORSTER GILMORE.

A rampant wind, on a golden day,  
Sported and played with a wild, wild rose,  
He woke her soul from its mute repose,  
He kissed the heart of the wild, wild rose,  
And, kissing,—kissed her leaves away,—  
And now the wind goes sighing.

Love won me, on a golden day,  
He woke my soul, with a kiss sublime,  
And the whole world vanished, and Death and  
Time

Seemed nought at the touch of that kiss sublime!  
Love, kissing,—kissed my heart away,  
And now Love goes rejoicing.

An Angel came, on pinions gray,  
In his cold, white arms he clasped my Love!  
Earth reeled, the sun went out above.  
Oh! God! I saw Death kiss my Love,  
And, kissing,—kiss his soul away—  
And now my soul goes wailing!

We are taking what is perhaps an undue  
liberty with the following poem, printed in  
*The Independent*. We are dropping the first  
stanza, which is similar to the last, and which  
anticipates the climax that, to our mind, should  
be reserved for the concluding stanzas.

### TO A CITY.

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

Nine breathless summers I have seen the kill  
Of blood-beamed suns upon the stony street;  
Nine winters I have watched the wanton spill—  
The price of lives at Pleasure's dancing feet;  
Nine years beheld man worship his own will—  
Pure Faith forgot and Truth made obsolete.

And every staring face among the throng—  
Poor puny sons of greed-besotten men—  
Turned me with yearning to the calm, the strong,  
The clear-browed people of my West again;  
And every roaring day but made me long  
For benign silence in some mountain glen.

To-day I am returned from the clean wild,  
Where only Storm's deep organ preludes mar  
The hush of wood-cathedrals, river-aisled;  
Where Earth's pure altars of communion are,  
'Neath ceilings of the night, inlaid and tiled  
With ivory of moonlight, pearl of star.

I am returned unto the man-made hills—  
The windowed cliffs, whose crevices are  
homes—  
But a new light my startled being thrills!  
Here storm is slaved! The human river roams  
O'er bedded lightning, tamed to human wills,  
'Mid thunder, through subaquean catacombs.

I hear the tumult of the conquered seas  
That beat their vain rebellion 'gainst thy wall;  
Eld Night illumed in burning harmonies  
Of lights that fashion morn from even-fall;  
Time, sound, the winds and the wide distances  
Are but the serfs and vassals of thy hall.

And thou art now the master; I, the slave;  
But 'round my bondage is a glory thrown;  
I have found Peace upon thy echoing pave,  
Silence in throngs, beauty in builded stone—  
Where Nature yields, I dare not lift the glaive!

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# Recent Fiction and the Critics

HAS New York City at last found a novelist? Reviewers seem to be inclined to answer this query in the affirmative. Mr. Stephen French Whitman's Zolaesque portrayal of the metropolis\* is hailed with honest enthusiasm. Mr.

Whitman's novel, rumi-  
nates *The Tribune*, inev-  
itably suggests reflection  
upon the curious inadequacy of New York's  
representation in fiction. "Here," exclaims  
the reviewer, "is a city teeming with human  
material far richer and infinitely more varie-  
gated than that of Dickens's London, and yet  
what have our novelists done with it so far?  
The upper crust they have broken and culti-  
vated; they have strayed into its Bohemia and  
found the traditional romance of that inter-  
national region rather than its local realism;  
they have explored its Wall Street, its politi-  
tics and its underworld; but the chain that  
links the city together from top to bottom  
they have not followed link by link in one  
continuous narrative, deterred, no doubt, by  
the difficulties of treating so complex, so over-  
whelming a subject." The author of "Pre-  
destined," we are told, has stretched a large  
canvas and painted on its expanse a pano-  
rama that reaches, link by link, from the pal-  
ace in which his foredoomed hero is born to  
the hovel in which he ends his miserable ex-  
istence.

"It is not all of New York that he presents,  
but (to change the figure) his longitudinal sec-  
tion is complete, and on the way he cuts many a  
transverse section for closer revelation. His is  
the realistic imagination that reasons true from  
things observed, and if his picture be a depressing  
one the reader cannot cavil at it, for what he  
presents on it one feels and knows is true.

"Predestined"—the Calvinistic word is used in  
its modern, scientific significance. Here is a study  
of inefficiency, of fatal weakness that is inherent  
and cannot be overcome, of aspiration without  
determination, talent without will, of the flaw of  
character that condemns to failure in life from  
birth. New York, who fawns upon her con-  
querors, is ruthless in her brutality toward those  
she vanquishes. The rewards she offers to the  
strong—the pleasures of intellect and the senses—  
she turns into pitfalls for the weak. To most who  
come to her eager for the fray, confident of suc-  
cess, she offers one opportunity, no more. There-

after she smiles on those who grasp it, but thrusts  
down, deep down, those who fumble and miss;  
the field is so crowded, she cannot afford to waste  
time and effort. Felix Piers has his chance and  
lets it slip from his nerveless fingers, predestined  
here by the flaw in his equipment as in all the  
subsequent litany of his decadence."

The none-too-lenient critic of *Town Topics*,  
Percival Pollard, whom the *London Academy*  
hails as a prophetic voice in our literary wil-  
derness, lowers his pen reverently before this  
newcomer. One of these days, he assures us,  
we will have to give to Mr. Whitman the title  
of greatness. This, he says, is writing of dis-  
tinction, of vigor, and of carefully trained  
craft, tho in the earlier part of the book one  
feels recurring the style of George Moore  
shorn of its awkwardness, as also, perhaps, of  
its rare perfect moments. "It took courage,"  
averts Mr. Pollard, "to depict this real man,  
Felix Piers."

"There is no blundering about the actualities of  
life in this writing; Felix and his dissipations,  
his affairs with this woman and that, are described  
with a finesse that make us the more realize that  
the others who have heretofore attempted New  
York life in novel form have lacked both courage  
and craft. It all comes, in the end, to the detail  
of craft; the fine craftsman can tell anything, in  
any language. It is only the bungler who asserts  
that they 'order these things better' in French.  
Mr. Whitman depicts the several periods in the  
life of Felix Piers, under the influence of first  
this woman and then that; he shows how he  
wastes his talents pursuing first one phantom,  
then another—the glamor of the theater and its  
women, of painting folk and their studios—and  
finally succumbs utterly to his ever-increasing  
passion for drink. The passion for women and  
for drink, these had been in his blood, as we are  
told; and against these passions his life was but  
one long, hopeless fight. The tragedy of the in-  
evitable and the note of doom are as vividly  
etched in these pages as in the 'Ghosts' of Ibsen  
or the older plays of the Greeks. Meanwhile it  
is the actual New York of to-day in which all this  
tragedy plays. Here is the life of any young  
American of talent who lets his senses run away  
with him; that the modern setting, the familiar  
scene, are made so dramatic, so picturesque, is  
what distinguishes Mr. Whitman from the myriad  
others who have attempted the picturing of life  
in New York. He has painted for us a real man  
in the process of growth and disintegration. The  
women who enter these pages are but the embodi-  
ments of this man's passion; just as is his drink-

\* PREDESTINED: A NOVEL OF NEW YORK LIFE. By  
Stephen French Whitman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ing; the one destroys him like the other; and all lay in that past over which he had no control. Novelists without end have painted woman for us; here is one who at long last gives us a man, with all his fatal imperfections ravaging at him. The closing down of the tragic curtain is nothing less than awful; the art of it nothing less than memorable."

Even the caviling critics of the New York *Sun* Morning and Evening acknowledge the genius of Mr. Whitman. "We should not be at all surprised," remarks the vespertine reviewer of that eminent daily, "to learn that Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells had read Mr. Stephen French Whitman's novel with sympathetic interest in the appearance of a new talent that was bound to go far. For excluding the work of these masters, we are of the opinion, come to after due deliberation, that this is the most important book of this sort written by an American in, let us say, the

last twenty years." *The World*, well-known for its inadequate book reviews, declares the theme unsavory. "Mr. Whitman has written a clever book, but it is gloomily pessimistic and leaves a bad taste in the mouth." *The Herald*, in a surprisingly well written review, adds its mead of praise, but pokes fun at the surface realism which, we are told, often leads to the superficial. *The Times Democrat*, of New Orleans, welcomes this new author with eloquence and generosity truly Southern. It seems to us that our reviewers are so utterly wearied of "best sellers" that they are inclined to be too generous with their encouragement when an author takes the daring leap over conventional barriers. While admitting the strength and promise of Mr. Whitman's work, we advise our readers to take with a grain of salt the effusions of eloquent critics who are apt to sacrifice truth to a striking headline.

**G**REAT successes are apt to be followed by failure. When Robert Herrick wrote "Together," he seemed to create a new epoch in American fiction. His latest book\* is perused with yawns and reviewed with regret. We had expected another study of the marriage problem, another procession of personalities interestingly and romantically entangled.

Instead the author has returned to a consideration of the problems he handled in "The Common Lot," boldly sweeping over the entire sociological field. "A Life for a Life," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is really an arraignment of humanity to-day, an unbridled attack on power and wealth. Mr. Herrick's hero, Hugh Grant, is a country boy seeking his fortune in some great city. He knows but one man to seek there, Alexander Arnold, the celebrated financier. Arnold takes an interest in him; the young man advances, he realizes the symbolic meaning of money, and incidentally falls in love with the banker's daughter—the beautiful and imperious Alexandra. But his eyes are opened as to the iniquity of the corporation he serves, the iniquity of the entire system.

A strange figure, spoken of as the Anarch, supposed to be the banker's discarded son, unfolds to him a vision of the misery of the millions. The multitudes pass before him

heaping gold and silver, flesh and blood at the feet of such as Arnold and his daughter. He urges this point of view before Alexandra, but his beloved refuses to desert her prosperity for his sake. In vain he pleads: "Come with me to my fate, poverty and hunger it may be, and in our love you will understand all." "That," she replies, "is not the way to speak to the heart of a woman. Tell me to come with you to victory, to achievement, to the fulness of life—and I will follow you to the ends of your earth. . . . I am my father's daughter, and I love the world he has made into which I was born. I love the power and the luxury and the beauty, no matter whose blood is spilled in the getting . . . I find it all good; only the weak abuse it!"

Hugh leaves the capitalistic camp to eke out a living as one of the banker's minor clerks; he writes a book, but fails. Then he drifts back into the rank and file of the industrial army. Later he dies of cancer; the city of iniquities is destroyed by an earthquake, but Alexandra, who has married one of the financial pirates, is spared to found an asylum for foundlings in memory of her utopic lover.

The critics are almost unanimous in their condemnation of Mr. Herrick's book as a work of art. This new volume, maintains *The Sun*, is not a novel, whatever the publishers may tell us on the title page. "It is a tract, and whatever descriptions of character

\* *A LIFE FOR A LIFE*. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.



may be contained in it are overshadowed by the unescapable gravity of the author's purpose. His men and women are all attired in the professional robes of the priests and priestesses of his solemn ritual, instead of the ordinary garments which men and women of simple story books wear to run around the world in." But even as a treatise does it prove his contention? Hugh, as the *Times Saturday Review* painstakingly points out, does not fight; the sole weapon he forges is a manuscript which he wisely burns.

"The intervention of the earthquake is pure melodrama. True, he gives up the position and the future which his labors had earned, and who can judge of the effect of the protest of one quiet life of abnegation? But nothing is proved, nothing is really set before us as the thing to be done—the thing that was done by a man who protested.

"As a story, the book is disappointing. In *The Common Lot*, and again in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, Mr. Herrick wrote as a realist; he placed his case before us in terms of humanity. He is sincerely, even ardently, absorbed in the questions of our modern life; in the complexities of our commercial system; in what used to be called 'the rights of man.' But he has developed a method which leaves the reader remote and cold. His present canvas is large, the figures are comparatively few; and the spaces between and the background are vague and colorless. At a venture (and bearing in mind one of Mr. Herrick's own remarks) the reader feels that he has been led by much reading of the Russian novelists to model his method somewhat on that of Gogol and Tolstoi."

Mr. Herrick's characters, says the Boston *Transcript*, are caricatures, not portraits. In short, thinks Mr. Edgett, the literary editor of our Boston contemporary, Mr. Herrick has attempted too much. "He has written a polemic story, and no polemic story was ever successful as a work of art."

"If 'A Life for a Life' came at so crucial a period in the nation's history as did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Mr. Herrick apparently thinks it does, then it might have some such lasting life as that momentous tale of slavery; but we fear that the novelist over-exaggerates the import of the events of the hour and the importance of his novel to those events. There is something of the muck-raker in Mr. Herrick's attitude as the author of 'A Life for a Life,' and we feel sure that it is unnecessary to remind him that the muck-raker is the sole property of the monthly magazine, or that, if he aspire to the dignity of books, he should avoid the novel as the means of giving his ideas to the world. In some of his previous work, Mr. Herrick has proclaimed him-

self a master of the art of story-telling; but he is leaving those days farther and farther behind with his persistent chase of the goddess Timelessness."

Some of the more radical reviewers hail Herrick's book as an oracle and a portent. "It is a big strong book," says the *Duluth Herald*. "It will disappoint some who expect mere entertainment and who resent being made to think. It will delight many more in whose hearts it will awaken pleasant chords of aspiration for freedom and justice." Francis Hackett almost dances with joy in the pages of the *Chicago Evening Post*. "Herrick," he proclaims, "is one of the few novelists in America who have brought life into focus, and who realize deeply the terms of our modern adventure."

"Mr. Winston Churchill belongs to the same generation as Mr. Herrick historically, but he is insulated from hard facts by respectable obesity. It is significant that he is popular in England. Mr. Jack London, on the contrary, makes a specialty of hard facts, but he presents them with an adolescent gospel of hate. London's admirers, and they are loving admirers, think he is a genius. His work, however, has not nearly the same sense of responsibility as Mr. Herrick's. Mr. Herrick does not pervert the psychology of people whom he criticizes, and Jack London does. It is for this reason, for the reason that one feels Mr. Herrick to be fundamentally honest, earnest and responsible, that one looks keenly for his interpretation of our American life to-day. . . ."

To declare that Mr. Herrick has pictured 'Il Santo' as clearly as Fogazzaro is to declare at once the exaltation and the limitation of his novel.

"The transfiguration is sublime, but superhuman, and meanwhile the choice on which the hero turns his back, the choice of sinning or being sinned against, is still thrust upon every one who desires not to set himself apart for the service of God.

"Yet, if this novel is at core evangelical, it is unnecessary to be intimidated by the word. For, whether Mr. Herrick believes in abnegation or not, in middle-aged acquiescence or in youthful anarchy, he has poured into his work a wealth of intelligence and criticism, sincerity and feeling."

"The mold," Mr. Hackett admits, "is a conventional one. The characters are at times remote. But there is a living spirit in the book, the spirit of a man who broods deeply over the struggles of our common life, and who yearns for a solution that will preserve truth and nobility."

**W**E SOMETIMES think of William J. Locke as a gentle wizard with his wand conjuring into being fantastically lovable creatures.

Half sprites, half human, they dance, now wistful, now mocking, through the caverns of our brains. Grotesque tho

SIMON THE they be, they are real enough.

JESTER His method is unique; it is almost, remarks *The Review*

of *Reviews*, as whimsical as Cervantes' own. Undoubtedly there is, as the *Argonaut* claims, a strong family likeness between Mr. Locke's heroes. Septimus is own brother to Marcus Ordeyne, and the dominant figure of the latest Locke novel,\* Simon Gex, has a close relation to both. Yet one can distinguish between Mr. Locke's heroes in spite of their likeness to each other. Simon is not Marcus or Septimus over again; that is to say, he is peculiar to himself, a definite creation, tho having the lovable quality that links him to his brothers.

Simon Gex aptly speaks of himself as a sentimental lunatic. From a worldly viewpoint his sanity is certainly dubious. When the book opens we find him sentenced to death within six months by the verdict of his physician. He promptly breaks off his engagement to a charming young lady with a thousand virtues, resigns his seat in Parliament, lavishes his fortune in capricious philanthropy, resolving to devote the remainder of his days to indulgence in good inclinations, good desires and good actions in accordance with the prescription of his "dear, but sober-sided friend, Marcus Aurelius." One of his first essays into the realm of practical benevolence is that of extricating his young private secretary from the toils of a fascinating professional animal trainer, Lola Brandt. So earnestly does he fulfill his mission that after a few visits he himself falls prey to her charms. Being a disciple of Marcus Aurelius, he thereupon determines to reunite her with her husband, who hovers in the background of her adventurous life. With the aid of Professor Anastasius Papadopoulos, a fantastic dwarf who exhibits performing cats, he recognizes the husband in the elegant keeper of a fashionable gambling hell. The dwarf fortunately murders Lola Brandt's reprobate husband. Unfortunately the incident creates a world-wide scandal whereby Simon loses his social prestige, altho his relations with the erstwhile animal-tamer have been

distinctly Platonic. Thus fate makes sport of all his enterprizes. "Simon," remarks *The Chronicle*, San Francisco, "is to the fates the greatest joke since Admetus." To crown his misfortunes, a French specialist cures him when he is almost ready to die. He has not reached the end of his miseries, but we have no anxiety as to the future. It was not, observes the *London Spectator*, necessary to turn to the last page in order to be convinced that Simon's sentence would be indefinitely reprieved. Mr. Locke is not in the habit of tugging at our heartstrings. That explains perhaps the secret of his popularity. He commands a gaiety which, tho somewhat calculated, is welcome in a time when so many clever novelist love to wallow in inspissated gloom. The people in Mr. Locke's book play their parts for the purpose of baring the delicious frailties of human nature. Great shortcomings that would move many master novelists to bitterness or vitriol bring, in the words of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, only a smile to the lips of the sunny Mr. Locke.

"He definitely declines to become enraged at any of his characters. They are all brothers and sisters of his, and most of their weaknesses are lovable rather than despicable. Tho the story verges dangerously near the line of tragedy, and tho the conclusion is so unusual as to be positively distressing to our sense of novels as they ought to be, the prevailing tone is always one of good humor. This is Mr. Locke's peculiar gift. To write novel after novel without once losing one's temper, without once scolding the world in general, is a knack possessed by but few."

Some reviewers bewail the slightness of Mr. Locke's textures. He has never, in the opinion of the *Springfield Republican*, achieved anything else since he achieved popularity. There is, however, no gainsaying his brilliance. It is Mr. Locke's good fortune, thinks *The Bookman*, to have a seemingly exhaustless fertility of epigram. "It is very largely due to this pervading sparkle of dry humor that 'Simon the Jester' is a book which bears well the rather trying test of opening it at random and re-reading familiar passages long after the main thread of the story has lost its novelty."

One of the cleverest critics of the West, Mr. Francis Hackett of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is somewhat impatient with the lovable-ness and easy grace of the author. "Somebody," he says, "called Mr. Locke the kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb. That is the trouble with him; he is Lamb-like to distraction."

\* *SIMON THE JESTER*. By William J. Locke. The John Lane Company.

"His gentleness, his sweetness, and oh! his pathetic humor! Otherwise he is an excellent writer. He has every quality of the romancer, brightness, ingenuity, audacity, verve; and a good many of the novelist, being quite capable of opening for a reader a very real outlook upon life. These qualities all show to particular advantage in the present book, and one may well swallow its liberal sentiment for the sake of the best the book has to offer.

"At the same time one really cannot do Mr. Locke the honor of succumbing to his graceful pathos, because it is too obvious to be graceful. Here is his hero, a man supposed to be at the

beginning of the book a wastrel, in contrast to the genuinely alive person he is to be at the book's end. Well, he is abjectly lovable from start to finish."

"This book," concludes Mr. Hackett, "would proclaim its author a sentimentalist *par excellence*, but one does not care to call him that, hoping that he will return to the sincerer vein which he at least uncovered in 'The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,' and write not so much for the public as for himself."

## THE STRANGLER: A STORY

It is an old theme—the triumph of unsuspecting innocence over the brutish passions of a depraved nature. That is the theme of this charming story from the French of Charles Foley, one of the younger French writers. The translation is made by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

IN THE outskirts of the town, the prison, with dormer-windows yawning like sightless eyeballs, was dozing. Within its iron sides the burden of work breathed heavily, like a death-rattle heard in a nightmare. Through the narrow courtyards, through the paths for making the rounds, through the gardens, the sun poured his dull light in a pale flood. Tragedy hovered there in the sinister and mournful silence of the noontide.

Liline, the jailor's little daughter, was playing hopscotch in her garden, a garden which seemed beautiful to her because, between the dark walls, in the dark earth, it had three red geraniums and a well. Careless, light-hearted, knowing nothing of the crimes which were being expiated all around her, Liline fluttered in the sunshine like a golden butterfly.

Suddenly, behind the wall, she heard a stealthy, grating sound, and she turned her eyes toward the half-open door on the pathway. With the slow suppleness of a cat, a man dressed in gray linen leaned to the right and then to the left, peered all around him, then noiselessly leaped into the garden and as noiselessly reclosed the door and shot the big inside bolt—a bolt placed so high that Liline could not reach it even upon tiptoes. This done, the man's breast swelled with a great sigh of deliverance.

Liline was quite intimate with some harmless and submissive prisoners who were employed in cleaning the prison, and she looked at this one without any surprise, tho she did not know him. In his linen clothes, soiled by soot, with his pale fat face and his greenish eyes, the pupils of which had the slyness of a cat, the little girl thought him ugly. He had bare feet and enormous, knotty hands, with the ends of the fingers flattened. He stretched himself with the delight

of a wild beast outside his cage, and, seeing nobody near him except this frail little girl, with a yawn which showed all his wolfish teeth, he laughed long but silently, for everything which he did seemed wadded with silence.

But Liline, already skipping at hopscotch, without taking further notice of the man, was pushing along her stone.

The man moved toward Liline. She, staggering and seeing only her stone, clutched the man's blouse, without any ceremony. He opened his hands, two hideous paws, ready to seize the little one's white throat. She lifted up to him her clear, unconscious eyes and said in a coaxing tone:

"Move back a little! My stone is against your foot, and if I kick it I shall hurt you."

The clutching fingers unbent. The man moved back. Liline kicked the stone beyond the goal and cried joyfully:

"It is there! I've won! Now let us both play. Do you want to play at being gardener?"

She ran to a corner of the walls, picked up a spade and brought it to him:

"There! I will let you have the spade! You see I am *very* kind."

At sight of the sharp, bright edge of the spade the man's eyelids blinked. He wavered in a fierce recoil and stammered in a harsh voice which could not speak without seeming to tear the words:

"I don't want to! No, no! I don't want to touch that!"

"Well, you are not good!" Liline said, pouting, as she took back the spade. "There are men a great deal kinder than you who are always very glad to play with me! There is Grelu. Grelu is good, I can tell you! He helps papa. They let him go, like you, and he does everything

that I ask him to do. If it doesn't amuse you to dig, let us play at something else. Do you want to water the flowers?"

She again pulled his blouse, confidently:

"Come this way. There is the well. You must draw the water. I can't do it all alone. The well is very deep."

The man followed her stupidly. Without letting go his blouse she leaned on the margin of the well, bending her graceful little body over the dark opening.

"Lean down, too!" she said. "The bottom is just like a cake of ice, and you can see yourself there, quite plain. Do you see me? I can see you. Oh, how wicked your eyes look in the water!"

She still leaned down, and her little throat looked frailer, slighter than ever against that dark background.

The man, throwing himself backward, with his eyes convulsively shut, panted in a voice of furious distress:

"Don't lean! Oh, don't lean over that hole! It gives me the death-fever!"

Liline drew herself up with an amused laugh:

"There's no danger of my falling in while you are here!"

But as soon as she was standing up again, the man, without looking, pushed her away from the well, and so brutally that two little tears filled the child's limpid eyes.

"You hurt me!" she moaned. "I thought you were good and you are bad. Grelu never hurt me."

He watched her crying. Then, with an effort, as if something melted in his voice, he said, gently:

"Don't cry, little brat, don't cry! I didn't mean to hurt you, upon my word! Only don't touch the spade or lean over the well! I won't push you any more."

She smiled through her tears, consoled at once.

"Then pick me some geraniums and I won't cry any more."

He picked the flowers; he awkwardly handed them to her. She took them, and with a pretty gesture fastened the red bouquet to her frock, against her snowy little throat. She said gaily:

"Isn't that pretty, against my white skin? It's as red as blood!"

The man buried his livid face in his big, knotty hands so as not to see. Trembling, he moaned like a wounded animal:

"Take off the red! Take off the red!"

Liline threw away the flowers, and her eyes again filled with tears. When the man opened his eyes he no longer saw the red flowers upon the snowy throat. Then he bent down toward her, tried to smile, with a strange grimace, and softened his voice, burnt by corrosives.

"Don't cry any more. It is all right now—now

that I don't see red. And I'm going to be good—like Grelu. But don't cry, little one! I don't want you to cry any more."

Bending down, with a sheepish submission, he timidly caressed the fine, golden hair with his big, knotty fingers. All at once there was a sound of mad galloping upon the road. Haggardly the man lifted himself up, sprang away, and hid himself in a corner of the garden. Somebody shook the door and an anxious voice cried:

"Liline, are you there?"

"Yes, papa!"

"Open the door for me! Open it at once!"

"I can't! You know very well that the bolt is too high for me!"

"How did you shut the door?"

"I didn't do it, papa. It was *he* who shut it."

"Who is that?" said the terrified voice.

"He—the prisoner. I don't know his name."

There was a cry of anguish. But Liline turned quietly, as if to tell the man to answer, and was astonished to see him backed up against the wall, drawn together like a bull about to charge.

"No, no," she said, vexed, "don't look at the flowers or at the well, and don't pick up the spade, as all those things make you bad!"

Outside they were shaking the door with desperate thrusts of their shoulders. Then Liline tripped lightly over to the man, took hold of his blouse again and said coaxingly:

"The door ought to be opened for papa! You promised me to be good, like Grelu—and, the very first thing, you must put down the spade or else I'm going to cry!"

Livid, with his whole body shaking, the man looked into the clear eyes raised to his. There were two tears in those eyes. Then he moaned heavily like a conquered beast, and threw down the spade. Liline glided her little hand into the man's great, rough paw, and led him toward the door. She began to skip again and said gaily:

"You see, I'm too little! You must draw the bolt yourself!"

He raised his hand, hesitated for a second, then suddenly, with a single movement, he drew the bolt.

There was a rush of three keepers, who threw themselves upon the man in gray linen and overpowered him, while a fourth man, the jailor, seized the little girl and drew her feverishly to his breast. But when Liline saw that they were all fiercely pushing the man whom they had bound, driving him to the prison with kicks and blows, she began to sob:

"Papa, I don't want them to beat him! He has been playing with me. I can assure you that he is not a wicked man. Papa, I don't want to have them beat him!"

The jailor shrugged his shoulders impatiently and said:

"Be quiet, little goosey! That's the Strangler!"



# Humor of Life

## UNDETERRED.

In a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

"Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter."

"I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man," said the father.

"I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter."—*Everybody's*.

## EXPENSIVE.

"I want some cloth to make my dolly a dress," announced a little girl of seven as she entered a store the other day.

"How much is it?" she asked when the merchant handed her the package.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," she said; "Grandma said she would pay you when she came in to-morrow."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## WOMAN.

The average woman can make a little go a great ways, and very quickly at that.

A woman is not necessarily unendurable because she is unsupportable.

Women are often criticized for being stingy; but when they are pretty, the closer they are the better we like it.

We must not blame women for telling all they know. It is when they tell all they don't know that they are most in error.

Women are so prone to underestimate themselves. We have known many at forty-five to quote themselves at thirty-two and even lower.

The chaperone, after all, is a useless institution, for experience has shown that the girl who really needs one will easily find a way to get around her.

If women were to do the proposing the race would be much more athletic than it is now. Thousands upon thousands of men would run who never ran before.

It is evident that divorce was not a part of

the original scheme of creation. If it had been there would have been two Eves instead of one.

The chief evidence against women's sense of humor is the serious way in which they take some men.—*Harper's Weekly*.

## HER LIMITATIONS.

MRS. NEURICH: "Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Puppson's reception last night?"

NEURICH: "Sure I did. When it comes to sweeping into a room Mamie wins in a walk; but when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes lame."—*Tit-Bits*.

## SUNDAY IS SUNDAY.

There is a sermon for "children who have grown tall" in the words of the little tot who was told by her mother not to play in the front yard on Sunday.

"But, mamma, isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?"—*Judge*.

## ALL HE HAD.

There was an amusing "give away" in a case tried in a Southern court not long ago. A colored man, charged with stealing a watch, pleaded not guilty; and, moreover, he brought against the complainant a counter-charge of assault. This man, he averred, had endeavored to kill him with an iron kettle.

During cross-examination there was quite a flurry. "Dare you to say,"—demanded the attorney, who had the negro on the grill—"dare you to say that my client attacked you with a kettle?"

"Dat what he done, sah," said the defendant, with a nervous gulp.

"With a kettle, eh!" sarcastically reiterated the lawyer. "That's a fine story for a big, strong fellow like you to impose upon this honorable court! Had you nothing with which to defend yourself?"

"Only de watch, sah," was the unwary response; "but what's a watch agin' a kettle, sah?"—*Harper's Weekly*.



HE: Be this the Woman's Exchange?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Be you the woman?

SHE: Yes.

HE: H'm! Then I guess I'll keep my Sal.

—*Harper's Bazar*

## HISTORY.

The Englishman doesn't always get the worst of it when in the vicinity of Bannockburn. A Scot who had partaken of refreshment with frequency and success, as the aroma around him testified very prominently, was anxious that the gentleman in the corner seat, who was an Englishman, should not miss the mortification of knowing that he was passing the battlefield.

"D'ye see yon flagstaff?" he queried. "Weel, that's Bannockburn, whaur the English ran awa' frae the Scots."

"Ah," said the Sassenach, with a sniff, "they were probably scared away by the smell of the whisky."

And the passengers roared with laughter.—*Tit-Bits*.

## HIGH PRICES.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday-school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—*Everybody's*.

## TOOK HIM UP.

"We were waiting for the elevator to come down," said a commercial traveler, "after discussing the probability of an aeroplane's crossing the Atlantic within a year, when, just as the cage was about to ascend, one of the party said: 'I'll bet ten thousand dollars that it won't be done'—and the elevator boy took him up."—*Everybody's*.

## ADVENTURE.

Tiring of the sight of his father's farm, the friendly gambols of the old dog, the grunt of the



"Dear me! This recipe calls for butter the size of an egg"

—*Metropolitan*

homely pigs and the rambling orchard behind the house, a youngster who had never been farther away from home than to the end of the lane recently started away by himself to seek pastures new. It was a fine, warm afternoon, and the croaking of frogs in a little pond off the city road drew him to the estate of a wealthy landowner.

But hardly had the tot begun to poke a stick in the fascinating pool when a flock of geese chased him across into the next lot, where he paused to get himself together and recover his breath. He was deliberating whether to venture back to the pond again, when a sheep crept up behind him and nearly scared him into a fit before it veered off and disappeared behind the mammoth red barn. He started for the road and only reached this after another terrifying brush with a dog that looked like a bear. Then he scampered for home as fast as his legs would carry him.

After a lapse of an hour he burst into the house. Overjoyed at his safe return, his mother whisked him up and kissed him.

"Oh, Davy," she cried, "we have been looking for you everywhere. Oh, where were you?"

"Mama," he said, nestling close, as overjoyed as she, "I've been out into the world."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## SOMEWHAT AMBIGUOUS.

Here is some graveyard poetry recently found on a tombstone in Coldwater:

"Here lies our wife, Samantha Proctor,  
Who ketched a cold and would not doctor.  
She could not stay, she had to go.  
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE PEDESTRIAN IN 1911.

Chug!  
Chug!  
Gilligilling!  
Gilligilling!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy streets and looked about.

An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another, an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-clug!

He looked up and saw directly over him a runaway airship in rapid descent. There was but one chance. He was standing on a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## REVENGE.

Like the lava from a crater  
Came the gravy on his pate,  
For he failed to tip the waiter,  
So the waiter tipped the plate.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.



THE RIVALS

—James Montgomery Flagg in *Judge*

## CONFORMING TO PROPRIETIES.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

"I wants to tum in, Cissie," said Tom.

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, I's in my nightie-gown, an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie-gowns."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly: "You tan tum in now, Tom; I tooked it off!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## HER DECISION.

"She's a decided blonde, isn't she?"

"Yes, but she only decided recently."—*Lippincott's*.

## SINCEREST FLATTERY.

At the dinner of a literary club in Chicago two minor poets were heard in conversation.

"Harold," said the one, "I've just seen your violet in the *Spread Eagle Magazine*."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, a pleased expression coming into his face, and with the air of a man preparing himself against a burst of praise.

"Yes," continued the second poet; "and, do you know, I heard rather a neat little compli-

ment passed on it by a young lady of my acquaintance."

Harold seemed still more pleased. "May I ask what she said?" he queried.

Whereupon the first minor poet gurgled. "Why," said he, "she wanted to know whether I had written it."—*Lippincott's*.

## AN EXCHANGE WANTED.

Virginia was noticing for the first time the creases of her little sister's neck and arms. Straight to her mamma she toddled.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, "Baby is cracked! You must take her back and exchange her right away!"—*Judge*.

## 'TIS SOMETIMES THUS.

I took her out in my new canoe

As the summer's day towards evening drew,

A wooing, bashful lover;

I kissed her on her lips divine,

And asked her softly to be mine—

When the durned old boat turned over.

—*Lippincott's*.

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

An earl was found fault with by his sovereign for some mismanagement at a coronation.

"Please, your Majesty," said he, "I hope to do better next time."—*Cosmopolitan*.

## A "BO'N ORATAH."

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house?"

To which the majah replied:

"General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah, majah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah, he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessa'y to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh, and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment, the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh, the result is foh'. That's a bo'n oratah."—*Lyceumite*.

## HARD ON THE OYSTERMAN.

When John P. Jones, of Nevada, was in the Senate of the United States it was his custom, during the free-silver days, to make long speeches on the money question.

One day the Senator regaled the Senate with the history of money from the earliest days until the doctrine of sixteen to one. He went way back to flood times and traced the history of the various mediums of exchange, their development and changes from the days of barter to the days of gold and silver.

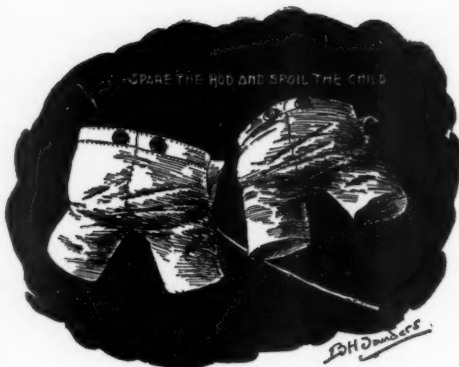
"I call to the attention of the Senate," he said, in the course of the speech, "that at one time the medium of exchange was oyster shells. Oyster shells were used for money."

"Delightful," broke in the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. "If that system only prevailed now we could order half a dozen oysters on the half-shell and pay for them with the shells."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## NEW DIALECT.

George Ade, with a fellow American, was traveling in the Orient, and his companion one day fell into a heated argument with an old Arab. Ade's friend complained to him afterward that altho he had spent years in studying Arabic in preparation for this trip he could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," replied Ade consoling. "You see, the old duffer hasn't a tooth in his head, and he was only talking gum-Arabic."—*Cosmopolitan*.



The Prints of Whales

—Judge

of the examiners in the city schools of Manhattan, recently asked a little girl what she studied.

"Reading, writing and gozinta."

"Gozinta? What is that?"

"Why, two goes into four, and three goes into six," the child explained.—*Judge*.

P. S.

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call 'Postscript.'"

DAD: "'Postscript!' Whatever do you call her 'Postscript' for?"

LITTLE JOHNNY: "'Cos her name is Adeline Moore!"—*Tit-Bits*.

## BOARD FOR SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

"So, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um, we couldn't. Least, I couldn't. D'ye know dat lowdown nigger just ma'ied me fo' my money?"

"No?" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all dem things in my pahlor, silber butter-dishes and crayon portraits that you and the othe' white ladies gi' me, and he just thought he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and i'ned. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes natchully tu'ned him out."

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's 'round, but he's jes' boad'in with me now."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## REAL DEVOTION.

William H. Crane, the actor, says he first learned what true love is by accidentally overhearing a brief conversation between a young man and a very pretty girl. "And you're sure you love me?" said she. "Love you?" echoed the young fellow. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."—*Cosmopolitan*.

## DIAGNOSIS

A woman was upbraiding her husband on his drunken habits and saying he was ruining his health.

"Don't be alarmed about me, my dear," he said. "The doctor says I'm in the pink of condition."

"You should have asked the doctor to look at your tongue, and not your nose," retorted his wife.—*Exchange*.

## A NEW SCIENCE.

Walter L. Hervey, one



# Current Literature

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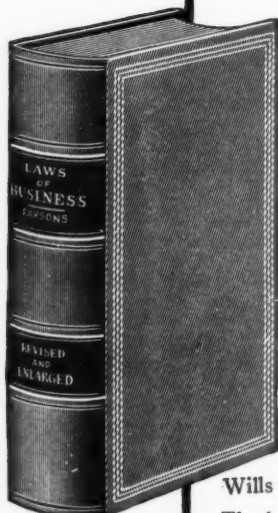
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